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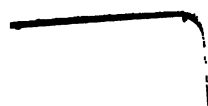
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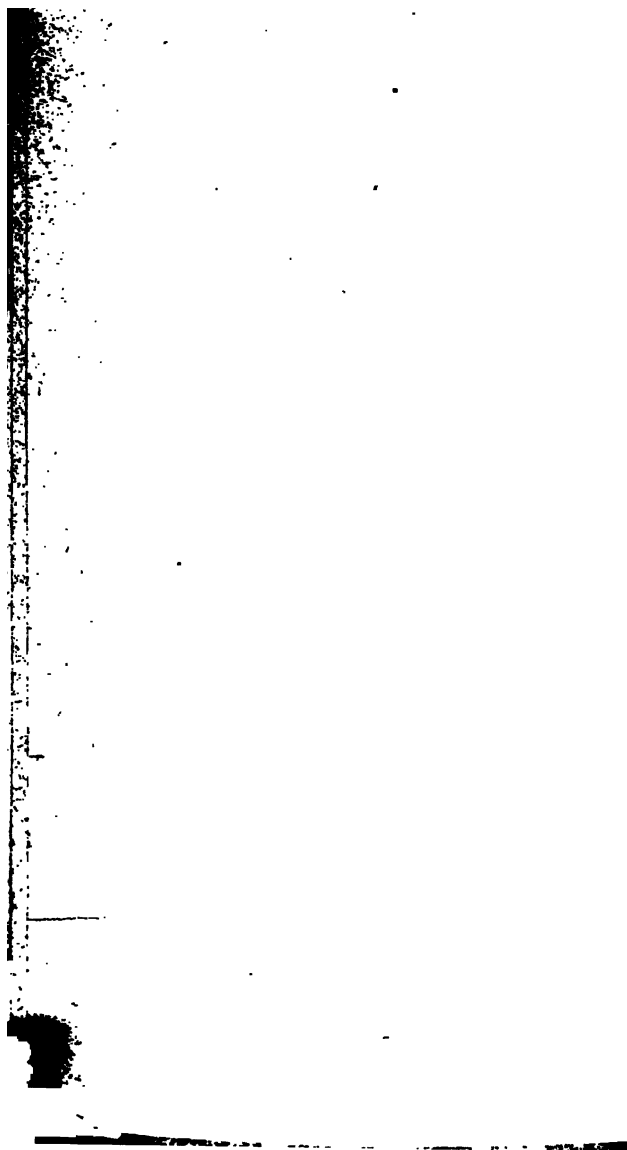


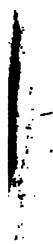
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CHAMBERS'S
CYCLOPÆDIA
OF
ENGLISH LITERATURE

A HISTORY, CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL, OF BRITISH
AND AMERICAN AUTHORS, WITH SPECIMENS
OF THEIR WRITINGS,

ORIGINALLY EDITED BY ROBERT CHAMBERS, LL.D.

THIRD EDITION,

REVISED BY ROBERT CARRUTHERS, LL.D.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

NEW YORK:
AMERICAN BOOK EXCHANGE,
55 BEEKMAN STREET.

1879.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS—VOL. V.

SEVENTH PERIOD.		PAGE.
1780—1830: THE REIGNS OF GEORGE		
GEORGE III. AND GEORGE IV.		
POETS.		
	PAGE.	
William Jones (1746-1794.)	2	The Anti-Jacobin Poetry
Ode in Imitation of Alcæus	4	Ships of the Line in Port, by Can-
Persian Song of Hafiz	5	ning
Concluding Sentence of Berkeley's	5	The Friend of Humanity and the
"Siris" Imitated	5	Knife-grinder
Tetastric from the Persian	6	Song by Rogers in "The Rover"
Nathaniel Cotton (1707-1768)	6	Canning's Epitaph on his Son
The Fireside	6	Dr. John Wolcot (1738-1819)
William Cowper (1731-1800)	7	Epitaph on Dr. Johnson
Character of Chatham	11	The Pilgrims and the Peas
The Greenland Missionaries	12	The Apple Dumplings and the King
Rural Sounds	13	Whitbread's Brewery visited by their
The Diversified Character of Cre-	13	Majesties
ation	13	Lord Gregory—Epigram on Sleep
From "Conversation"	15	The Rev. W. Crowe (circa 1746-1859)
On the Receipt of his Mother's Pic-	16	Wreck of the "Halsewell"
ture	16	The Miseries of War
Voltaire and the Lace-worker	18	Charlotte Smith (1749-1806)
To Mary (Mrs. Unwin)	18	Sonnets
Winter Evening in the Country	19	Recollections of English Scenery
Love of Nature	21	Susanna Blamire (1747-1794)
English Liberty	22	The Nabob
Yardley Oak	24	What Ails this Heart o' Mine?
John Gilpin	25	Auld Robin Forbes
William Hayley (1745-1820)	28	Mrs. Barbauld (1743-1825)
Tribute to a Mother on her Death	28	Life
Epitaphs on Cowper and Mrs. Un-	30	Ode to Spring
win	30	To a Lady with Painted Flowers
Dr. Erasmus Darwin (1731-1802)	30	Hymn to Content
Extracts from "Loves of the Plants"	31	Mrs. Ople (1769-1853)—Mrs. Hunter
Invocation to the Goddess of Botany	34	(1749-1821)—Mrs. Anne Grant
Destruction of Sennacherib's Army	35	(1756-1838)—Mrs. Mary Tighe
Death of Eliza at the Battle of Min-	36	(1773-1810)
den	36	The Orphan Boy's Tale
Song to May—Song to Echo	37	Songs—The Death Song
Miss Seward (1747-1809)	37	The Lot of Thousands
The Rollad (Politica! Satires)	38	On a Sprig of Heath
Character of Mr. Pitt	39	The Highland Poor
William Gifford (1756-1826)	39	From Mrs. Tighe's, "Psychic"
Degeneracy of Modern Literature	41	The Lily
A Reviewer compared to a Toad	43	Robert Bloomfield (1766-1823)
The Grave of Anna	44	Humble Pleasures
Greenwich Hill	45	Harvest
		Rosy Hannah
		Lines to my Children
		Description of a Blind Youth
		Banquet of an English Squire
		The Soldier's Home
		John Leyden (1775-1811)

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Sonnet on Sabbath Morn	84	Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834) ..	146
Ode to an Indian Gold Coin	84	Extract from "Wallenstein"	150
From "The Mermaid"	85	Epitaph for Himself	152
Henry Kirke White (1785-1806)	86	Extract from "Christabel"	154
To an Early Primrose	88	The Kime of the Ancient Mariner ..	155
Sonnet	89	From the "Ode to the Departing	
The Star of Bethlehem	89	Year"	160
Britain a Thousand Years hence ..	89	Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni ..	161
The Christiad	90	Love	163
James Grahame (1785-1811)	90	From "Frost at Midnight"	164
Apostrophe to Scotland	91	Love, Hope, and Patience in Educa-	
From "The Sabbath"	92	tion	164
A Summer Sabbath Walk	93	Youth and Age	165
An Autumn Sabbath Walk	94	Importance of Method	165
A Winter Sabbath Walk	95	Rev. William Lisle Bowles (1782-1850) ..	166
To My Son	96	Sonnets: To Time—Winter Even-	
The Thanksgiving off Cape Trafal-		ing—Hope—Bamborough Castle ..	167
gar	96	South American Scenery	168
George Crabbe (1754-1832)	97	Sun-dial in a Churchyard	169
Parish Workhouse and Apothecary ..	102	Blanco-White (1775-1841)	169
Isaac Ashford, A Noble Peasant ..	108	Sonnet on Night	169
Phoebe Dawson	106	Robert Southey (1774-1843)	170
Dream of the Condemned Felon ..	106	Extract from "Joan of Arc"	171
Story of a Betrothed Pair	107	Night in the Desert—From "Tha-	
An English Fen—Gipsies	109	laba"	173
Gradual Approaches of Age	110	Padalon, or the Indian Hades	174
Song of the Crazed Maiden	111	Love	175
Sketches of Autumn	111	A Moonlight Scene in Spain	176
Samuel Rogers (1763-1855)	112	Wordsworth's Epitaph on Southey ..	178
From "The Pleasures of Memory" ..	114	The Battle of Blenheim	179
From "Human Life"	117	The Holly Tree	179
Ginevra.—From "Italy"	118	Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864) ..	181
An Italian Song	120	Short Extracts from "Gebir" and	
Written in the Highlands of Scot-		"Count Julian"	182
land	120	Clifton—The Maid's Lament—Six-	
Pæstum—From "Italy"	120	teen	182
On a Tear	122	Conversation between Lords Chat-	
William Blake (1757-1827)	122	ham and Chesterfield	185
To the Muses—Song	123	Conversation between William Penn	
Introduction to "Songs of Inno-		and Lord Peterborough	186
cence"	124	Grandiloquent Writing—Milton	187
The Lamb—The Tiger	124	Edwin Atherstone (1778-1872)	187
William Wordsworth (1770-1850) ..	124	Banquet in Sardanapalus's Palace ..	188
Extracts from "The Excursion" ..	129	Charles Lamb (1775-1834)	189
A Noble Peasant	129	Forest Scenes—From "John Wood-	
The Deaf Dalesman	131	vil"	190
London, 1802	134	To Hester—The Old Familiar Faces ..	193
The World is too much with Us ..	134	A Farewell to Tobacco	194
Composed upon Westminster Bridge,		Dream Children, a Reverie	195
1803	135	Poor Relations	197
On King's College Chapel, Cam-		The Origin of Roast Pig	198
bridge	135	William Sotheby (1757-1835)	200
Lines: Lucy	136	Lines on Staffa	200
We are Seven	137	Approach of Saul and his Guards ..	201
A Portrait	137	Edward, Lord Thurlow (1781-1829) ..	202
Lines composed above Tintern Ab-		Song to May—Sonnets	202
beys	138	To a Bird that haunted the waters of	
Picture of Christmas Eve	141	Lacken in the Winter	203
To a Highland Girl	142	Thomas Moore (1779-1852)	203
Laodamia	142	A Moonlight Scene at Sea	205

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PAGE.	PAGE.
Canadian Boat Song.....205	Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) .. 269
Literary Advertisement.....206	Extract from "Revolt of Islam".....270
Song, "When He who Adores Thee".....207	Extract from "The Cenci".....276
Irish Melody, "I saw from the Beach".....207	Opening of "Queen Mab".....276
Beauty.—From "Lalla Rookh".....208	The Cloud.....277
Nature after a Storm.....208	To a Skylark.....279
'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.....212	From "The Sensitive Plant".....281
Hymn, "The Turf shall be my Fra- grant Shrine".....213	Forest Scenery.....283
John Hookham Frere (1769-1846).....213	Stanzas written in Dejection, near Naples.....284
Extracts from "Whistlercraft".....213	On a Faded Violet.....284
Passage from a Romance of the Cid.....217	Lines to an Indian Air—To.....285
Thomas Campbell (1777-1844).....218	John Keats (1795-1821).....285
Elegy written in Mull, 1795.....223	Saturn and Thea.—From "Hype- rion".....288
Picture of Domestic Love.....224	The Lady Madeline at her Devotions.....289
Death of Gertrude.....227	Hymn to Pan—From "Endymion".....290
Ye Mariners of England.....227	Ode to a Nightingale.....291
Battle of the Baltic.....227	To Autumn.....293
Hohenlinden.....228	Sonnets: On Chapman's Homer, and on England.....293
From "The Last Man".....229	Dr. Reginald Heber (1783-1826).....294
A Thought suggested by the New Year.....229	Palestine.....294
Matthew Gregory Lewis (1775-1818).....229	The Druses.....295
Durandarte and Belerina.....243	Missionary Hymn.....296
Alonso the Brave and the Fair Imog- ine.....234	From Journal.....296
Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832).....236	Charles Wolfe (1791-1823).....297
On the Setting Sun.....236	Burial of Sir John Moore.....297
The Aged Minstrel.....243	Song, "If I had thought," &c.....298
Melrose Abbey.....244	Charles Dibdin (1745-1814)—T. Dibdin (1771-1841).....299
Love of Country.....244	Tom Bowling.....299
Norham Castle.....245	Poor Jack.....299
Battle of Flodden.....245	John Collins (died in 1808).....299
Death of Marmion.....246	Song, "In the Downhill of Life".....300
The Sun upon the Weirclaw Hill.....248	Robert Knowles (1798-1817).....300
Coronach.—From "The Lady of the Lake".....249	Lines written in churchyard of Richmond.....300
Songs, from "Quentin Durward" and "The Pirate".....249	Herbert Pollok (1799-1827).....301
Hymn of the Hebrew Maid.—From "Ivanhoe".....249	Love.....303
Lord Byron (1788-1824).....250	Friendship.....304
Extract from the "Dream".....252	Happiness.....305
Picture of Modern Greece.....256	James Montgomery (1771-1854).....307
Red Battle, the Demon of War.....257	Greenland.....310
Ancient Greece.....258	Night—The Pelican Island.....312
Lake Leman (Geneva).....259	The Recluse—Aspirations of Youth.....313
Temple of Clitumnus.....260	The Common Lot.....314
Statue of Apollo.....261	Prayer—Home.....214
The Gladiator.....261	Hon. William Robert Spencer (1770- 1834).....315
Apostrophe to the Ocean.....262	Beth Gelert.....315
Evening on the Banks of the Brenta.....263	To —: Stanzas.....316
Midnight Scene in Rome.....263	Henry Luttrell (1770-1851).....317
The Shipwreck.....264	London in Autumn.....317
Description of Haidee.....265	The November Fog of London.....317
Haidee and Juan at the Feast.....266	Henry Galley Knight (1786-1846).....318
Death of Haidee.....268	F. Sayers (1763-1816)—Helen M. Wil- liams (1762-1827).....318
	Sonnet to Hope.....319

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Leigh Hunt (1784-1859).....	319	From "The Kitten".....	366
Lines on the Birth of the Princess		From "Address to Miss Agnes	
Royal.....	321	Baillie.....	367
May Morning at Ravenna.....	322	The Shepherd's Song.....	369
Description of a Fountain.....	322	William Knox (1789-1825).....	369
Funeral of the Lovers in "Rimini".....	322	Thomas Pringle (1788-1834).....	369
To T. L. H., Six Years Old.....	323	Afar in the Desert.....	370
Dirge—To the Grasshopper.....	324	Robert Montgomery (1808-1855).....	372
Abou Den Adhem and the Angel.....	324	A Maniac.....	372
John Clare (1793-1864).....	324	The Starry Heavens.....	372
Sonnet to the Glow-worm.....	327	William Herbert (1773-1847).....	373
Ballad Verses—What is Life?.....	327	Extract from "Helga"—Musings	
Summer Morning—The Primrose		on Eternity.....	373
—The Thrush's Nest.....	328	Ebenezer Elliott (1781-1849).....	374
First Love's Recollections.....	329	To the Bramble Flower—The Ex-	
Drawings of Genius.....	329	cursion.....	375
James Smith (1775-1839).....	330	Pictures of Native Genius.....	377
Horace Smith (1779-1849).....	330	A Poet's Prayer.....	378
Extracts from "Rejected Addresses"		Thomas Haynes Bayly (1797-1839).....	378
—Crabbe, Wordsworth, Scott.....	334	Address to a Wife.....	379
Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's		Oh no, we never Mention Him.....	379
Exhibition.....	337	Rev. John Keble (1792-1866).....	380
John Wilson (1785-1851).....	339	Extract from "The Christian	
A Home among the Mountains.....	340	Year".....	380
Lines to a Sleeping Child.....	341	Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.....	380
Address to a Wild Deer.....	341	Noel Thomas Carrington (1777-1830).....	382
Lines written in a Lonely Burial-		The Pixies of Devon.....	382
Ground.....	343	Archdeacon Wrangham (1769-1843).....	383
Mrs. Hemans (1789-1835).....	343	Henry Francis Cary (1772-1844).....	383
Sunday in England.....	344	Francesca of Rimini.....	384
From "The Voice of Spring".....	345	Ugolini and his Sons.....	385
The Homes of England.....	346	William Stewart Rose (1775-1843).....	3-6
The Graves of a Household.....	346	Sonnet to Scott.....	387
Bernard Barton (1784-1849).....	347	Love.—From "Translation of Ari-	
To the Evening Primrose.....	348	osto".....	387
Power and Gentleness.....	348	William Taylor (1765-1836).....	388
Bryan Waller Proctor (1790-1814).....	349	The Earl of Ellesmere (1800-1857).....	388
Address to the Ocean.....	350	The Military Execution.....	389
Marcella.....	350	Thomas Mitchell (1783-1845).....	389
Invocation to Birds.....	351	Viscount Strangford (1710-1855).....	389
Songs—King Death, The Nights,		SCOTTISH POETS.	
Twilight.....	352	Robert Burns (1759-1796).....	390
Death of Amelia Wentworth.....	352	Extract from "The Vision".....	394
Rev. Henry Hart Milman (1791-1868).....	355	Extracts from Letters.....	397
Jerusalem before the Siege.....	356	From the "Epistle to James Smith".....	398
Summons of the Destroying Angel.....	356	From the "Epistle to W. Simpson".....	399
The Fair Recluse.....	357	To a Mountain Daisy.....	399
The Day of Judgment.....	358	On Captain Matthew Henderson.....	400
Rev. George Croly (1780-1860).....	359	Songs: Macpherson's Farewell—	
Pericles and Aspasia.....	359	Menie—Ae Fond Kiss—My Bon-	
The French Army in Russia.....	360	ny Mary—Mary Morison.....	401-2
Satan.—From a Picture by Sir T.		Bruce's Address.....	402
Lawrence.....	361	A Vision—To Mary in Heaven.....	403
Letitia Elizabeth Landon (1802-1838).....	361	Richard Gall (1776-1800).....	404
Change—Last Verses of L. E. L.....	362	My only Jo and Dearie O.....	405
Jane Taylor (1783-1824)—Ann Tay-		Farewell to Ayrshire.....	405
lor (1782-1866).....	363	Alexander Wilson (1766-1813).....	405
The Squire's Pew.....	364	The Bald Eagle.....	406
Song of the Tea-kettle.....	365	A Village Scold.—From "Watty	
Joanna Baillie (1782-1851).....	366	and Meg".....	407

CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SEVENTH PERIOD.

— (1780—1830) —

REIGNS OF GEORGE III. AND GEORGE IV.

THIS period presents several illustrious names, and accelerated progress in every department of literature. In poetry, the period was pre-eminently distinguished, and is the only one which challenges comparison, in any degree, with the brilliant Elizabethan age. In fiction, or imaginative invention, the name of Scott is inferior only to that of Shakspeare; in criticism, a new era may be dated from the establishment of the 'Edinburgh Review;' and in historical composition, if we have no Hume or Gibbon, we have the results of valuable and diligent research. Truth and nature have been more truly and devoutly worshipped, and real excellence more highly prized. It has been feared by some that the principle of utility, which is recognised as one of the features of the present age, and the progress of mechanical knowledge, would be fatal to the higher efforts of imagination, and diminish the territories of the poet. This seems a groundless fear. It did not damp the ardour of Scott or Byron, or the fancy of Moore, and it has not prevented the poetry of Wordsworth from gradually working its way into public favour. If we have not the poetry and romance of the Elizabethan age, we have the ever-living passions of human nature and the wide theatre of the world, now accurately known and discriminated, as a field for the exercise of genius. We have the benefit of all past knowledge and literature to exalt our standard of imitation and taste, and a more sure reward in the encouragement and applause of a populous and enlightened nation. 'The literature of England,' says Shelley, 'has arisen, as it were, from a new birth. In spite of the low-thoughted envy which would undervalue contemporary merit, our own will be a memorable age in intellectual achievements, and we live among

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such philosophers and poets as surpass beyond comparison any who have appeared since the last national struggle for civil and religious liberty. The most unfailing herald, companion, and follower of the awakening of a great people to work a beneficial change in opinion or institution, is poetry. At such periods there is an accumulation of the power of communicating and receiving intense and impassioned conceptions respecting man and nature. The persons in whom this power resides may often, as far as regards many portions of their nature, have little apparent correspondence with that spirit of good of which they are the ministers. But even whilst they deny and abjure, they are yet compelled to serve the power which is seated on the throne of their own soul. It is impossible to read the compositions of the most celebrated writers of the present day, without being startled with the electric life which burns within their words. They measure the circumference and sound the depths of human nature with a comprehensive and all-penetrating spirit, and they are themselves perhaps the most sincerely astonished at its manifestations, for it is less their spirit than the spirit of the age. Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which sing to battle, and feel not what they inspire; the influence which is moved not, but moves. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.'

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

'It is not Sir William Jones's poetry,' says Southey, 'that can perpetuate his name.' This is true: it was as an oriental scholar and judge, an enlightened lawyer and patriot, that he earned his laurels. His varied learning and philological researches—he was master of twenty-eight languages—were the wonder and admiration of his contemporaries. Sir William was born in London in 1746. His father was an eminent mathematician, but died when his son was only three years of age. The care of educating young Jones devolved upon his mother, who was well qualified for the duty by her virtues and extensive learning. When in his fifth year, the imagination of the young scholar was caught by the sublime description of the angel in the tenth chapter of the Apocalypse, and the impression was never effaced. In 1753 he was placed at Harrow School, where he continued nearly ten years, and became an accomplished and critical classical scholar. He did not confine himself merely to the ancient authors usually studied, but added a knowledge of the Arabic characters, and acquired sufficient Hebrew to read the Psalms. In 1764 he was entered of University College, Oxford. Here his taste for oriental literature continued, and he engaged a native of Aleppo whom he had discovered in London, to act as his preceptor. He also assiduously perused the Greek poets and historians.

In his nineteenth year, Jones accepted an offer to be private tutor to Lord Althorp, afterwards Earl Spencer. A fellowship at Oxford was also conferred upon him, and thus the scholar was relieved from the fear of want, and enabled to pursue his favourite and unremitting studies. An opportunity of displaying one branch of his acquirements was afforded in 1768. The king of Denmark in that year visited England, and brought with him an eastern manuscript, containing the life of Nadir Shah, which he wished translated into French. Jones executed this arduous task, being, as Lord Teignmouth, his biographer, remarks, the only oriental scholar in England adequate to the performance. He still continued in the noble family of Spencer, and in 1769 accompanied his pupil to the continent. Next year, feeling anxious to attain an independent station in life, he entered himself a student of the Temple, and, applying himself with his characteristic ardour to his new profession, he contemplated with pleasure the 'stately edifice of the laws of England,' and mastered their most important principles and details. In 1774, he published 'Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry,' but finding that jurisprudence was a jealous mistress, and would not admit the eastern muses to participate in his attentions, he devoted himself for some years exclusively to his legal studies. A patriotic feeling was mingled with this resolution. 'Had I lived at Rome or Athens,' he said, 'I should have preferred the labours, studies, and dangers of their orators and illustrious citizens—connected as they were with banishment and even death—to the groves of the poets or the gardens of the philosophers. Here I adopt the same resolution. The constitution of England is in no respect inferior to that of Rome or Athens.' Jones now practised at the bar, and was appointed one of the Commissioners of Bankrupts. In 1778, he published a translation of the speeches of Isæus, in causes concerning the law of succession to property at Athens, to which he added notes and a commentary. The stirring events of the time in which he lived were not beheld without strong interest by this accomplished scholar. He was decidedly opposed to the American war and to the slave-trade, then so prevalent, and in 1781 he produced his noble *Alcaic Ode*, animated by the purest spirit of patriotism, and a high strain of poetical enthusiasm. He was appointed one of the judges of the supreme court at Fort William, in Bengal, and the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him. He married the daughter of Dr. Shipley, bishop of St. Asaph; and in April 1783, in his thirty-seventh year, he embarked for India, never to return. Sir William Jones entered upon his judicial functions with all the advantages of a high reputation, unsullied integrity, disinterested benevolence, and unwearied perseverance. In the intervals of leisure from his duties, he directed his attention to scientific objects, and *established a society in Calcutta to promote inquiries by the ingenious, and to concentrate the knowledge to be collected in Asia.*
In 1784, his health being affected by the climate and the closeness

of his application, he made a tour through various parts of India, in the course of which he wrote 'The Enchanted Fruit, or Hindu Wife,' a poetical tale, and a 'Treatise on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India.' He also studied the Sanscrit language, being unwilling to continue at the mercy of the Pundits, who dealt out Hindu law as they pleased. Some translations from oriental authors, and original poems and essays, he contributed to a periodical established at Calcutta, entitled 'The Asiatic Miscellany.' He meditated an epic poem on the discovery of England by Brutus, and had matured his design so far as to write the arguments of the intended books of his epic, but the poem itself he did not live to attempt. In 1789, Sir William translated an ancient Indian drama, 'Sacontala, or the Fatal Ring,' which exhibits a picture of Hindu manners in the century preceding the Christian era. He engaged to compile a digest of Hindu and Mohammedan laws; and in 1794 he translated the 'Ordinances of Menu,' or the Hindu system of duties, religious and civil. His motive to this task, like his inducement to the digest, was to aid the benevolent intentions of our legislature in securing to the natives, in a qualified degree, the administration of justice by their own laws. Sir William died April 27, 1794. Every honour was paid to his remains, and the East India Company erected a monument to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral. The attainments of Sir William Jones were so profound and various, that it is difficult to conceive how he had comprised them in his short life of forty-eight years. With respect to the division of his time, he had written in India, on a small piece of paper, the following lines:

Sir Edward Coke :

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer—the rest on nature fix.

Rather :

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and *all* to heaven.*

An Ode, in Imitation of Alcæus.

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No: men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,

*As respects sleep, the example of Sir Walter Scott may be added to that of Sir William Jones, for the great novelist has stated that he required seven hours of total unconsciousness to fit him for the duties of the day.

As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
 Men who do their duties know,
 But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
 Prevent the long-aimed blow,
 And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
 These constitute a state,
 And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,
 O'er thrones and globes elate
 Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill;
 Smit by her sacred frown,
 The fiend Discretion like a vapour sinks,
 And e'en the all-dazzling Crown
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

Such was this heaven-loved isle,
 Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore!
 No more shall Freedom smile?
 Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
 Since all must life resign,
 Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
 'Tis folly to decline,
 And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

A Persian Song of Hafiz.

Sweet maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
 And bid these arms thy neck enfold:
 That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
 Would give thy poet more delight
 Than all Bokhara's haunted gold,
 Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
 And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
 Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
 Tell them, their Eden cannot shew
 A stream so clear as Rocabad,
 A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh! when these fair perfidious maids,
 Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
 Their dear destructive charms display,
 Each glance my tender breast invades,
 And robs my wounded soul of rest,
 As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
 Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
 New lustre to those charms impart?
 Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
 Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
 Require the borrowed gloss of art?

Speak not of fate: ah! change the theme,
 And talk of odours, talk of wine,
 Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:

'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
 To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
 Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
 That even the chaste Egyptian dame
 Sighed for the blooming Hebrew boy:
 For her how fatal was the hour,
 When to the banks of Nilus came
 A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear—
 Youth should attend when those advise
 Whom long experience renders sage—
 While music charms the ravished ear;
 While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
 Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard?
 And yet, by Heaven, I love thee still:
 Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
 Yet say, how fell that bitter word
 From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
 Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
 Whose accents flow with artless ease,
 Like orient pearls at random strung;
 Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
 But oh! far sweeter, if they please
 The nymph for whom these notes are sung!

The Concluding Sentence of Berkeley's Siris imitated.

Before thy mystic altar, heavenly Truth,
 I kneel in manhood as I knelt in youth:
 Thus let me kneel, till this cull form decay,

And life's last shade be brightened by thy ray :
Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,
Soar without bound, without consuming glow.*

Tetrastich—From the Persian.

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled :
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

NATHANIEL COTTON.

NATHANIEL COTTON (1721-1788) wrote 'Visions in Verse,' for children, and a volume of poetical 'Miscellanies.' He followed the medical profession in St. Albans, and was distinguished for his skill in the treatment of cases of insanity. Cowper, his patient, bears evidence to his 'well-known humanity and sweetness of temper.'

The Fireside.

Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance ;
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs ;
No noisy neighbour enters here ;
Nor intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies ;
And they are fools who roam :
The world has nothing to bestow ;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark ;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explored the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle
powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring ;
If tutored right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise :
We'll form their minds, with studious
care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs :
They'll grow in virtue every day ;
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys, they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot :
Monarchs ! we envy not your state ;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed ;
But then how little do we need !
For nature's calls are few :
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power ;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

* The following is the last sentence of the *Stris*: 'He that would make a real progress in knowledge must dedicate his age as well as youth, the latter growth as well as the first-fruits, at the altar of Truth.'

To be resigned when ills betide,
 Patient when favours are denied,
 And pleased with favours given;
 Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
 This is that incense of the heart,
 Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
 Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
 But when our feast is o'er,
 Grateful from table we'll arise,
 Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes
 The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, through life we'll go;
 Its checkered paths of joy and woe
 With cautious steps we'll tread;
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
 Without a trouble or a fear,
 And mingle with the dead:

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
 Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
 And cheer our dying breath;
 Shall, when all other comforts cease,
 Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
 And smooth the bed of death.

WILLIAM COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800), 'the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter-writers,' as Southey has designated him, belonged emphatically to the aristocracy of England. His father, the Rev. Dr. Cowper, chaplain to George II., was the son of Spencer Cowper, one of the judges of the court of Common Pleas, and a younger brother of the first Earl Cowper, lord chancellor. His mother was allied to some of the noblest families of England, descended by four different lines from King Henry III. This lofty lineage cannot add to the lustre of the poet's fame, but it sheds additional grace on his piety and humility. Dr. Cowper, besides his royal chaplaincy, held the rectory of Great Birkhamstead, in the county of Hertford, and there the poet was born, November 15, 1731. In his sixth year he lost his mother—whom he tenderly and affectionately remembered through all his life—and was placed at a boarding-school, where he continued two years. The tyranny of one of his school-fellows, who held in complete subjection and abject fear the timid and home-sick boy, led to his removal from this seminary, and undoubtedly prejudiced him against the whole system of public education. He was next placed at Westminster School, where he had Churchill and Warren Hastings as schoolfellows, and where, as he says, he served a seven years' apprenticeship to the classics. At the age of eighteen he was removed, in order to be articulated to an attorney. Having passed through this training—with the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow for his fellow-clerk—Cowper, in 1754, was called to the bar. He never made the law a study: in the solicitor's office he and Thurlow were 'constantly employed from morning to night in giggling and making giggle,' and in his chambers in the Temple he wrote gay verses, and associated with Bonnel Thornton, Colman, Lloyd, and other wits. He contributed a few papers to the 'Connoisseur' and to the 'St. James's Chronicle,' both conducted by his friends. Darker days were at hand.

Cowper's father was now dead, his patrimony was small, and he was in his thirty-second year, almost 'unprovided with an aim,' for the law was with him a mere nominal profession. In this crisis of his fortunes his kinsman, Major Cowper, presented him to the office

of clerk of the journals to the House of Lords—a desirable and lucrative appointment. Cowper accepted it; but the labour of studying the forms of procedure, and the dread of qualifying himself by appearing at the bar of the House of Lords, plunged him in the deepest misery and distress. The seeds of insanity were then in his frame; and after brooding over his fancied ills till reason had fled, he attempted to commit suicide. Happily this desperate effort failed; the appointment was given up, and Cowper was removed to a private madhouse at St. Albans, kept by Dr. Cotton. The cloud of horror gradually passed away, and on his recovery, he resolved to withdraw entirely from the society and business of the world. He had still a small portion of his funds left, and his friends subscribed a further sum, to enable him to live frugally in retirement. The bright hopes of Cowper's youth seemed thus to have all vanished: his prospects of advancement in the world were gone; and in the new-born zeal of his religious fervour, his friends might well doubt whether his reason had been completely restored. He retired to the town of Huntingdon, near Cambridge, where his brother resided, and there formed an intimacy with the family of the Rev. Morley Unwin, a clergyman resident in the place. He was adopted as one of the family; and when Mr. Unwin himself was suddenly removed, the same connection was continued with his widow. Death only could sever a tie so strongly knit—cemented by mutual faith and friendship, and by sorrows of which the world knew nothing. To the latest generation the name of Mary Unwin will be united with that of Cowper, partaker of his fame as of his sad decline:

By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light.

After the death of Mr. Unwin in 1767, the family were advised by the Rev. John Newton—a remarkable man in many respects—to fix their abode at Olney, in the northern division of Buckinghamshire, where Mr. Newton himself officiated as curate. This was accordingly done, and Cowper removed with them to a spot which he has consecrated by his genius. He had still the river Ouse with him, as at Huntingdon, but the scenery is more varied and attractive, and abounds in fine retired walks. His life was that of a religious recluse; he ceased corresponding with his friends, and associated only with Mrs. Unwin and Newton. The latter engaged his assistance in writing a volume of hymns, but his morbid melancholy gained ground, and in 1773 it became a case of decided insanity. About two years were passed in this unhappy state. The poet, as appears from a diary kept by Newton, would have been married to Mrs. Unwin but for this calamity. On his recovery, Cowper took to gardening, rearing hares, drawing *landscapes, and composing poetry.* The latter was fortunately the *most permanent enjoyment;* and its fruits appeared in a volume of *poems published in 1782.* The sale of the work was slow; but his *friends were eager in its praise, and it received the approbation of*

Johnson and Franklin. His correspondence was resumed, and cheerfulness again became an inmate of his retreat at Olney. This happy change was augmented by the presence of a third party, Lady Austen, a widow, who came to reside in the immediate neighbourhood of Olney, and whose conversation for a time charmed away the melancholy spirit of Cowper. She told him the story of John Gilpin, and 'the famous horseman' and his feats were an inexhaustible source of merriment. Lady Austen also prevailed upon the poet to try his powers in blank verse, and from her suggestion sprang the noble poem of 'The Task.' This memorable friendship was at length dissolved. The lady exacted too much of the time and attention of the poet—perhaps a shade of jealousy on the part of Mrs. Unwin, with respect to the superior charms and attractions of her rival, intervened to increase the alienation—and before 'The Task' was finished, its fair inspirer had left Olney without any intention of returning to it. In 1785 the new volume was published. Its success was instant and decided. The public were glad to hear the true voice of poetry and of nature, and in the rural descriptions and fireside scenes of 'The Task,' they saw the features of English scenery and domestic life faithfully delineated. "'The Task,'" says Southey, 'was at once descriptive, moral, and satirical. The descriptive parts everywhere bore evidence of a thoughtful mind and a gentle spirit, as well as of an observant eye; and the moral sentiment which pervaded them gave a charm in which descriptive poetry is often found wanting. The best didactic poems, when compared with "The Task," are like formal gardens in comparison with woodland scenery.' As soon as he had completed his labours for the publication of his second volume, Cowper entered upon an undertaking of a still more arduous nature—a translation of Homer. He had gone through the great Grecian at Westminster School, and afterwards read him critically in the Temple, and he was impressed with but a poor opinion of the translation of Pope. Setting himself to a daily task of forty lines, he at length accomplished the forty thousand verses. He published by subscription, in which his friends were generously active. The work appeared in 1791, in two volumes quarto. In the interval the poet and Mrs. Unwin had removed to Weston, a beautiful village about a mile from Olney. His cousin, Lady Hesketh, a woman of refined and fascinating manners, had visited him; he had also formed a friendly intimacy with the family of the Throckmortons, to whom Weston belonged, and his circumstances were comparatively easy. His malady, however, returned upon him with full force, and Mrs. Unwin being rendered helpless by palsy, the task of nursing her fell upon the sensitive and dejected poet. A careful revision of his Homer, and an engagement to edit a new edition of Milton, were the last literary undertakings of Cowper. *The former he completed, but without improving the first edition: his second task was never finished. A deepening gloom settled on his mind, with occasionally bright intervals. A visit to his friend*

Hayley, at Earham, produced a short cessation of his mental suffering, and in 1794 a pension of £300 was granted to him from the crown. He was induced, in 1795, to remove with Mrs. Unwin to Norfolk, on a visit to some relations, and there Mrs. Unwin died on the 17th of December 1796. The unhappy poet would not believe that his long-tried friend was actually dead; he went to see the body, and on witnessing the unaltered placidity of death, flung himself to the other side of the room with a passionate expression of feeling, and from that time he never mentioned her name or spoke of her again. He lingered on for more than three years, still under the same dark shadow of religious despondency and terror, but occasionally writing, and listening attentively to works read to him by his friends. His last poem was the 'Castaway,' a strain of touching and beautiful verse, which shewed no decay of his poetical powers: at length death came to his release on the 25th of April 1800.

So sad and strange a destiny has never before or since been that of a man of genius. With wit and humour at will, he was nearly all his life plunged in the darkest melancholy. Innocent, pious, and confiding, he lived in perpetual dread of everlasting punishment: he could only see between him and heaven a high wall which he despaired of ever being able to scale; yet his intellectual vigour was not subdued by affliction. What he wrote for amusement or relief in the midst of 'supreme distress,' surpasses the elaborate efforts of others made under the most favourable circumstances; and in the very winter of his days, his fancy was as fresh and blooming as in the spring and morning of existence. That he was constitutionally prone to melancholy and insanity, seems undoubted; but the predisposing causes were as surely aggravated by his strict and secluded mode of life. Lady Hesketh was a better guide and companion than John Newton; and no one can read his letters without observing that cheerfulness was inspired by the one, and terror by the other. The iron frame of Newton could stand unmoved amidst shocks that destroyed the shrinking and apprehensive mind of Cowper. All, however, have now gone to their account—the stern yet kind minister, the faithful Mary Unwin, the gentle high-born relations who forsook ease, and luxury, and society to soothe the misery of one wretched being, and that immortal being himself has passed away, scarcely conscious that he had bequeathed an imperishable treasure to mankind. We have greater and loftier poets than Cowper, but none so entirely incorporated, as it were, with our daily existence—none so completely a friend—our companion in woodland wanderings, and in moments of serious thought—ever gentle and affectionate, even in his transient fits of ascetic gloom—a pure mirror of affections, regrets, feelings, and desires which we have all felt or would wish to cherish. *Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton are spirits of ethereal kind; Cowper is a steady and valuable friend, whose society we may sometimes neglect for that of more splendid and attractive associates,*

but whose unwavering principle and purity of character, joined to rich intellectual powers, overflow upon us in secret, and bind us to him forever.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that Cowper's first volume was coldly received. The subjects of his poems ('Table Talk,' 'The Progress of Error,' 'Truth,' 'Expostulation,' 'Hope,' 'Charity,' &c.) did not promise much, and his manner of handling them was not calculated to conciliate a fastidious public. He was both too harsh and too spiritual for general readers. Johnson had written moral poems in the same form of verse, but they possessed a rich declamatory grandeur and brilliancy of illustration which Cowper did not attempt, and probably would, from principle, have rejected. There are passages, however, in these evangelical works of Cowper of masterly execution and lively fancy. His character of Chatham has rarely been surpassed even by Pope or Dryden :

A. Patriots, alas ! the few that have been found,
Where most they flourish, upon English ground,
The country's need have scantily supplied ;
And the last left the scene when Chatham died.

B. Not so : the virtue still adorns our age,
Though the chief actor died upon the stage.
In him Demosthenes was heard again ;
Liberty taught him her Athenian strain ;
She clothed him with authority and awe,
Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law.
His speech, his form, his action full of grace,
And all his country beaming in his face,
He stood as some inimitable hand
Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.
No sycophant or slave that dared oppose
Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose ;
And every venal stickler for the yoke,
Felt himself crushed at the first word he spoke.

Neither has the fine simile with which the following retrospect closes :

Agès elapsed ere Homer's lamp appeared,
And agès ere the Mantuan swan was heard ;
To carry nature lengths unknown before,
To give a Milton birth asked agès more.
Thus genius rose and set at ordered times,
And shot a day-spring into distant climes,
Ennobling every region that he chose.
He sunk in Greece, in Italy he rose ;
And, tedious years of Gothic darkness past,
Emerged all splendour in our isle at last.
Thus lovely halcyons dive into the main,
Then shew far off their shining plumes again.

The poem of 'Conversation' in this volume is rich in Addisonian humour and satire, and formed no unworthy prelude to 'The Task.' In 'Hope' and 'Retirement,' we see traces of the descriptive powers, and natural pleasantries afterwards so finely developed. The highest *fight in the whole*, and the one most characteristic of Cowper, is his *sketch of*

The Greenland Missionaries.

That sound bespeaks salvation on her way,
 The trumpet of a life-restoring day;
 'Tis heard where England's eastern glory shines,
 And in the gulfs of her Cornubian mines.
 And still it spreads. See Germany send forth
 Her sons to pour it on the furthest north;
 Fired with a zeal peculiar they defy
 The rage and rigour of a polar sky,
 And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
 On icy plains and in eternal snows.

O blest within the inclosure of your rocks,
 Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks;
 No fertilising streams your fields divide,
 That shew reversed the villas on their side;
 No groves have ye; no cheerful sound of bird,
 Or voice of turtle in your land is heard;
 Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
 Of those that walk at evening where ye dwell;
 But Winter, armed with terrors here unknown,
 Sits absolute on his unshaken throne,
 Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
 And bids the mountains he has built stand fast;
 Beckons the legions of his storms away
 From happier scenes to make your lands a prey;
 Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,
 And scorns to share it with the distant sun.
 Yet Truth is yours, remote unenvied isle!
 And Peace, the genuine offspring of her smile;
 The pride of lettered ignorance, that binds
 In chains of error our accomplished minds,
 That decks with all the splendour of the true,
 A false religion, is unknown to you.
 Nature indeed vouchsafes for our delight
 The sweet vicissitudes of day and night;
 Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer
 Field, fruit, and flower, and every creature here;
 But brighter beams than his who fires the skies
 Have risen at length on your admiring eyes,
 That shoot into your darkest caves the day
 From which our nicer optics turn away.

In this mixture of argument and piety, poetry and plain sense, we have the distinctive traits of Cowper's genius. The freedom acquired by composition, and especially the presence of Lady Austen, led to more valuable results; and when he entered upon 'The Task,' he was far more disposed to look at the sunny side of things, and to launch into general description. His versification underwent a similar improvement. His former poems were often rugged in style and expression, and were made so on purpose to avoid the polished uniformity of Pope and his imitators. He was now sensible that he had erred on the opposite side and accordingly 'The Task' was made to unite strength and freedom with elegance and harmony. No poet has introduced so much idiomatic expression into a grave poem of blank verse; but the higher passages are all carefully finished, and rise or fall, according to the nature of the subject, with inimitable

grace and melody. In this respect, Cowper, as already mentioned, has greatly the advantage of Thomson, whose stately march is never relaxed, however trivial be the theme. The variety of 'The Task' in style and manner, no less than in subject, is one of its greatest charms. The mock-heroic opening is a fine specimen of his humour, and from this he slides into rural description and moral reflection so naturally and easily, that the reader is carried along apparently without an effort. The scenery of the Ouse—its level plains and spacious meads—is described with the vividness of painting, and the poet then elevates the character of his picture by a rapid sketch of still nobler features:

Rural Sounds.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit and restore
The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind,
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering all at once,
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a liveller green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate displays sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night; nor these alone whose notes
Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still-repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace forever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

The freedom of this versification, and the admirable variety of pause and cadence, must strike the most uncritical reader. With the same playful strength and equal power of landscape-painting, he describes

The Diversified Character of Creation.

The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.
Prospects, however lovely, might be seen
Till half their beauties fade; the weary sight,
Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off
Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes.
Then snug inclosures in the sheltered vale,
Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,

Delight us, happy to renounce a while,
 Not senseless of its charms, what still we love,
 That such short absence may endear it more.
 Then forests, or the savage rock may please
 That hides the sea-mew in his hollow clefts
 Above the reach of man; his hoary head
 Conspicuous many a league, the mariner
 Bound homeward, and in hope already there,
 Greeted with three cheers exulting. At his waist
 A girdle of half-withered shrubs he shews,
 And at his feet the baffled billows die.
 The common overgrown with fern, and rough
 With prickly goss, that, shapeless and deform,
 And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
 And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
 Yields no unpleasing ramble; there the turf
 Smells fresh, and rich in odoriferous herbs
 And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
 With luxury of unexpected sweets.

From the beginning to the end of 'The Task' we never lose sight of the author. His love of country rambles, when a boy,

O'er hills, through valleys, and by river's brink ;

his walks with Mrs. Unwin, when he had exchanged the Thames for the Ouse, and had 'grown sober in the vale of years;' his playful satire and tender admonition, his denunciation of slavery, his noble patriotism, his devotional earnestness and sublimity, his warm sympathy with his fellow-men, and his exquisite paintings of domestic peace and happiness, are all so much self-portraiture, drawn with the ripe skill and taste of the master, yet with a modesty that shrinks from the least obtrusiveness and display. The very rapidity of his transitions, where things light and sportive are drawn up with the most solemn truths, and satire, pathos, and reproof alternately mingle or repel each other, are characteristic of his mind and temperament in ordinary life. His inimitable ease and colloquial freedom, which lends such a charm to his letters, is never long absent from his poetry; and his peculiar tastes, as seen in that somewhat grandiloquent line.

Who loves a garden, loves a greenhouse too,

are all pictured in the pure and lucid pages of 'The Task.' It cannot be said that Cowper ever abandoned his sectarian religious tenets, yet they are little seen in his great work. His piety is that which all should feel and venerate; and if his sad experience of the world had tinged the prospect of life, 'its fluctuations and its vast concerns,' with a deeper shade than seems consonant with the general welfare and happiness, it also imparted a higher authority and more impressive wisdom to his earnest and solemn appeals. He was 'a stricken deer that left the herd,' conscious of the follies and wants of those he left behind, and inspired with power to minister to the delight and instruction of the whole human race.

From 'Conversation.'

The emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose,
 In contact inconvenient, nose to nose,
 As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz,
 Touched with a magnet, had attracted his.
 His whispered theme, dilated and at large,
 Proves after all a wind-gun's airy charge—
 An extract of his diary—no more—
 A tasteless journal of the day before.
 He walked abroad, o'ertaken in the rain,
 Called on a friend, drank tea, stept home again;
 Resumed his purpose, had a world of talk
 With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk;
 I interrupt him with a sudden bow,
 Adieu, dear sir, lest you should lose it now.
 A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see,
 Quite as absurd, though not so light as he:
 A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
 An oracle within an empty cask,
 The solemn fop, significant and budge;
 A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge;
 He says but little, and that little said,
 Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
 His wit invites you by his looks to come,
 But when you knock, it never is at home:
 'Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage,
 Some handsome present, as your hopes presage;
 'Tis heavy, bulky, and bids fair to prove
 An absent friend's fidelity of love;
 But when unpacked, your disappointment groans
 To find it stuffed with brickbats, earth, and stones.
 Some men employ their health—an ugly trick—
 In making known how oft they have been sick,
 And give us in recitals of disease
 A doctor's trouble but without the fees;
 Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,
 How an emetic or cathartic sped;
 Nothing is slightly touched, much less forgot;
 Nose, ears, and eyes seem present on the spot.
 Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,
 Victorious seemed, and now the doctor's skill;
 And now—alas for unforeseen mishaps!
 They put on a damp night-cap, and relapse;
 They thought they must have died, they were so bad;
 Their peevish hearers almost wished they had.
 Some fretful tempers wince at every touch,
 You always do too little or too much:
 You speak with life, in hopes to entertain—
 Your elevated voice goes through the brain;
 You fall at once into a lower key—
 That's worse—the drone-pipe of a humble-bee.
 The southern sash admits too strong a light;
 You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night.
 He shakes with cold—you stir the fire, and strive
 To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.
 Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;
 With sole—that's just the sort he would not wish.
 He takes what he at first professed to loathe,
 And in due time feeds heartily on both;
 Yet still o'erclouded with a constant frown,
 He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.

Your hope to please him vain on every plan,
Himself should work that wonder, if he can.
Alas! his efforts double his distress.
He likes yours little, and his own still less;
Thus always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is to be displeased.

I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain,
And bear the marks upon a blushing face
Of needless shame and self-imposed disgrace.
Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.
We sometimes think we could a speech produce
Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose;
But being tried, it dies upon the lip,
Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip;
Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.

On the Receipt of his Mother's Picture.

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only falls, else, how distinct they say:
‘Grieve not, my child; chase all thy fears away!’
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes—
Blest be the art that can immortalise,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it—here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour, with an artless song
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief;
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unseen, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial-day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return;
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived;
By disappointment every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.

Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
 I learned at last submission to my lot,
 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
 Where once we dwell our name is heard no more,
 Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
 And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
 Drew me to school along the public way,
 Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
 'Tis now become a history little known,
 That once we called the pastoral house our own.
 Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
 Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou mightest know me safe and warmly laid;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The biscuit or confectionary plum;
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
 By thine own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed:
 All this, and more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
 Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
 That humour interposed too often makes;
 All this, still legible in memory's page,
 And still to be so to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
 Such homage to thee as my numbers may;
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
 Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
 Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissue'd flowers,
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
 I pricked them into paper with a pin—
 And thou wast happier than myself the while,
 Would softly speak, and stroke my head and smile—
 Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
 I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
 But no—what here we call our life is such,
 So little to be loved, and thou so much,
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
 Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast—
 The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed—
 Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
 Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
 There sits quiescent on the floods, that alew
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
 So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
 'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;'
 And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
 Of life, has long since anchored at thy side.
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
 Always from port withheld, always distressed—

Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
 Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
 And day by day some current's thwarting force
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
 But oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me
 My boast is not that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
 The son of parents passed into the skies.
 And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
 His wonted course, yet what ~~is~~ wished is done.
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again:
 To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine;
 And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
 Thyself removed, thy power to sooth me left.

Voltaire and the Lace-worker.—From Truth.

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
 Pillow and bobbins all her little store;
 Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
 Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
 Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
 Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
 She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
 Has little understanding, and no wit;
 Receives no praise; but though her lot be such—
 Toilsome and indigent—she renders much;
 Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
 A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
 And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
 Her title to a treasure in the skies.
 O happy peasant! O unhappy bard!
 'Tis the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
 He praised, perhaps, for ages yet to come,
 She never heard of half a mile from home;
 He lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
 She safe in the simplicity of hers.

To Mary (Mrs. Unwin).—Autumn, 1798.

The twentieth year is well-nigh past
 Since first our sky was overcast;
 Ah, would that this might be the last!
 My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
 I see thee daily weaker grow;
 'Twas my distress that brought thee
 low,
 My Mary!

*Thy needles, once a shining store,
 For my sake restless heretofore,
 Now rust disused, and shine no more,
 My Mary!*

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
 The same kind office for me still,
 Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
 My Mary!

But well thou play'st the housewife's
 part,
 And all thy threads, with magic art,
 Have wound themselves about this
 heart,
 My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
 Like language uttered in a dream;
 Yet me they charm, whate'er the
 theme,
 My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,

Upheld by two ; yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary !

My Mary! And still to love, though pressed with
In wintry age to feel no chill, [ill,
With me is to be lovely still,

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me.

My Mary!

My Mary! But ah! by constant heed I know.
How oft the sadness that I shew,

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign ;
Yet gently pressed, press gently mine.

How oft the sadness that I shew,
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

My Mary! And should my future lot be cast

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
That now at every step thou mov'st

With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

Winter Evening in the Country.—From 'The Task.'

Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearsome but needful length
Besrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn,
And, having dropped the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch!
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh the important budget! ushered in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? have our troops awaked?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
Not such his evening who, with shining face

Sweats in the crowded theatre, and squeezed
 And bored with elbow-points through both his sides,
 Out-scolds the ranting actor on the stage:
 Nor his who patient stands till his feet throb,
 And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
 Of patriots bursting with heroic rage,
 Or placemen all tranquility and smiles.
 This folio of four pages, happy work!
 Which not even critics criticise; that holds
 Inquisitive attention, while I read,
 Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
 Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
 What is it but a map of busy life,
 Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
 Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
 That tempts ambition. On the summit see
 The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
 He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
 Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
 And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down,
 And wins them but to lose them in his turn.
 Here rills of oily eloquence, in soft
 Meanders, lubricate the course they take;
 The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved
 To engross a moment's notice, and yet begs,
 Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
 However trivial all that he conceives.
 Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise,
 The dearth of information and good sense
 That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
 Cataracts of declamation thunder here;
 There forests of no meaning spread the page,
 In which all comprehension wanders lost;
 Whilst fields of pleasantries amuse us there,
 With merry descants on a nation's woes.
 The rest appears a wilderness of strange
 But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,
 And lilies for the brows of faded age,
 Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
 Heaven, earth, and ocean plundered of their sweets,
 Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
 Sermons, and city feasts, and favourite airs,
 Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits,
 And Katterfelto,* with his hair on end
 At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.
 'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
 To peep at such a world; to see the stir
 Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
 To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
 At a safe distance, where the dying sound
 Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
 Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
 The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
 To some secure and more than mortal height,
 That liberates and exempts me from them all. . . .
 Oh Winter! ruler of the inverted year,
 Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
 Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
 Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
 Than those of age; thy forehead wrapt in clouds,

* A noted conjuror of the day.

A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
 A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
 But urged by storms along its slippery way;
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
 And dreaded as thou art! Thine hold'st the sun
 A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
 Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
 And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
 Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
 Compensating his loss with added hours
 Of social converse and instructive ease,
 And gathering, at short notice, in one group
 The family dispersed, and fixing thought
 Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
 I crown thee king of intimate delights,
 Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof
 Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
 Of long uninterrupted evening, know. . . .
 Come, Evening, once again, season of peace;
 Return, sweet Evening, and continue long
 Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
 With matron-step, slow-moving while the night
 Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employed
 In letting fall the curtain of repose
 On bird and beast, the other charged for man
 With sweet oblivion of the cares of day:
 Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
 Like homely-featured Night, of clustering gems,
 A star or two just twinkling on thy brow
 Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine
 No less than hers: not worn indeed on high
 With ostentatious pageantry, but set
 With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
 Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
 Come then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,
 Or make me so. Composure is thy gift;
 And whether I devote thy gentle hours
 To books, to music, or the poet's toil;
 To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit;
 Or twining silken threads round ivory reels,
 When they command whom man was born to please,
 I alight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

Love of Nature.—From the same.

'Tis born with all: the love of Nature's works
 Is an ingredient in the compound man,
 Infused at the creation of the kind.
 And, though the Almighty Maker has throughout
 Discriminated each from each, by strokes
 And touches of his hand, with so much art
 Diversified, that two were never found
 Twins at all points—yet this obtains in all,
 That all discern a beauty in his works.
 And all can taste them: minds that have been formed
 And tutored, with a relish more exact,
 But none without some relish, none unmoved.
 It is a flame that dies not even there,
 Where nothing feeds it: neither business, crowds,
 Nor habits of luxurious city life,
 Whatever else they smother of true worth.

In human bosoms, quench it or abate.
 The villas with which London stands begirt,
 Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads,
 Prove it. A breath of unadulterate air,
 The glimpse of a green pasture, how they cheer
 The citizen, and brace his languid frame!
 Even in the stifling bosom of the town,
 A garden in which nothing thrives, has charms
 That soothe the rich possessor; much consoled
 That here and there some sprigs of mournful mint,
 Of nightshade or valerian, grace the wall
 He cultivates. These serve him with a hint
 That Nature lives; that sight-refreshing green
 Is still the livery she delights to wear,
 Though sickly samples of the exuberant whole.
 What are the casements lined with creeping herbe,
 The prouder sashes fronted with a range
 Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,
 The Frenchman's darling? * Are they not all proofs
 That man, immured in cities, still retains
 His inborn inextinguishable thirst
 Of rural scenes, compensating his loss
 By supplemental shifts the best he may?
 The most unfurnished with the means of life,
 And they that never pass their brick-wall bounds
 To range the fields, and treat their lungs with air,
 Yet feel the burning instinct; overhead
 Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick,
 And watered duly. There the pitcher stands
 A fragment, and the spoutless tea-pot there;
 Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets
 The country, with what ardour he contrives
 A peep at nature, when he can no more.

English Liberty.—From the same.

We love
 The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,
 And reigns content within them; him we serve,
 Freely and with delight, who leaves us free:
 But recollecting still that he is man,
 We trust him not too far. King though he be,
 And king in England too, he may be weak,
 And vain enough to be ambitious still;
 May exercise amiss his proper powers,
 Or covet more than freemen choose to grant:
 Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours
 To administer, to guard, to adorn the state,
 But not to warp or change it. We are his
 To serve him nobly in the common cause,
 True to the death, but not to be his slaves.
 Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love
 Of kings, between your loyalty and ours.
 We love the man, the paltry pageant you;
 We the chief patron of the commonwealth,
 You the regardless author of its woes;
 We, for the sake of liberty, a king,
 You chains and bondage for a tyrant's sake;
 Our love is principle, and has its root
 In reason, is judicious, manly, free;

* Mignonette.

Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
 And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.
 Were kingship as true treasure as it seems,
 Sterling, and worthy of a wise man's wish,
 I would not be a king to be beloved
 Causeless, and daubed with undiscerning praise,
 Where love is mere attachment to the throne,
 Not to the man who fills it as he ought. . . .
 'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
 Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
 And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
 Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
 Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes
 Their progress in the road of science, blinds
 The eyesight of discovery, and begets
 In those that suffer it a sordid mind,
 Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
 To be the tenant of man's noble form.
 Thee therefore still, blameworthy as thou art,
 With all thy loss of empire, and though squeezed
 By public exigence, till annual food
 Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
 Thee I account still happy, and the chief
 Among the nations, seeing thou art free.
 My native nook of earth I thy clime is rude,
 Replete with vapours, and disposes much
 All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine
 Thine unadulterate manners are less soft
 And plausible than social life requires,
 And thou hast need of discipline and art
 To give thee what politer France receives
 From nature's bounty—that humane address
 And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
 In converse, either starved by cold reserve,
 Or, flushed with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl.
 Yet being free, I love thee: for the sake
 Of that one feature can be well content,
 Disgraced as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
 To seek no subinary rest beside.
 But once enslaved, farewell! I could endure
 Chains nowhere patiently: and chains at home,
 Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
 Then what were left of roughness in the grain
 Of British natures, wanting its excuse
 That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
 And shock me. I should then with double pain
 Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime;
 And, if I must bewail the blessing lost,
 For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,
 I would at least bewail it under skies
 Milder, among a people less anstere;
 In scenes which, having never known me free,
 Would not reproach me with the loss I felt,
 Do I forebode impossible events,
 And tremble at vain dreams? Heaven grant I may!
 But the age of virtuous politics is past,
 And we are deep in that of cold pretence.
 Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
 And we too wise to trust them. He that takes
 Deep in his soft credulity the stamp
 Designed by loud declaimers on the part
 Of liberty, themselves the slaves of lust,

Incurs derision for his easy faith,
 And lack of knowledge, and with cause enough:
 For when was public virtue to be found
 Where private was not? Can he love the whole
 Who loves no part?—he be a nation's friend,
 Who is in truth the friend of no man there?
 Can he be strenuous in his country's cause
 Who slights the charities, for whose dear sake
 That country, if at all, must be beloved?

*From 'Yardley Oak.'**

Relic of ages!—could a mind, imbued
 With truth from heaven, created thing adore,
 I might with reverence kneel and worship thee. . . .
 Thou wast a bauble once; a cup and ball,
 Which babes might play with; and the thievish jay,
 Seeking her food, with ease might have purloined
 The unburn nut that held thee, swallowing down
 The yet close-folded latitude of boughs,
 And all thy embryo vastness, at a gulp.
 But fate thy growth decreed; autumnal rains,
 Beneath thy parent tree, mellowed the soil
 Designed thy cradle; and a skipping deer,
 With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepared
 The soft receptacle in which, secure,
 Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through. . . .
 Who lived when thou wast such? Oh, couldst thou speak,
 As in Dodona once thy kindred trees
 Oracular, I would not curious ask
 The future, best unknown, but at thy mouth
 Inquisitive, the less ambiguous past.
 By thee I might correct, erroneous oft,
 The clock of history, facts and events;
 Timing more punctual, unrecorded facts.
 Recovering, and misstated setting right—
 Desperate attempt, till trees shall speak again! . . .
 What exhibitions various hath the world
 Witnessed of mutability in all
 That we account most durable below!
 Change is the diet on which all subsist,
 Created changeable, and change at last
 Destroys them. Skies uncertain, now the heat
 Transmitting cloudless, and the solar beam
 Now quenching in a boundless sea of clouds—
 Calm and alternate storm, moisture and drought,
 Invigorate by turns the springs of life
 In all that live, plant, animal, and man,
 And in conclusion mar them. Nature's threads,
 Fine passing thought, even in her coarsest works,
 Delight in agitation, yet sustain
 The force that agitates, not unimpaired;
 But worn by frequent impulse, to the cause
 Of their best tone their dissolution owe.
 Thought cannot spend itself, comparing still
 The great and little of thy lot, thy growth
 From almost nullity into a state
 Of matchless grandeur, and declension thence,
 Slow, into such magnificent decay.
 Time was, when, settling on thy leaf, a fly

* A tree in Yardley Chase, near Olney, said to have been planted by Judith, daughter of William the Conqueror, and wife of Earl Waltheof.

Could shake thee to the root—and time has been
 When tempest could not. At thy firmest age
 Thou hadst within thy bole solid contents,
 That might have ribbed the sides and planked the deck
 Of some flagged admiral; and tortuous arms,
 The shipwright's darling treasure, didst present
 To the four-quartered winds, robust and bold,
 Warped into tough knee-timber, many a load!
 But the axe spared thee. In those thrifter days
 Oaks fell not, hewn by thousands, to supply
 The bottomless demands of contest waged
 For senatorial honours. Thus to time
 The task was left to whittle thee away
 With his sly scythe, whose ever-nibbling edge,
 Noiseless, an atom, and an atom more,
 Disjoining from the rest, has, unobserved,
 Achieved a labour, which had, far and wide,
 By man performed, made all the forest ring.
 Embowelled now, and of thy ancient self
 Possessing nought but the scooped rind—that seems
 An huge throat calling to the clouds for drink,
 Which it would give in rivulets to thy root—
 Thou tempest none, but rather much forbiddest
 The feller's toil, which thou couldst ill requite.
 Yet is thy root sincere, sound as the rock,
 A quarry of stout spurs and knotted fangs,
 Which crooked into a thousand whimsies, clasp
 The stubborn soil, and hold thee still erect.
 So stands a kingdom, whose foundation yet
 Falls not, in virtue and in wisdom laid,
 Though all the superstructure, by the tooth
 Pulverized of venality, a shell
 Stands now, and semblance only of itself!

The Diserting History of John Gilpin.—Showing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again.

John Gilpin was a citizen
 Of credit and renown,
 A train-band captain eke was he
 Of famous London town.

'I am a linen-draper bold,
 As all the world doth know,
 And my good friend the calender
 Will lend his horse to go.'

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear:
 'Though wedded we have been
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we
 No holiday have seen.

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin: 'That's well said;
 And for that wine is dear,
 We will be furnished with our own,
 Which is both bright and clear.'

'To-morrow is our wedding-day,
 And we will then repair
 Unto the Bell at Edmonton
 All in a chaise and pair.

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
 O'erjoyed was he to find
 That, though on pleasure she was bent
 She had a frugal mind.

'My sister, and my sister's child,
 Myself and children three,
 Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
 On horseback after we.'

The morning came, the chaise was
 brought;
 But yet was not allowed
 To drive up to the door, lest all
 Should say that she was proud.

He soon replied: 'I do admire
 Of womankind but one,
 And you are she, my dearest dear;
 Therefore it shall be done.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
 Where they did all get in;
 Six precious souls, and all a-gog,
 To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane;
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down-stairs:
'The wine is left behind!'

'Good lack!' quoth he—'yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.'

Now Mrs. Gilpin—careful soul!—
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Though which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, 'Fair and softly,' John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, which never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button falling both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream-
ed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out: 'Well done!'
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Jus' like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

'Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the
house!'
They all at once did cry;
'The dinner waits, and we are tired!'
Said Gilpin: 'So am I!'

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

What news? what news? your tidings
Tell me you must and shall— [tell;
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?'

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

'I came because your horse would come
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road.'

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and
wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus shewed his ready wit:
'My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

'But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.'

Said John: 'It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.'

So turning to his horse, he said:
'I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here.
You shall go back for mine.'

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mrs. Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell:
'This shall be yours, when you bring
My husband safe and well.' [back

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back again!
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

* We may add to the poet's text an explanation of the old phrase 'a merry pin' as given in Fuller's *Church History*: 'At a grand synod of the clergy and laity, 3 Henry I. (1102 A.D.) priests were prohibited from drinking at pins. This was a Dutch trick, but used in England, of artificial drunkenness, out of a cup marked with certain pins, and he accounted the best man who could nick the pin, drinking even when he was sober, whereas to go above or beneath it was a forfeiture. Hence probably the proverb, he is in a merry pin.'

But, not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done.
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

'Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!'
Not one of them was mute;

And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The tollman thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

WILLIAM HAYLEY.

WILLIAM HAYLEY (1745-1820), the biographer of Cowper, wrote various poetical works which enjoyed great popularity in their day. His principal work is 'The Triumphs of Temper,' a poem in six cantos (1781). He wrote also an 'Essay on History,' addressed to Gibbon (1780), an 'Essay on Epic Poetry' (1782), an 'Essay on Old Maids' (1785), 'Essays on Sculpture,' addressed to Flaxman (1800), 'The Triumph of Music' (1804), &c. He wrote also various dramatic pieces and a 'Life of Milton' (1796). A gentleman by education and fortune, and fond of literary communication, Hayley enjoyed the acquaintance of most of the eminent men of his times. His over-strained sensibility and romantic tastes exposed him to ridicule, yet he was an amiable and accomplished man. It was through his personal application to Pitt that Cowper received his pension. He had—what appears to have been to him a sort of melancholy pride and satisfaction—the task of writing epitaphs for most of his friends, including Mrs. Unwin and Cowper. His life of Cowper appeared in 1803, and three years afterwards it was enlarged by a supplement. Hayley prepared memoirs of his own life, which he disposed of to a publisher on condition of his receiving an annuity for the remainder of his life. This annuity he enjoyed for twelve years. The memoirs appeared in two fine quarto volumes, but they failed to attract attention. Hayley had outlived his popularity, and his smooth but often unmeaning lines had vanished like chaff before the vigorous and natural outpourings of the modern muse. As a specimen of this once much-praised poet, we subjoin from his 'Essay on Epic Poetry' some lines on the death of his mother, which had the merit of delighting Gibbon, and with which Southey has remarked Cowper would sympathise deeply:

Tribute to a Mother, on her Death.

For me who feel, whene'er I touch the lyre,
My talents sink below my proud desire;
Who often doubt, and sometimes credit give,
When friends assure me that my verse will live;

Whom health, too tender for the bustling throng,
 Led into pensive shade and soothing song :
 Whatever fortune my unpolished rhymes
 May meet in present or in future times,
 Let the blest art my grateful thoughts employ,
 Which soothes my sorrow and augments my joy ;
 Whence lonely peace and social pleasure springs,
 And friendship dearer than the smile of kings.
 While keener poets, querulously proud,
 Lament the ill of poesy aloud,
 And magnify with irritation's zeal,
 Those common evils we too strongly feel,
 The envious comment and the subtle style
 Of specious slander, stabbing with a smile ;
 Frankly I wish to make her blessings known,
 And thank those blessings for her ills atone ;
 Nor would my honest pride that praise forego,
 Which makes Malignity yet more my foe.
 If heartfelt pain e'er led me to accuse
 The dangerous gift of the alluring Muse,
 'Twas in the moment when my verse impressed
 Some anxious feelings on a mother's breast.
 O thou fond spirit, who with pride has smiled,
 And frowned with fear on thy poetic child,
 Pleased, yet alarmed, when in his boyish time
 He sighed in numbers or he laughed in rhyme ;
 While thy kind cautions warned him to beware
 Of Penury, the bard's perpetual snare ;
 Marking the early temper of his soul,
 Careless of wealth, nor fit for base control !
 Thou tender saint, to whom he owes much more
 Than ever child to parent owed before ;
 In life's first season, when the fever's flame
 Shrunk to deformity his shrivelled frame,
 And turned each fairer image in his brain
 To blank confusion and her crazy train,
 'Twas thine, with constant love, through lingering years,
 To bathe thy idiot orphan in thy tears ;
 Day after day, and night succeeding night,
 To turn incessant to the hideous sight,
 And frequent watch, if haply at thy view
 Departed reason might not dawn anew ;
 Though medicinal art, with pitying care,
 Could lend no aid to save thee from despair,
 Thy fond maternal heart adhered to hope and prayer :
 Nor prayed in vain ; thy child from powers above
 Received the sense to feel and bless thy love.
 O might he thence receive the happy skill,
 And force proportioned to his ardent will,
 With truth's unfading radiance to enblaze
 Thy virtues, worthy of immortal praise !
 Nature, who decked thy form with beauty's flowers,
 Exhausted on thy soul her finer powers ;
 Taught it with all her energy to feel
 Love's melting softness, friendship's fervid zeal,
 The generous purpose and the active thought,
 With charity's diffusive spirit fraught,
 There all the best of mental gifts she placed,
 Vigour of judgment, purity of taste,
 Superior parts without their spleenful leaven,
 Kindness to earth, and confidence in heaven,

While my fond thoughts o'er all thy merits roll,
 Thy praise thus gushes from my filial soul ;
 Nor will the public with harsh rigour blame
 This my just homage to thy honoured name ;
 To please that public, if to please be mine,
 Thy virtues trained me—let the praise be thine.

Inscription on the Tomb of Cowper.

Ye who with warmth the public triumph feel
 Of talents dignified by sacred zeal,
 Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just,
 Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust !
 England, exulting in his spotless fame,
 Ranks with her dearest sons his favourite name.
 Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
 So clear a title to affection's praise :
 His highest honours to the heart belong ;
 His virtues formed the magic of his song.

On the Tomb of Mrs. Unwin.

Trusting in God with all her heart and mind,
 This woman proved magnanimously kind ;
 Endured affliction's desolating hall,
 And watched a poet through misfortune's vale.
 Her spotless dust angelic guards defend !
 It is the dust of Unwin, Cowper's friend.
 That single title in itself is fame,
 For all who read his verse revere her name.

DR. ERASMUS DARWIN.

DR. ERASMUS DARWIN (1731–1802), an ingenious philosophical, though fanciful poet, was born at Elston, near Newark. Having passed with credit through a course of education at St. John's College, Cambridge, he applied himself to the study of physic, and took his degree of bachelor in medicine at Edinburgh in 1755. He then commenced practice in Nottingham, but meeting with little encouragement, he removed to Lichfield, where he long continued a successful and distinguished physician. In 1757 Dr. Darwin married an accomplished lady of Lichfield, Miss Mary Howard, by whom he had five children, two of whom died in infancy. The lady herself died in 1770; and after her decease, Darwin seems to have commenced his botanical and literary pursuits. He was at first afraid that the reputation of a poet would injure him in his profession, but being firmly established in the latter capacity, he at length ventured on publication. At this time he lived in a picturesque villa in the neighbourhood of Lichfield, furnished with a grotto and fountain, and here he began the formation of a botanic garden. The spot he has described as 'adapted to love-scenes, and as being thence a proper residence for the modern goddess of botany.' In 1781 appeared the first part of Darwin's '*Botanic Garden*,' a poem in glittering and polished heroic verse, designed to describe, adorn, and allegorise the Linnæan system of botany. The Rosicrucian doctrine of gnomes, sylphs, nymphs, and salamanders, was adopted by the poet, as 'affording a

proper machinery for a botanic poem, as it is probable they were originally the names of hieroglyphic figures representing the elements.' The novelty and ingenuity of Darwin's attempt attracted much attention, and rendered him highly popular. In the same year the poet was called to attend an aged gentleman, Colonel Sachevell Pole of Radbourne Hall, near Derby. An intimacy was thus formed with Mrs. Pole; and the colonel dying, the poetical physician in a few months afterwards, in 1781, married the fair widow, who possessed a jointure of £600 per annum. Darwin was now released from all prudential fears and restraints as to the cultivation of his poetical talents, and he went on adding to his floral gallery. In 1789 appeared the second part of his poem, containing the 'Loves of the Plants.' Ovid having, he said, transmuted men, women, and even gods and goddesses, into trees and flowers, he had undertaken, by similar art, to restore some of them to their original animality, after having remained prisoners so long in their respective vegetable mansions.

Extract from 'Loves of the Plants.'

From giant oaks, that wave their branches dark,
To the dwarf moss that clings upon their bark,
What beaux and beauties crowd the gaudy groves.
And woo and win their vegetable loves.
How snowdrops cold, and blue-eyed harebells, blend
Their tender tears, as o'er the streams they bend;
The love-sick violet, and the primrose pale,
Bow their sweet heads, and whisper to the gale;
With secret sighs the virgin lily droops,
And jealous cowslips hang their tawny cups.
How the young rose, in beauty's damask pride,
Drinks the warm blushes of his bashful bride;
With honeyed lips enamoured woodbines meet,
Clasp with fond arms, and mix their kisses sweet!
Stay thy soft murmuring waters, gentle rill;
Hush, whispering winds; ye rustling leaves, be still;
Rest, silver butterflies, your quivering wings;
Alight, ye beetles, from your airy rings;
Ye painted moths, your gold-eyed plumage furl,
Blow your wide horns, your spiral trunks uncurl;
Glitter, ye glow-worms, on your mossy beds;
Descend, ye spiders, on your lengthened threads;
Slide here, ye horned snails, with varnished shells;
Ye bee-nymphs, listen in your waxen cells!

This is certainly melodious verse, and ingenious subtle fancy. A few passages have moral sentiment and human interest united to the same powers of vivid painting and expression:

Roll on, ye stars, exult in youthful prime,
Mark with bright curves the printless steps of time:
Near and more near your beamy cars approach,
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach;
Flowers of the sky! ye too to age must yield,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field!

* *Linnaeus*, the celebrated Swedish naturalist, has demonstrated that all flowers contain families of males or females, or both, and on their marriage has constructed his *valuable system of botany*.—DARWIN.

Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
 Suns sink on suns, and systems, systems crush,
 Heading, extinct, to one dark centre fall,
 And death, and night, and chaos mingle all!
 Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
 Immortal nature lifts her changeful form,
 Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
 And soars and shines, another and the same!

In another part of the poem, after describing the cassia plant, 'cinctured with gold,' and borne on by the current to the coasts of Norway, with all its 'infant loves,' or seeds, the poet, in his usual strain of forced similitude, digresses in the following happy and vigorous lines, to 'Moses concealed on the Nile,' and the slavery of the Africans:

So the sad mother at the noon of night,
 From bloody Memphis stole her silent flight;
 Wrapped her dear babe beneath her folded vest,
 And clasped the treasure to her throbbing breast;
 With soothing whispers hushed its feeble cry.
 Pressed the soft kiss, and breathed the secret sigh.
 With dauntless step she seeks the winding shore,
 Hears unappalled the glimmering torrents roar;
 With paper-flags a floating cradle weaves,
 And hides the smiling boy in lotus leaves;
 Gives her white bosom to his eager lips,
 The salt tears mingling with the milk he sips;
 Waits on the reed-crowned brink with pious guile,
 And trusts the scaly monsters of the Nile.
 Erewhile majestic from his lone abode,
 Ambassador of heaven, the prophet trod;
 Wretched the red scourge from proud oppression's hands,
 And broke, cursed slavery! thy iron bands.
 Hark! heard ye not that piercing cry,
 Which shook the waves and rent the sky?
 E'en now, e'en now, on yonder western shores
 Weeps pale despair, and writhing anguish roars;
 E'en now in Afric's groves, with hideous yell,
 Fierce slavery stalks, and slips the dogs of hell;
 From vale to vale the gathering cries rebound,
 And sable nations tremble at the sound!
 Ye bands of senators! whose suffrage sways
 Britannia's realms, whom either Ind obeys;
 Who right the injured and reward the brave,
 Stretch your strong arm, for ye have power to save!
 Throned in the vaulted heart, his dread resort,
 Inexorable conscience holds his court;
 With still small voice the plots of guilt alarms,
 Bares his masked brow, his lifted hand disarms;
 But wrapped in night with terrors all his own,
 He speaks in thunder when the deed is done,
 Hear him, ye senators! hear this truth sublime,
 'He who allows oppression, shares the crime!'

The material images of Darwin are often less happy than the above, being both extravagant and gross, and grouped together without any visible connection or dependence one on the other. He has *such a throng* of startling metaphors and descriptions, the latter

drawn out to an excessive length and tiresome minuteness, that nothing is left to the reader's imagination, and the whole passes like a glittering pageant before the eye, exciting wonder, but without touching the heart or feelings. As the poet was then past fifty, the exuberance of his fancy, and his peculiar choice of subjects, are the more remarkable. A third part of the 'Botanic Garden' was added in 1792; (he received £900 for the copyright of the whole). Darwin next published his 'Zoonomia, or the Laws of Organic Life,' part of which he had written many years previously. This is a curious and original physiological treatise, evincing an inquiring and attentive study of natural phenomena. Dr. Thomas Brown, Professor Dugald Stewart, Paley, and others, have, however, successfully combated the positions of Darwin, particularly his theory which refers instinct to sensation. In 1801 our author came forward with another philosophical disquisition, entitled 'Phytologia, or the Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening.' He also wrote a short treatise on 'Female Education,' intended for the instruction and assistance of part of his own family. This was Darwin's last publication. He had always been a remarkably temperate man. Indeed, he totally abstained from all fermented and spirituous liquors, and in his 'Botanic Garden' he compares their effects to that of the Promethean fire. He was, however, subject to inflammation as well as gout, and a sudden attack carried him off in his seventy-first year, on the 18th of April 1802. Shortly after his death, was published a poem, the 'Temple of Nature,' which he had ready for the press, the preface to the work being dated only three months before his death. The 'Temple of Nature' aimed, like the 'Botanic Garden,' to amuse by bringing distinctly to the imagination the beautiful and sublime images of the operations of nature. It is more metaphysical than its predecessor, and more inverted in style and diction.

The poetical reputation of Darwin was as bright and transient as the plants and flowers which formed the subject of his verse. Cowper praised his 'song' for its rich embellishments, and said it was as 'strong' as it was 'learned and sweet.' 'There is a fashion in poetry,' observes Sir Walter Scott, 'which, without increasing or diminishing the real value of the materials moulded upon it, does wonders in facilitating its currency while it has novelty, and is often found to impede its reception when the mode has passed away.' This has been the fate of Darwin. Besides his coterie at Lichfield, the poet of Flora had considerable influence on the poetical taste of his own day. He may be traced in the 'Pleasures of Hope' of Campbell, and in other young poets of that time. The attempt to unite science with the inspirations of the Muse, was in itself an attractive novelty, and he supported it with various and high powers. His command of fancy, of poetical language, dazzling metaphors, and sonorous versification, was well seconded by his curious and multifarious knowledge. The effect of the whole, however, was artificial, and

destitute of any strong or continuous interest. The Rosicrucian machinery of Pope was united to the delineation of human passions and pursuits, and became the auxiliary of wit and satire; but who can sympathise with the loves and metamorphoses of the plants? Darwin had no sentiment or pathos except in very brief episodic passages, and even his eloquent and splendid versification, for want of variety of cadence, becomes monotonous and fatiguing. There is no repose, no cessation from the glare of his bold images, his compound epithets, and high-toned melody. He had attained to rare perfection in the mechanism of poetry, but wanted those impulses of soul and sense, and that guiding taste which were required to give it vitality, and direct it to its true objects.

Invocation to the Goddess of Botany.—From the 'Botanic Garden.'

'Stay your rude steps! whose throbbing breasts unfold
The legion-flends of glory and of gold!
Stay, whose false lips seductive simpers part,
While cunning nestles in the harlot heart!
For you no dryads dress the roseate bower,
For you no nymphs their sparkling vases pour;
Unmarked by you, light graces swim the green,
And hovering Cupids aim their shafts unseen.
' But thou whose mind the well-attuned ray
Of taste and virtue lights with purer day;
Whose finer sense with soft vibration owns
With sweet responsive sympathy of tones;
So the fair flower expands its lucid form
To meet the sun, and shuts it to the storm;
For thee my borders nurse the fragrant wreath,
My fountains murmur, and my zephyrs breathe;
Slow slides the painted snail, the gilded fly
Smooths his fine down, to charm thy curious eye;
On twinkling fins my pearly pinions play,
Or win with sinuous train their trackless way;
My plumed pairs in gay embroidery dressed,
Form with ingenious bill the pensile nest,
To love's sweet notes attune the listening dell,
And Echo sounds her soft symphonious shell.
' And if with thee some hapless maid should stray,
Disastrous love companion of her way,
Oh, lead her timid steps to yonder glade,
Whose arching cliffs depending alders shade;
Where, as meek evening wakes her temperate breeze,
And moonbeams glitter through the trembling trees,
The rills that gurgle round shall soothe her ear,
The weeping rocks shall number tear for tear;
There, as sad Philome., alike forlorn,
Sings to the night from her accustomed thorn;
While at sweet intervals each falling note
Sighs the gale and whispers round the grot,
The sister woe shall calm her aching breast,
And softer slumbers steal her cares to rest.
' Winds of the north! restrain your icy gales
Nor chill the bosom of these happy vales!
Hence in dark heaps, ye gathering clouds, revolve!
Disperse, ye lightnings, and ye mists, dissolve!

Hither, emerging from yon orient skies,
 Botanic goddess, bend thy radiant eyes ;
 O'er these soft scenes assume thy gentle reign,
 Pomona, Ceres, Flora in thy train ;
 O'er the still dawn thy placid smile effuse,
 And with thy silver sandals print the dews ;
 In noon's bright blaze thy vermeil vest unfold,
 And wave thy emerald banner starred with gold.
 Thus spoke the genius as he stepped along,
 And bade these lawns to peace and truth belong ;
 Down the steep slopes he led with modest skill
 The willing pathway and the truant rill,
 Stretched o'er the marshy vale yon willowy mound,
 Where shines the lake amid the tufted ground ;
 Raised the young woodland, smoothed the wavy green,
 And gave to beauty all the quiet scene.
 She comes ! the goddess ! through the whispering air,
 Bright as the morn descends her blushing car ;
 Each circling wheel a wreath of flowers entwines,
 And, gemmed with flowers, the silken harness shines ;
 The golden bits with flowery studs are decked,
 And knots of flowers the crimson reins connect.
 And now on earth the silver axle rings,
 And the shell sinks upon its slender springs ;
 Light from her airy seat the goddess bounds,
 And steps celestial press the pansied grounds.
 Fair Spring advancing calls her feathered quire,
 And tunes to softer notes her laughing lyre ;
 Bids her gay hours on purple pinions move,
 And arms her zephyrs with the shafts of love.

*Destruction of Sennacherib's Army by a Pestilential Wind—From the
 'Economy of Vegetation.'*

From Ashur's vales when proud Sennacherib trod,
 Poured his swoln heart, defied the living God,
 Urged with incessant shouts his glittering powers,
 And Judah shook through all her massy towers ;
 Round her sad altars press the prostrate crowd,
 Hosts beat their breasts, and suppliant chieftains bowed ;
 Loud shrieks of matrons thrilled the troubled air,
 And trembling virgins rent their scattered hair ;
 High in the midst the kneeling king adored,
 Spread the blaspheming scroll before the Lord,
 Raised his pale hands, and breathed his pausing sighs,
 And fixed on heaven his dim imploring eyes.
 'O mighty God, amidst thy seraph throng
 Who sit'st sublime, the judge of right and wrong ;
 Thine the wide earth, bright sun, and starry zone,
 That twinkling journey round thy golden throne ;
 Thine is the crystal source of life and light,
 And thine the realms of death's eternal night.
 O bend thine ear, thy gracious eye incline,
 Lo ! Ashur's king blasphemes thy holy shrine,
 Insults our offerings, and derides our vows.
 O strike the diadem from his impious brows,
 Tear from his murderous hand the bloody rod,
 And teach the trembling nations "Thou art God !"
 Sylphs ! in what dread array with pennis broad,
 Onward ye floated o'er the ethereal road ;
 Called each dank steam the reeking marsh exhales,
 Contagious vapours and volcanic gales ;

Gave the soft south with poisonous breath to blow,
 And rolled the dreadful whirlwind on the foe !
 Hark ! o'er the camp the venom'd tempest sings.
 Mah falls on man, on buckler, buckler rings ;
 Groan answers groan, to anguish, anguish yields,
 And death's loud accents shake the tented fields !
 High rears the fiend his grinning jaws, and wide
 Spans the pale nations with colossal stride,
 Waves his broad falchion with uplifted hand,
 And his vast shadow darkens all the land.

Death of Eliza at the Battle of Minden.—From the 'Loves of the Plants.'

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,
 O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight ;
 Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
 Her dearer self, the partner of her life ;
 From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
 And viewed his banner, or believed she viewed.
 Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread,
 Fast by his hand one lipping boy she led ;
 And one fair girl amid the loud alarm
 Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm ;
 While round her brows bright beams of Honour dart,
 And Love's warm eddies circle round her heart.
 Near and more near the intrepid beauty pressed,
 Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest ;
 Saw on his helm her virgin hands inwove,
 Bright stars of gold, and mystic knots of love ;
 Heard the exulting shout, ' They run ! they run !'
 ' Great God !' she cried, ' he's safe ! the battle's won !'
 A ball now hisses through the airy tides—
 Some fury winged it, and some demon guides !—
 Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,
 Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck ;
 The red stream, issuing from her azure veins,
 Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.
 ' Ah me !' she cried, and sinking on the ground,
 Kissed her dear babes, regardless of the wound ;
 ' O cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn !
 Wait, gushing life, O wait my love's return !'
 Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far !
 The angel Pity shuns the walks of war !
 ' O spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age ;
 On me, on me,' she cried, ' exhaust your rage !'
 Then with weak arms her weeping babes caressed,
 And, sighing, hid them in her blood-stained vest.
 From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
 Fear in his heart and frenzy in his eyes ;
 Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
 ' Eliza ' echoes through the canvas walls ;
 Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread,
 O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
 Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,
 Lo ! dead Eliza weltering in her blood !
 Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,
 With open arms and sparkling eye he bounds ;
 ' Speak low,' he cries, and gives his little hand,
 ' Mamma's asleep upon the dew-cold sand ;'
 Poor weeping babe, with bloody fingers pressed,
 And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast ;

'Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake—
 Why do you weep?—Mamma will soon awake.'
 'She'll wake no more!' the hapless mourner cried,
 Upraised his eyes, and clasped his hands and sighed;
 Stretched on the ground, a while entranced he lay,
 And pressed warm kisses on the lifeless clay;
 And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,
 And all the father kindled in his heart;
 'O heavens!' he cried, 'my first rash vow forgive;
 These bind to earth, for these I pray to live!
 Round his chill babes he wrapped his crimson vest,
 And clasped them sobbing to his aching breast.'

Song to May—From the 'Loves of the Plants.'

Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
 Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold;
 Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
 And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

Light graces decked in flowery wreaths
 And tiptoe joys their hands combine;
 And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
 And, laughing, dances round thy shrine.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
 For thee descends the sunny shower;
 The rills in softer murmurs flow,
 And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Warm with new life, the glittering throng
 On quivering fin and rustling wing,
 Delighted join their votive song,
 And hail thee Goddess of the spring!

Song to Echo.—From the same.

Sweet Echo! sleeps thy vocal shell,
 Where this high arch o'erhangs the dell;
 While Tweed, with sun-reflecting streams,
 Checkers thy rocks with dancing beams.

Be thine to pour these vales along
 Some artless shepherd's evening song;
 While night's sweet bird from yon high
 spray
 Responsive listens to his lay.

Here may no clamours harsh intrude,
 No brawling hound or clarion rude;
 Here no fell beast of midnight prowls,
 And teach thy tortured cliffs to howl.

And if, like me, some love-lorn maid
 Should sing her sorrows to thy shade.
 Oh! soothe her breast, ye rocks around,
 With softest sympathy of sound.

MISS SEWARD.

ANNA SEWARD (1747-1800) was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Seward, canon-residentary of Lichfield, himself a poet, and one of the editors of Beaumont and Fletcher. This lady was early trained to a taste for poetry, and, before she was nine years of age, she could repeat the first three books of 'Paradise Lost.' Even at this time she says, she was charmed with the numbers of Milton. Miss Seward wrote several elegiac poems—an 'Elegy to the Memory of Captain Cook,' a 'Monody on the Death of Major André,' &c.—which, from the popular nature of the subjects, and the animated though inflated style of the composition, enjoyed great celebrity. Darwin complimented her as 'the inventress of epic elegy;' and she was known by the name of the Swan of Lichfield. A poetical novel, entitled

* Those who have the opportunity may compare this death-scene (much to the advantage of the living author) with that of Gertrude of 'Wyandottow,' which may have been suggested, very remotely and quite unconsciously, by Darwin's *Albatross*. Sir Walter Scott excels in painting battle-pieces, as overseen by some interested spectator. *Eliza at Minden* is circumstanced so nearly like Clara at Flodden, that the mighty Minstrel of the North may possibly have caught the idea of the latter from the Lichfield botanist; but oh, how has he triumphed!—*Montgomery's Lectures on Poetry*, 1833.

'Louisa,' was published by Miss Seward in 1783, and passed through several editions. After bandying compliments with the poets of one generation, Miss Seward engaged Sir Walter Scott in a literary correspondence, and bequeathed to him for publication three volumes of her poetry, which he pronounced execrable. At the same time she left her correspondence to Constable, and that publisher gave to the world six volumes of her letters. Both collections were unsuccessful. The applauses of Miss Seward's early admirers were only calculated to excite ridicule, and the vanity and affectation which were her besetting sins, destroyed equally her poetry and prose. Some of her letters, however, are written with spirit and discrimination.

THE ROLLIAD.

A series of political satires, commencing about 1784, and written by a few men of wit and fashion, attracted much attention, and became extensively popular. They appeared first in a London newspaper, the earliest—from which the name of the collection was derived—being a satire on Colonel, afterwards Lord Rolle. The 'Rolliad'—consisting of pretended criticism on an imaginary epic poem—was followed by 'Probationary Odes for the Laureateship,' and 'Political Eclogues.' The design of the 'Probationary Odes' was probably suggested by Pope's ridicule of Cibber; and the death of Whitehead, the poet-laureate, in 1785, was seized upon by the Whig wits as affording an opportunity for satirising some of the political and literary characters of the day, conspicuous as members or supporters of the government. Pitt, Dundas, Jenkinson (Lord Liverpool), Lord Thurlow, Kenyon, Sir Cecil Wray, Dr. Prettyman (afterwards Bishop of Winchester), and others, were the objects of these humorous sallies and personal invectives; while among literary men, Thomas Warton, Sir John Hawkins, and Macpherson (the translator of 'Ossian'), were selected for attack. The contributors to this gallery of burlesque portraits and clever caricatures were: 1. DR. LAURENCE (called 'French Laurence') the friend of Burke, who was the chief editor or director of the satires: he died in 1809. 2. GENERAL RICHARD FITZPATRICK (1747–1813), a brother of the last Earl of Upper Ossory, who was long in parliament, and held successively the offices of Secretary-at-war and Irish Secretary. Fitzpatrick was the intimate friend of Charles James Fox—a fact recorded on his tomb—and his quatrain on that eminent statesman may be quoted as remarkable for condensed and happy expression:

A patriot's even course he steered,
Mid faction's wildest storms unmoved;
By all who marked his mind revered,
By all who knew his heart beloved.

3. RICHARD TICKELL, the grandson of Addison's friend, and the brother-in-law of Sheridan, besides his contributions to the 'Rolliad,' was author of 'The Wreath of Fashion' and other poetical pieces,

and of a lively political pamphlet entitled 'Anticipation,' 1778. Tickell was a commissioner of stamps; he was a great favourite in society: yet in a moment of despondency he threw himself from a window in Hampton Court Palace, November 4, 1793, and was killed on the spot. 4. JOSEPH RICHARDSON (1758-1803) was author of a comedy, called 'The Fugitive,' and was partner with Sheridan in Drury Lane Theatre. Among the other contributors to the 'Rolliad' were LORD JOHN TOWNSEND (1757-1833); MR. GEORGE ELLIS, the poetical antiquary and friend of Scott; SIR R. ADAMS; and GENERAL BURGOYNE, author of some dramatic pieces. All these were gay, fashionable, and somewhat hard-living men, whose political satire and malice, as Moore has remarked, 'from the fancy with which it is mixed up, like certain kinds of fireworks, explodes in sparkles.' Some of their sallies, however, are coarsely personal, and often irreverent in style and allusion. The topics of their satire are now in a great measure forgotten—superseded by other party-men and party-measures; and the very qualities which gave it immediate and splendid success, have sunk it sooner in oblivion.

Character of Mr. Pitt.

Pert without fire, without experience sage,
Young, with more art than Shelburne gleaned from age,
Too proud from pilfered greatness to descend,
Too humble not to call Dundas his friend,
In solemn dignity and sullen state,
This new Octavius rises to debate!
Mild and more mild he sees each placid row
Of country gentlemen with rapture glow;
He sees, convulsed with sympathetic throbs,
Apprentice peers and deputy nabobs.
No rum-contractors think his speech too long,
While words, like treacle, trickle from his tongue.
O soul congenial to the souls of Rolles!—
Whether you tax the luxury of coals,
Or vote some necessary millions more
To feed an Indian friend's exhausted store,
Fain would I praise—if I like thee could praise—
Thy matchless virtue in congenial lays.

Crit. on the Rolliad. No. 2.

WILLIAM GIFFORD.

WILLIAM GIFFORD, a poet, translator, and critic, afforded a remarkable example of successful application to science and literature under the most unfavourable circumstances. He was born at Ashburton, in Devonshire, in April 1756. His father had been a painter and glazier, but both the parents of the poet died when he was young; and after some little education, he was, at the age of thirteen, placed on board a coasting-vessel by his godfather, a man who was supposed to have benefited himself at the expense of Gifford's parents. 'It will be easily conceived,' he says, 'that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only "a ship-boy on the high and giddy mast," but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot

yet if I was restless and discontented, I can safely say it was not so much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all possibility of reading; as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing, during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description, except the "Coasting Pilot." Whilst thus pursuing his life of a cabin-boy, Gifford was often seen by the fish-women of his native town running about the beach in a ragged jacket and trousers. They mentioned this to the people of Ashburton, and never without commiserating his change of condition. This tale often repeated, awakened at length the pity of the auditors, and as the next step, their resentment against the man who had reduced him to such a state of wretchedness. His godfather was on this account induced to recall him from the sea, and put him again to school. He made rapid progress, and even hoped to succeed his old and infirm school-master. In his fifteenth year, however, his godfather, conceiving that he had got learning enough, and that his own duty towards him was fairly discharged, put him apprentice to a shoemaker. Gifford hated his new profession with a perfect hatred. At this time he possessed but one book in the world, and that was a treatise on algebra, of which he had no knowledge; but meeting with Fenning's 'Introduction,' he mastered both works. 'This was not done,' he states, 'without difficulty. I had not a farthing an earth, nor a friend to give me one: pen, ink, and paper, therefore,—in despite of the flippanant remark of Lord Orford—were, for the most part, as completely out of my reach as a crown and sceptre. There was indeed a resource, but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl: for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent.'

He next tried poetry, and some of his 'lamentable doggerel' falling into the hands of Mr. Cookesley, a benevolent surgeon of Ashburton, that gentleman set about a subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of his apprenticeship, and enabling him to procure a better education. The scheme was successful; and in little more than two years, Gifford had made such extraordinary application, that he was pronounced fit for the university. The place of Biblical Lecturer was procured for him at Exeter College, and this, with such occasional assistance from the country as Mr. Cookesley undertook to provide, was thought sufficient to enable him to live, at least till he had taken a degree. An accidental circumstance led to Gifford's advancement. He had been accustomed to correspond on literary subjects with a person in London, his letters being inclosed *in covers*, and sent, to save postage, to Lord Grosvenor. One day he *inadvertently* omitted the direction, and his lordship, necessarily *supposing* the letter to be meant for himself, opened and read it. He *was struck* with the contents; and after seeing the writer, and hear-

ing him relate the circumstances of his life, undertook the charge of his present support and future establishment; and, till this last could be effected to his wish, invited him to come and reside with him.

'These,' says the grateful scholar, 'were not words of course: they were more than fulfilled in every point. I did go and reside with him, and I experienced a warm and cordial reception, and a kind and affectionate esteem, that has known neither diminution nor interruption from that hour to this, a period of twenty years.' Part of this time, it may be remarked, was spent in attending the earl's eldest son, Lord Belgrave, on a tour of Europe, which must have tended greatly to inform and expand the mind of the scholar. Gifford appeared as an author in 1794. His first production was a satirical poem entitled 'The Baviad,' which was directed against a class of sentimental poetasters of that day, usually passing under the collective appellation of the Della Cruscan School—Mrs. Piozzi, Mrs. Robinson, Mr. Greathead, Mr. Merry, Weston, Parsons, &c.—conspicuous for their affectation and bad taste, and their high-flown compliments on one another. 'There was a specious brilliancy in these exotics,' he remarks, 'which dazzled the native grubs, who had scarce ever ventured beyond a sheep, and a crook, and a rose-tree grove; with an ostentatious display of "blue hills," and "crashing torrents," and "petrifying suns."' Gifford's vigorous exposure completely demolished this set of rhymesters, who were probably the spawn of Darwin and Elchfield. Anna Matilda, Laura Maria, Edwin, Orlandi, &c. sunk into instant and irretrievable contempt; and the worst of the number—a man Williams, who assumed the name of Pasquin for his 'ribald strains'—was nonsuited in an action against Gifford's publisher. The satire was universally read and admired. In the present day, it seems unnecessarily merciless and severe, yet lines like the following still possess interest. The allusion to Pope is peculiarly appropriate and beautiful:

Degeneracy of Modern Literature.

Oh for the good old times! when all was new,
And every hour brought prodigies to view,
Our sires in unaffected language told
Of streams of amber and of rocks of gold:
Full of their theme, they spurned all idle art,
And the plain tale was trusted to the heart.
Now all is changed! We fume and fret, poor elves,
Less to display our subject than ourselves:
Whate'er we paint—a grot, a flower, a bird,
Heavens, how we sweat! laboriously absurd!
Words of gigantic bulk and uncouth sound,
In rattling triads the long sentence bound;
While points with points, with periods periods jar,
And the whole work seems one continued war!
Is not this sad?

R.—'Tis pitiful. Heaven knows;
'Tis wondrous pitiful. E'en take the prose:
But for the poetry—oh, that, my friend,
I still aspire—nay, smile not—to defend.

You praise our sires, but, though they wrote with force,
 Their rhymes were vicious, and their diction coarse;
 We want their strength; agreed; but we atone,
 For that, and more, by sweetness all our own.
 For instance—'Hasten to the lawny vale,
 Where yellow morning breathes her saffron gale
 And bathes the landscape'—

P.—Pshaw; I have it here,
 'A voice seraphic grasps my listening ear:
 Wondering I gaze; when lo! methought, afar,
 More bright than dauntless day's imperial star,
 A godlike form advances.'

F.—You suppose
 These lines perhaps too turgid; what of those?
 'The mighty mother'—

P.—Now, 'tis plain you sneer,
 For Weston's self could find no semblance here:
 Weston! who slunk from truth's imperious light,
 Swells like a filthy toad with secret spite,
 And, envying the fame he cannot hope,
 Spits his black venom at the dust of Pope.
 Reptile accursed!—O 'memorable long,
 If there be force in virtue or in song,
 O injured bard! accept the grateful strain,
 Which I, the humblest of the tuneless train,
 With glowing heart, yet trembling hand, repay,
 For many a pensive, many a sprightly lay!
 So may thy varied verse, from age to age,
 Inform the simple, and delight the sage.

The contributions of Mrs. Piozzi to this fantastic garland of exotic verse are characterized in one felicitous couplet:

See Thrall's gay widow with a satchel roam,
 And bring, in pomp, her laboured nothings home!

The tasteless bibliomaniac is also finely sketched:

Others like Kemble, on black-letter pore,
 And what they do not understand, adore;
 Buy at vast sums the trash of ancient days,
 And draw on prodigality for praise.
 These, when some lucky hit, or lucky price,
 Has blessed them with *The Boko of Gode Advice*,
 For *ekes* and *algates* only deign to seek
 And live upon a *whilome* for a week.

The 'Baviad' was a paraphrase of the first satire of Persius. In the year following, encouraged by its success, Gifford produced the 'Maviad,' an imitation of Horace, levelled at the corrupters of dramatic poetry. Here also the Della Cruscan authors—who attempted dramas as well as odes and elegies—are gibbeted in satiric verse: but Gifford was more critical than just in including O'Keefe, the amusing farce-writer, among the objects of his condemnation. The plays of Kotzebue and Schiller, then first translated and much in vogue, he also characterises as 'heavy, lumbering, monotonous stupidity,' a sentence too unqualified and severe.

Gifford tried a third satire, an 'Epistle to Peter Pindar' (Dr. Wolcott), which, being founded on personal animosity, is more remark-

able for its passionate vehemence and abuse than for its felicity or correctness. Wolcot replied with 'A Cut at a Cobbler,' equally unworthy of his fame. These satirical labours of our author pointed him out as a fit person to edit the 'Anti-Jacobin,' a weekly paper set up by Canning and others for the purpose of ridiculing and exposing the political agitators of the times. It was established in November 1797, and continued only till the July following. The connection thus formed with politicians and men of rank was afterwards serviceable to Gifford. He obtained the situation of paymaster of the gentlemen-pensioners, and was made a commissioner of the lottery, the emoluments of the two offices being about £900 per annum. In 1802, he published a translation of Juvenal, to which was prefixed his sketch of his own life, one of the most interesting and unaffected of autobiographies. This translation of Juvenal was attacked in the 'Critical Review,' and Gifford replied in a pamphlet, 'An Examination of the Strictures,' &c. which contains one remarkable passage:

A Reviewer Compared to a Toad.

During my apprenticeship, I enjoyed perhaps as many places as Scrub;* though I suspect they were not altogether so dignified: the chief of them was that of a planter of cabbages in a bit of ground which my master held near the town. It was the decided opinion of Panurge that the life of a cabbage-planter was the safest and pleasantest in the world. I found it safe enough, I confess, but not altogether pleasant; and therefore took every opportunity of attending to what I liked better, which happened to be, watching the actions of insects and reptiles, and, among the rest, of a huge toad. I never loved toads, but I never molested them; for my mother had early bid me remember that every living thing had the same Maker as myself; and the words always rang in my ears. The toad, then, who had taken up his residence under a hollow stone in a hedge of blind nettles, I used to watch for hours together. It was a lazy, lumpy animal, that squatted on its belly, and perked up its hideous head with two glazed eyes, precisely like a Critical Reviewer. In this posture, perfectly satisfied with itself, it would remain as if it were a part of the stone, till the cheerful buzzing of some winged insect provoked it to give signs of life. The dead glare of its eye then brightened into a vivid lustre, and it awkwardly shuffled to the entrance of its cell, and opened its detestable mouth to snap the passing fly or honey-bee. Since I have marked the manners of the Critical Reviewers, these passages of my youth have often occurred to me.

Never was a toad more picturesquely treated! Besides his version of Juvenal, Gifford, translated Persius, and edited the plays of Massinger, Ford, and Shirley, and the works of Ben Jonson. In 1808, when Sir Walter Scott and others resolved on starting a Review, in opposition to the celebrated one established in Edinburgh, Mr. Gifford was selected as editor. In his hands, the 'Quarterly Review' became a powerful political and literary journal, to which leading

* Farquhar's *Beaux' Stratagem*. Act III.:

SCRUB. What d'ye think is my place in this family?

ARCHER. Butler, I suppose.

SCRUB. Ah, Lord help you! I'll tell you. Of a Monday I drive the coach, of a Tuesday I drive the plough, on Wednesday I follow the hounds, on Thursday I am the tenant, on Friday I go to market, on Saturday I draw warrants, and on Sunday I draw
Bills.

statesmen and authors equally contributed. He continued to discharge his duties as editor until within two years of his death, which took place on the 31st of December 1826. Gifford claimed for himself

A soul
That spurned the crowd's malign control—
A fixed contempt of wrong.

He was high-spirited, courageous and sincere. In most of his writings, however, there was a strong tinge of personal ascerbity, and even virulence. He was a good hater, and as he was opposed to all political visionaries and reformers, he had seldom time to cool. His literary criticism, also, where no such prejudices could interfere, was frequently disfigured by the same severity of style or temper; and whoever, dead or living, had ventured to say aught against Ben Jonson, or write what he deemed wrong comments on his favourite dramatists, were assailed with a vehemence that was ludicrously disproportioned to the offence.

His attacks on Hazlitt, Lamb, Hunt, and others, in the 'Quarterly Review,' have no pretensions to fair or candid criticism. His object was to crush such authors as were opposed to the government of the day, or who departed from his canons of literary propriety and good taste. Even the best of his criticisms, though acute and spirited, want candour and comprehensiveness of design. As a politician, he looked with distrust and suspicion on the growing importance of America, and kept alive among the English aristocracy a feeling of dislike or hostility towards that country, which was as unwise as it was ungenerous. His best service to literature was his edition of Ben Jonson, in which he successfully vindicated that great English classic from the unjust aspersions of his countrymen. His satirical poetry is pungent, and often happy in expression, but without rising into moral grandeur or pathos. His small but sinewy intellect, as some one has said, was well employed in bruising the butterflies of the Della Cruscan Muse. Some of his short copies of verses possess a quiet, plaintive melancholy and tenderness; but his fame must rest on his influence and talents as a critic and annotator, or more properly, on the story of his life and early struggles—honourable to himself, and ultimately to his country—which will be read and remembered when his other writings are forgotten.

The Grave of Anna.

I wish I was where Anna lies,
For I am sick of lingering here;
And every hour affection cries,
Go and partake her humble bier.

*I wish I could! For when she died,
I lost my all; and life has proved
Since that sad hour a dreary void;
A waste unlovely and unloved.*

But who, when I am turned to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the ragged moss away, [there?
And weeds that have 'no business

And who with pious hand shall bring
The flowers she cherished, snow-drops
And violets that unheeded spring, [cold,
To scatter o'er her hallowed mould.]

And who, while memory loves to dwell
Upon her name for ever dear,
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
And pour the bitter, bitter tear?

And can thy soft persuasive look,
Thy voice that might with music vie,
Thy air that every gazer took,
Thy matchless eloquence of eye;

I did it; and would fate allow,
Should visit still, should still deplore—
But health and strength have left me now,
And I, alas! can weep no more.

Thy spirits frolicsome as good,
Thy courage by no ills dismayed,
Thy patience by no wrongs subdued,
Thy gay good-humour, can they fade?

Take then, sweet maid! this simple strain,
The last I offer at thy shrine;
Thy grave must then undecked remain,
And all thy memory fade with mine.

Perhaps—but sorrow dims my eye;
Cold turf which I no more must view,
Dear name which I no more must sigh,
A long, a last, a sad adieu!

The above affecting elegiac stanzas were written by Gifford on a faithful attendant who died in his service. He erected a tombstone to her memory in the burying-ground of Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street, with the following inscription and epitaph:

Here lies the body of Ann Davies, (for more than twenty years) servant to William Gifford. She died February 6th, 1815, in the forty-third year of her age, of a tedious and painful malady, which she bore with exemplary patience and resignation. Her deeply afflicted master erected this stone to her memory, as a painful testimony of her uncommon worth and of his perpetual gratitude, respect, and affection for her long and meritorious services:

Though here unknown, dear Ann, thy ashes rest,
Still lives thy memory in one grateful breast,
That traced thy course through many a painful year,
And marked thy humble hope, thy pious fear.
Oh! when this frame, which yet, while life remained,
Thy dutious love, with trembling hand sustained,
Dissolved—as soon it must—may that blest Power
Who beamed on thine, illumine my parting hour!
So shall I greet thee where no ills annoy,
And what is sown in grief is reaped in joy:
Where worth, obscured below, bursts into day,
And those are paid whom earth could never pay.

Greenwich Hill.

FIRST OF MAY. *

Though clouds obscured the morning
hour.

And keen and eager blew the blast,
And drizzling fell the cheerless shower,
As, doubtful, to the skiff we passed:

How pleasant, from that dome-crowned
hill,

To view the varied scene below.
Woods, ships, and spires, and lovelier still,
The circling Thames' majestic flow!

All soon, propitious to our prayer,
Gave promise of a brighter day;
The clouds dispersed in purer air,
The blasts in zephyrs died away.

How sweet, as indolently laid,
We overhung that long-drawn dale,
To watch the checkered light and shade
That glanced upon the shifting sail!

So have we, love, a day enjoyed,
On which we both—and yet, who
knows!—
May dwell with pleasure unalloyed,
And dread no thorn beneath the rose.

And when the shadow's rapid growth
Proclaimed the noontide hour expired,
And, though unwearied, 'nothing loath,
We to our simple meal retired;

The sportive wile, the blameless jest,
The careless mind's spontaneous flow,
Gave to that simple meal a zest
Which richer tables may not know.

The babe that on the mother's breast
Has toyed and wanted for a while,
And sinking in unconscious rest,
Looks up to catch a parting smile;

Feels less assured than thou, dear maid,
When, ere thy ruby lips could part—
As close to mine thy cheek was laid—
Thine eyes had opened all thy heart.

Then, then I marked the chastened joy
That lightly o'er thy features stole,
From vows repaid—my sweet employ—
From truth, from innocence of soul:

While every word dropt on my ear
So soft—and yet it seemed to thrill—
So sweet that 'twas a heaven to hear,
And e'en thy pause had music still.

And oh! how like a fairy dream
To gaze in silence on the tide,
While soft and warm the sunny gleam
Slept on the glassy surface wide!

And many a thought of fancy bred,
Wild, soothing, tender, undefined,
Played lightly round the heart, and shed
Delicious languor o'er the mind.

So hours like moments winged their
flight,
Till now the boatman on the shore,
Impatient of the waning light,
Recalled us by the dashing oar.

Well, Anna, many days like this
I cannot, must not hope to share;
For I have found an hour of bliss
Still followed by an age of care.

Yet oft when memory intervenes—
But you, dear maid, be happy still,
Nor e'er regret, midst fairer scenes,
The day we passed on Greenwich Hill.

THE ANTI-JACOBIN POETRY.

We have alluded to the 'Anti-Jacobin' weekly paper, of which Mr. Gifford was editor. In this publication, various copies of verses were inserted, chiefly of a satirical nature. The poetry, like the prose, of the 'Anti-Jacobin' was designed to ridicule and discountenance the doctrines of the French Revolution; and as party-spirit ran high, those effusions were marked occasionally by fierce personality and declamatory violence. Others, however, written in travesty, or contempt of the bad taste and affectation of some of the works of the day, contained well-directed and witty satire, aimed by no common hand, and pointed with irresistible keenness. Among those who mixed in this loyal warfare was Mr. J. H. FRERE (noticed in a subsequent section), and GEORGE CANNING (1770–1827), whose fame as an orator and statesman fills so large a space in the modern history of Britain. Canning was then young and ardent, full of hope and ambition. Without family distinction or influence, he relied on his talents for future advancement; and from interest, no less than feeling and principle, he exerted them in support of the existing administration. Previous to this, he had distinguished himself at Eton School for his classical acquisitions and literary talents. To a periodical work, the 'Microcosm,' he contributed several clever essays. Entering parliament in 1793, he was, in 1796, appointed under-secretary of state, and it was at the close of the following year that the 'Anti-Jacobin' was commenced, Gifford being editor. The contributions of Mr. Canning consist of parodies on Southey and Darwin, the greater part of 'The Rovers'—a burlesque on the sentimental German drama—and 'New Morality,' a spirited and caustic

satire, directed against French principles, and their supporters in England. In this poem of 'New Morality' occur four lines often quoted:

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe;
 Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow:
 But of all plagues, good heaven, thy wrath can send,
 Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend!

As party effusions, these pieces were highly popular and effective; and that they are still read with pleasure on account of their wit and humour, and also perhaps on account of their slashing and ferocious style, is instanced by the fact, that the 'Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin,' collected and published in a separate form, has attained to a sixth edition. The genius of Canning found afterwards a more appropriate field in parliament. As a statesman, 'just alike to freedom and the throne,' though somewhat prone to intrigue, and as an orator, eloquent, witty, and of consummate taste, his reputation is established. He had, however, a strong bias in favour of elegant literature, and would have become no mean poet and author, had he not embarked so early on public life, and been so incessantly occupied with its cares and duties. From a speech delivered at Plymouth in 1823, we extract a short passage containing a fine simile:

Ships of the Line in Port.

The resources created by peace are means of war. In cherishing those resources, we but accumulate those means. Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town, is a proof they are devoid of strength and incapable of being fitted out for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness—how soon upon any call of patriotism, or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion—how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage—how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such is one of these magnificent machines when springing from inaction into a display of its might—Such is England herself: while apparently passive and motionless, she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion. But God forbid that that occasion should arise. After a war sustained for nearly a quarter of a century—sometimes single-handed, and with all Europe arranged at times against her or at her side, England needs a period of tranquillity, and may enjoy it without fear of misconstruction.

The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-grinder.

In this piece, Canning ridicules the youthful Jacobin effusions of Southey, in which, he says, it was sedulously inculcated that there was a natural and eternal warfare between the poor and the rich. The Sapphic rhymes of Southey afforded a tempting subject for ludicrous parody, and Canning quotes the following stanza, lest he should be suspected of painting from fancy, and not from life:

'Cold was the night-wind: drifting fast the snows fell;
 Wide were the downs, and shelterless and naked;
 When a poor wanderer struggled on her journey.
 Weary and way-sore.'

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

**Needy Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is your road, your wheel is out of order;
Bleak blows the blast—your hat has got a hole in 't,
So have your breeches!**

**Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
 Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
 Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, 'Knives and
 Scissors to grind O!'**

**Tell me, Knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire, or parson of the parish,
Or the attorney?**

**Was it the squire, for killing of his game ? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining ?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit ?**

(Have you not read the Rights of Man. by Tom Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.

KNIFE-GRINDER.

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir;
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.

**I should be glad to drink your honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence ;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.**

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee d—d first—
Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast !

[Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exits in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.]

Song by Rogero in 'The Rovers.'

When'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

[Weeps and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds.]

*Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in—*

Alas, Matilda then was true!
 At least I thought so at the U-
 niversity of Gottingen,
 niversity of Gottingen.

[At the repetition of this line, Rogero clanks his chains in cadence.]

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew
 Her neat post-wagon trotting in!
 Ye bore Matilda from my view;
 Forlorn I languished at the U-
 niversity of Gottingen,
 niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
 This blood my veins is clotting in,
 My years are many—they were few
 When first I entered at the U-
 niversity of Gottingen,
 niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew.
 Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
 Thou wast the daughter of my Tu-
 tor, law professor at the U-
 niversity of Gottingen,
 niversity of Gottingen,

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
 That kings and priests are plotting in:
 Here doomed to starve on water gru-
 el, never shall I see the U-
 niversity of Gottingen,
 niversity of Gottingen.*

[During the last stanza, Rogero dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison; and finally so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops, the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.]

The following epitaph on his son who died in 1820, shews that Canning could write in a tender and elegiac as well as satirical strain.

Mr. Canning's Epitaph on his Son.

Though short thy span, God's unimpeached decrees,
 Which made that shortened span one long disease,
 Yet, merciful in chastening, gave thee scope
 For mild redeeming virtues, faith and hope,
 Meek resignation, pious charity;
 And, since this world was not the world for thee,
 Far from thy path removed, with partial care,
 Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flowery snare;
 Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
 And fixed on Heaven thine unrevoked eye!
 Oh! marked from birth, and nurtured for the skies!
 In youth, with more than learning's wisdom wise!
 As sainted martyrs, patient to endure!
 Simple as unweaned infancy, and pure!

* It is stated by Mr. C. Edmonds, editor of *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin* (1854), that the above song having been accidentally seen, previous to its publication, by Mr. Pitt, he was so amused with it that he took a pen, and composed the last stanza on the spot.

Pure from all stain—save that of human clay,
Which Christ's atoning blood hath washed away!
By mortal sufferings now no more oppressed,
Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destined rest!
While I—reversed our nature's kindlier doom—
Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb.

A satirical poem, which attracted much attention in literary circles at the time of its publication, was the 'Pursuits of Literature,' in four parts, the first of which appeared in 1794. Though published anonymously, this work was written by Mr. THOMAS JAMES MATHIAS, a distinguished scholar, who died at Naples in 1835. Mr. Mathias was sometime treasurer of the household to her majesty Queen Charlotte. He took his degree of B.A. in Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1774. Besides the 'Pursuits of Literature,' Mr. Mathias was author of some 'Runic Odes, imitated from the Norse Tongue;' 'The Imperial Epistle from Kien Long to George III.' (1794), 'The Shade of Alexander Pope,' a satirical poem (1798); and various other light evanescent pieces on the topics of the day. Mr. Mathias also wrote some Latin odes, and translated into Italian several English poems. He wrote Italian with elegance and purity, and it has been said that no Englishman, since the days of Milton, has cultivated that language with so much success. The 'Pursuits of Literature' contains some pointed satire on the author's poetical contemporaries, and is enriched with a vast variety of notes, in which there is a great display of learning. George Steevens said the poem was merely 'a peg to hang the notes on.' The want of true poetical genius to vivify this mass of erudition has been fatal to Mr. Mathias. His works appear to be utterly forgotten.

DR. JOHN WOLCOT.

DR. JOHN WOLCOT (1738-1819) was a coarse but lively satirist, who, under the name of 'Peter Pindar,' published a variety of effusions on the topics and public men of his times, which were eagerly read and widely circulated. Many of them were in ridicule of the reigning sovereign, George III., who was a good subject for the poet; though the latter, as he himself acknowledged, was a bad subject to the king. Wolcot was born at Dodbrooke, a village in Devonshire, in the year 1738. His uncle, a respectable surgeon and apothecary at Fowey, took the charge of his education, intending that he should become his own assistant and successor in business. Wolcot was instructed in medicine, and 'walked the hospitals' in London, after which he proceeded to Jamaica with Sir William Trelawney, governor of that island, who had engaged him as his medical attendant. The social habits of the doctor rendered him a favourite in Jamaica; but his time being only partly employed by his professional avocations, he solicited and obtained from his patron the gift of a living in the church, which happened to be then vacant. The bishop of Lon-

don ordained the graceless neophyte, and Wolcot entered upon his sacred duties. His congregation consisted mostly of negroes; and Sunday being their principal holiday and market, the attendance at the church was very limited. Sometimes not a single person came, and Wolcot and his clerk—the latter being an excellent shot—used at such times, after waiting for ten minutes, to proceed to the sea-side, to enjoy the sport of shooting ring-tail pigeons !

The death of Sir William Trelawney cut off all further hopes of preferment, and every inducement to a longer residence in the island. Bidding adieu to Jamaica and the church, Wolcot accompanied Lady Trelawney to England, and established himself as a physician at Truro, in Cornwall. He inherited about £2000 by the death of his uncle. While resident at Truro, Wolcot discovered the talents of Opie—

The Cornish boy in tin-mines bred—

whose genius as an artist afterwards became so distinguished. He also materially assisted to form his taste and procure him patronage; and when Opie's name was well established, the poet and his protégé, forsaking the country, repaired to London, as affording a wider field for the exertions of both. Wolcot had already acquired some distinction by his satirical efforts; and he now poured forth a series of odes and epistles, commencing with the Royal Academicians, whom he ridiculed with great success and some justice. In 1785 he produced no less than twenty-three odes. In 1786 he published 'The Lousiad,' a 'Heroi-comic Poem,' in five cantos, which had its foundation in the fact, that an obnoxious insect—either of the garden or the body—had been discovered on the king's plate among some green peas, which produced a solemn decree that all the servants in the royal kitchen were to have their heads shaved. In the hands of an unscrupulous satirist like Wolcot, this ridiculous incident was an admirable theme. The publication of Boswell's 'Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides' afforded another tempting opportunity, and he indited a humorous poetical epistle to the biographer, commencing:

O Boswell, Bozzy, Bruce, whate'er thy name,
Thou mighty shark for anecdote and fame;
Thou jackal, leading lion Johnson forth
To eat Macpherson 'midst his native north;
To frighten grave professors with his roar,
And shake the Hebrides from shore to shore,
All hail !
Triumphant thou through Time's vast gulf shalt sail,
The pilot of our literary whale;
Close to the classic Rambler shalt thou cling,
Close as a supple courtier to a king;
Fate shall not shake thee off with all its power;
Stuck like a bat to some old ivied tower.
Nay, though thy Johnson ne'er had blessed thine eyes,
Paoli's deeds had raised thee to the skies:
Yea, his broad wing had raised thee—no bad back—
A tomtit twittering on an eagle's back.

In addition to this effusion, Wolcot revelled another attack on Boswell, entitled 'Bozzy and Piozzi, or the British Biographers.' The personal habits of the king were ridiculed in 'Peeps at St. James's,' 'Royal Visits,' 'Lyric Odes,' &c. Sir Joseph Banks was another subject of his satire:

A president, in butterflies profound,
Of whom all insect-mongers sing the praises,
Went on a day to hunt this game renowned,
On violets, dunghills, nettle-tops, and daisies, &c.

He had also 'Instructions to a Celebrated Laureat;' 'Peter's Pension;' 'Peter's Prophecy;' 'Epistle to a Fallen Minister;' 'Epistle to James Bruce, Esq., the Abyssian Traveller;' 'Odes to Mr. Paine;' 'Odes to Kien Long, Emperor of China;' 'Ode to the Livery of London,' and *brochures* of a kindred description on most of the celebrated events of the day. From 1778 to 1808, above sixty of these poetical pamphlets were issued by Wolcot. So formidable was he considered, that the ministry, as he alleged, endeavoured to bribe him to silence. He also boasted that his writings had been translated into six different languages. In 1795, he obtained from his booksellers an annuity of £250, payable half-yearly, for the copyright of his works. This handsome allowance he enjoyed, to the heavy loss of the other parties, for upwards of twenty years. Neither old age nor blindness could repress his witty vituperative attacks. He had recourse to an amanuensis, in whose absence, however, he continued to write himself, till within a short period of his death. 'His method was to tear a sheet of paper into quarters, on each of which he wrote a stanza of four or six lines, according to the nature of the poem: the paper he placed on a book held in the left hand, and in this manner not only wrote legibly, but with great ease and celerity.'

In 1796, his poetical effusions were collected and published in four volumes 8vo, and subsequent editions have been issued; but most of the poems have sunk into oblivion. Few satirists can reckon on permanent popularity, and the poems of Wolcot were in their nature of an ephemeral description; while the recklessness of his censure and ridicule, and the want of decency, of principle, and moral feeling, that characterises nearly the whole, precipitated their downfall. He died at his house in Somers' Town on the 14th January, 1819, and was buried in a vault in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, close to the grave of Butler. Wolcot was equal to Churchill as a satirist, as ready and versatile in his powers, and possessed of a quick sense of the ludicrous, as well as a rich vein of fancy and humour. Some of his songs and serious effusions are tender and pleasing; but he could not write long without sliding into the ludicrous and burlesque. His critical acuteness is evinced in his 'Odes to the Royal Academicians,' and in various passages scattered throughout his works; while his ease and felicity, both of expression and illus-

ration, are remarkable. In the following terse and lively lines, we have a good caricature sketch of Dr. Johnson's style:

I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,
That gives an inch the importance of a mile,
Casts of manure a wagon-load around,
To raise a simple daisy from the ground;
Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?
To crush a butterfly or brain a gnat?
Creates a whirlwind from the earth, to draw
A goose's feather or exalt a straw—
Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter—
To force up one poor nipperkin of water;
Bids ocean labour with tremendous roar,
To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore;
Alike in every theme his pompous art,
Heaven's awful thunder or a rumbling cart!

The Pilgrims and the Peas.

A brace of sinners, for no good,
Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt in wax, stone, wood,
And in a curled white wig looked wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel;
In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,
The priest had ordered peas into their shoes.

A nostrum famous in old popish times
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes,
A sort of apostolic salt,
That popish parsons for its powers exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;
But very different was their speed, I wot—
One of the sinners galloped on,
Light as a bullet from a gun;

The other lumped as if he had been shot.
One saw the virgin, soon *peccant* cried;
Had his soul whitewashed all so clever,
When home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit with saints above to live forever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue about half-way,
Hobbling with outstretched hams and bending knees,
Cursing the souls and bodies of the peas;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brow in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

'How now!' the light-toed whitewashed pilgrim broke,
'You lazy lubber!'

'Confound it!' cried the t' other, 'tis no joke;
My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as blubber.

'Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear:
As for Loretto, I shall not get there;
No! to the Devil my sinful soul must go,
For hang me if I ha'n't lost every toe!

'But brother sinner, do explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain—
What power hath worked a wonder for your toes—
Whilst I, just like a snail, am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

'How is 't that you can like a greyhound go,
Merry as if nought had happened, burn ye?'
'Why,' cried the other, grinning, 'you must know
That just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boll my peas.'

The Apple Dumplings and a King.

Once on a time, a monarch, tired with whooping,
Whipping and spurring,
Happy in worrying
A poor defenceless harmless buck—
The horse and rider wet as muck—
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Entered through curiously a cot,
Where sat a poor old woman and her pot.

The wrinkled, bear-eyed good old granny,
In this same cot, illumed by many a cranny,
Had finished apple dumplings for her pot:
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
When lo! the monarch, in his usual way,
Like lightning spoke: 'What's this? what's this? what's this?'

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand;
And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple: he cried
'Tis monstrous, monstrous hard, indeed!
What makes it, pray, so hard?' The dame replied,
Low curtsying: 'Please your majesty, the apple.'

'Very astonishing indeed! strange thing!'—
Turning the dumpling round—rejoined the king
'Tis most extraordinary, then, all this is—
It beats Pinette's conjuring all to pieces:
Strange I should never of a dumpling dream!
But, goody, tell me where, where, where's the seam?'

'Sir, there's no seam,' quoth she; 'I never knew
That folks did apple dumplings *sew*;
'No!' cried the staring monarch with a grin;
'How, how the devil got the apple in?'

On which the dame the curious scheme revealed
By which the apple lay so sly concealed,
Which made the Solomon of Britain start;
Who to the palace with full speed repaired,
And queen and princesses so beauteous scared
All with the wonders of the dumpling art.

There did he labour one whole week to shew
 The wisdom of an apple-dumpling maker ;
 And, lo ! so deep was majesty in dough,
 The palace seemed the lodging of a baker !

Whitbread's Brewery visited by their Majesty.

Full of the art of brewing beer,
 The monarch heard of Whitbread's fame ;
 Quoth he unto the queen : ' My dear, my dear,
 Whitbread hath got a marvellous great name.
 Charly, we must, must, must see Whitbread brew—
 Rich as us, Charly, richer than a Jew.
 Shame, shame we have not yet his brew-house seen !'
 Thus sweetly said the king unto the queen.

Muse, sing the stir that happy Whitbread made :
 Poor gentleman ! most terribly afraid
 He should not charm enough his guests divine,
 He gave his maids new aprons, gowns, and smocks ;
 And lo ! two hundred pounds were spent in frocks,
 To make the apprentices and draymen fine :
 Busy as horses in a field of clover,
 Dogs, cats, and chairs, and stools were tumbled over,
 Amidst the Whitbread rout of preparation,
 To treat the lofty ruler of the nation.

Now moved king, queen, and princesses so grand,
 To visit the first brewer in the land ;
 Who sometimes swills his beer and grinds his meat
 In a snug corner, christened Chiswell Street ;
 But oftener, charmed with fashionable air,
 Amidst the gandy great of Portman Square.

Lord Aylesbury, and Denbigh's lord also,
 His Grace the Duke of Montague likewise,
 With Lady Harcourt, joined the raree show
 And fixed all Smithfield's wond'ring eyes :
 For lo ! a greater show ne'er graced those quarters,
 Since Mary roasted, just like crabs, the martyrs. . . .

Thus was the brew-house filled with gabbling noise,
 Whilst draymen, and the brewer's boys,
 Devoured the questions that the king did ask ;
 In different parties were they staring seen,
 Wond'ring to think they saw a king and queen !
 Behind a tub were some, and some behind a cask.

Some draymen forced themselves—a pretty luncheon—
 Into the mouth of many a gaping puncheon :
 And through the bung-hole winked with curious eye,
 To view and be assured what sort of things
 Were princesses, and queens, and kings,
 For whose most lofty station thousands sigh !
 And lo ! of all the gaping puncheon clan,
 Few were the mouths that had not got a man !

Now majesty into a pump so deep
 Did with an opera-glass so curious peep :
 Examining with care each wondrous matter
 That brought up water !

Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,
 A chattering bird we often meet,
 A bird for curiosity well known,
 With head awry,
 And cunning eye,
 Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone.

And now his curious majesty did stoop
 To count the nails on every hoop;
 And lo! no single thing came in his way,
 That, full of deep research, he did not say,
 'What's this? hae, hae! What's that? What's this? What's that?'
 So quick the words too, when he deigned to speak,
 As if each syllable would break its neck.

Thus, to the world of *great* whilst others crawl,
 Our sov'reign peeps into the world of *small*:
 Thus microscopic geniuses explore
 Things that too oft provoke the public scorn;
 Yet swell of useful knowledge the store,
 By finding systems in a peppercorn.

Now boasting Whitbread serious did declare,
 To make the majesty of England stare,
 That he had butts enough, he knew,
 Placed side by side, to reach along to Kew;
 On which the king with wonder swiftly cried:
 'What if they reach to Kew, then, side by side,
 What would they do, what, what, placed end to end?'
 To whom, with knitted calculating brow,
 The man of beer most solemnly did vow,
 Almost to Windsor that they would extend:
 On which the king, with wondering mien,
 Repeated it unto the wondering queen;
 On which, quick turning round his haltered head,
 The brewer's horse, with face astonished, neighed;
 The brewer's dog, too, poured a note of thunder,
 Rattled his chain, and wagged his tail for wonder.

Now did the king for other beers inquire,
 For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire;
 And after talking of these different beers,
 Asked Whitbread if his porter equalled theirs?

This was a puzzling disagreeing question,
 Grating like arsenic on his host's digestion;
 A kind of question to the man of Cask
 That not even Solomon himself would ask.

Now majesty, alive to knowledge, took
 A very pretty memorandum-book,
 With gilded leaves of ass's-skin so white,
 And in it legibly began to write—

MEMORANDUM,

A charming place beneath the grates
 For roasting chestnuts or potatoes.

MEM.

'Tis hops that give a bitterness to beer,
 Hops grow in Kent, says Whitbread, and elsewhere.

QUARR.

Is there no cheaper stuff? where doth it dwell?
Would not horse-aloes bitter it as well?

MEM.

To try it soon on our small beer—
'Twill save us several pounds a year.

MEM.

To remember to forget to ask
Old Whitbread to my house one day.

MEM.

Not to forget to take of beer the cask,
The brewer offered me away.

Now, having pencilled his remarks so shrewd,
Sharp as the point, indeed, of a new pin,
His majesty his watch most sagely viewed,
And then put up his ass's-skin.

To Whitbread now deigned majesty to say:
'Whitbread, are all your horses fond of hay?'
'Yes, please your majesty,' in humble notes
The brewer answered—'Also, sire, of oats;
Another thing my horses, too, maintains,
And that, an 't please your majesty, are grains.'

'Grains, grains,' said majesty, 'to fill their crops?
Grains, grains?—that comes from hops—yes, hops, hops, hops?'
Here was the king, like hounds sometimes, at fault—
'Sire,' cried the humble brewer, 'give me leave
Your sacred majesty to undeceive;
Grains, sire, are never made from hops, but malt.'

'True,' said the cautious monarch with a smile,
'From malt, malt, malt—I meant malt all the while.
'Yea,' with the sweetest bow, rejoined the brewer,
'An't please your majesty, you did, I'm sure.'
'Yea,' answered majesty, with quick reply,
'I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I.' . . .

Now did the king admire the bell so fine,
That daily asks the draymen all to dine;
On which the bell rung out—how very proper!—
To shew it was a bell, and had a clapper.
And now before their sovereign's curious eye—
Parents and children, fine fat hopeful sprigs,
All enuffling, squinting, grunting in their sty—

Appeared the brewer's tribe of handsome pigs;
On which the observant man who fills a throne,
Declared the pigs were vastly like his own;
On which the brewer, swallowed up in joys,
Fear and astonishment in both his eyes,
His soul brimful of sentiments so loyal,

Exclaimed: 'O heavens! and can my swine
Be deemed by majesty so fine?
Heavens! can my pigs compare, sire, with pigs royal?'
To which the king assented with a nod;
On which the brewer bowed, and said: 'Good God!
Then winked significant on Miss,
Significant of wonder and of bliss,

Who, bridling in her chin divine,
Crossed her fair hands, a dear old maid,
And then her lowest curtsy made
For such high honour done her father's swine.

Now did his majesty, so gracious, say
To Mister Whitbread in his flying way.
'Whitbread, d'ye nick the excisemen now and then?
Hae, Whitbread, when d'ye think to leave off trade?
Hae? what? Miss Whitbread's still a maid, a maid?
What, what's the matter with the men?

'D'ye hunt?—hae, hunt? No no, you are too old;
You'll be lord-mayor—lord-mayor one day;
Yes, yes, I've heard so; yes, yes, so I'm told;
Don't, don't the fine for sheriff pay;
I'll prick you every year, man, I declare;
Yes, Whitbread, yes, yes, you shall be lord-mayor.

'Whitbread, d' ye keep a coach, or job one, pray?
Job, job, that's cheapest; yes, that's best, that's best.
You put your liveries on the draymen—hae?
Hae, Whitbread? You have feathered well your nest.
What, what's the price now, hae, of all your stock?
But, Whitbread, what's o'clock, pray, what's o'clock?'

Now Whitbread inward said: 'May I be cursed
If I know what to answer first.'
Then searched his brains with ruminating eye;
But ere the man of malt an answer found,
Quick on his heel, lo, majesty turned round,
Skipped off, and balked the honour of reply.

Lord Gregory.

Burns admired this ballad of Wolcot's, and wrote another on the same subject.

'Ah ope, Lord Gregory, thy door,
A midnight wanderer sighs;
Hard rush the rains, the tempests roar,
And lightnings cleave the skies.'

'Alas! thou heardest a pilgrim mourn
That once was prized by thee:
Think of the ring by yonder burn
Thou gav'st to love and me.

'Who comes with woe at this drear night,
A pilgrim of the gloom?
If she whose love did once delight,
My cot shall yield her room.'

'But shouldst thou not poor Marion know,
I'll turn my feet and part; [blow,
And think the storms that round me
Far kinder than thy heart.'

Epigram on Sleep.

Thomas Wharton wrote the following Latin epigram to be placed under the statute of Somnus, in the garden of Harris, the philologist, and Wolcot translated it with a beauty and felicity worthy of the original.

Somne levis, quanquam certissima mortis imago
Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori;
Alma quies, optata, veni, nam sic sine vitâ
Vivere quam suave est; sic sine morte mori.

Come, gentle sleep! attend thy votary's prayer,
And, though death's image, to my couch repair;
How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie,
And, without dying, O how sweet to die!

THE REV. WILLIAM CROWE.

WILLIAM CROWE (*circa* 1746–1829) was the son of a carpenter at Winchester, and was admitted upon the foundation as a poor scholar. He was transferred to New College, Oxford, and was elected Fellow in 1773. He rose to be Professor of Poetry and Public Orator, holding at the same time the valuable rectory of Alton Barnes. Crowe was author of ‘Lewesdon Hill’ (1786), a descriptive poem in blank verse, and of various other pieces. Several editions of his ‘Poems’ have been published, the latest in 1827. There is poetry of a very high order in the works of Crowe, though it has never been popular.

Wreck of the ‘Halsewell,’ East Indiaman.

See how the sun, here clouded, afar off
Pours down the golden radiance of his light
Upon the enridged sea; where the black ship
Sails on the phosphor-seeming waves. So fair,
But falsely flattering, was yon surface calm,
When forth for India sailed, in evil time,
That vessel, whose disastrous fate, when told,
Filled every breast with horror, and each eye
With piteous tears, so cruel was the loss.
Methinks I see her, as, by the wintry storm
Shattered and driven along past yonder isle,
She strove, her latest hope, by strength or art,
To gain the port within it, or at worst,
To shun that harbourless and hollow coast
From Portland eastward to the promontory
Where still St. Alban’s high-built chapel stands.
But art nor strength avail her—on she drives,
In storm and darkness to the fatal coast;
And there ’mong rocks and high o’erhanging cliffs
Dashed piteously, with all her precious freight,
Was lost, by Neptune’s wild and foamy jaws
Swallowed up quick! The richest-laden ship
Of spicy Ternate, or that annual sent
To the Philippines o’er the southern main
From Acapulco, carrying massy gold,
Were poor to this; freighted with hopeful youth,
And beauty and high courage undismayed
By mortal terrors, and paternal love,
Strong and unconquerable even in death—
Alas, they perished all, all in one hour!

The Miseries of War.

From ‘Verses intended to have been spoken in the Theatre of Oxford, on the Installation of the Duke of Portland as Chancellor of the University.’

If the stroke of war
Fell certain on the guilty head, none else;
If they that make the cause might taste th’ effect,
And drink themselves the bitter cup they mix;
Then might the bard, though child of peace, delight

* The *Halsewell*, Captain Pierce, was wrecked in January 1786, having struck on the rocks near Seacombe, on the island of Furbeck, between Peverel Point and St. Alban’s Head. All the passengers perished; but out of 240 souls on board, 74 were saved. Seven interesting and accomplished young ladies (two of them daughters of the captain) were among the drowned.

To twine fresh wreaths around the conqueror's brow;
 Or haply strike his high-toned harp, to swell
 The trumpet's martial sound, and bid them on
 Whom justice arms for vengeance. But alas!
 That undistinguishing and deathful storm
 Beats heavier on th' exposed innocent;
 And they that stir its fury, while it raves
 Stand at safe distance, send their mandate forth
 Unto the mortal ministers that wait
 To do their bidding.—Oh, who then regards
 The widow's tears, the friendless orphan's cry,
 And famine, and the ghastly train of woes
 That follow at the dogged heels of war?
 They, in the pomp and pride of victory
 Rejoicing o'er the desolated earth,
 As at an altar wet with human blood,
 And flaming with the fire of cities burnt,
 Sing their mad hymns of triumph—hymns to God,
 O'er the destruction of his gracious works!
 Hymns to the Father o'er his slaughtered sons!

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Several ladies cultivated poetry with success at this time. Among these was MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH (whose admirable prose fictions will afterwards be noticed). She was the daughter of Mr. Turner of Stoke House, in Surrey, and born on the 4th of May 1749. She was remarkable for precocity of talents, and for a lively playful humour that shewed itself in conversation, and in compositions both in prose and verse. Being early deprived of her mother, she was carelessly though expensively educated, and introduced into society at a very early age. Her father having decided on a second marriage, the friends of the young and admired poetess endeavoured to establish her in life, and she was induced to accept the hand of Mr. Smith, the son and partner of a rich West India merchant. The husband was twenty-one years of age, and his wife fifteen! This rash union was productive of mutual discontent and misery. Mr. Smith was careless and extravagant, business was neglected, and his father dying, left a will so complicated and voluminous that no two lawyers understood it in the same sense. Law-suits and embarrassments were therefore the portion of this ill-starred pair for all their after-lives. Mr. Smith was ultimately forced to sell the greater part of his property, after he had been thrown into prison, and his faithful wife had shared with him the misery and discomfort of his confinement. After an unhappy union of twenty-three years, Mrs. Smith separated from her husband, and, taking a cottage near Chichester, applied herself to her literary occupations with cheerful assiduity, supplying to her children the duties of both parents. In *eight months* she completed her novel of 'Emmeline,' published in 1788. In the following year appeared another novel from her pen, entitled 'Ethelinde;' and in 1791, a third under the name of 'Celestina.' She imbibed the opinions of the French Revolution, and embodied them in a romance entitled 'Desmond.' This work array

against her many of her friends and readers, but she regained the public favour by her tale, the 'Old Manor-house,' which is the best of her novels. Part of this work was written at Eartham, the residence of Hayley, during the period of Cowper's visit to that poetical retreat. 'It was delightful,' says Hayley, 'to hear her read what she had just written, for she read, as she wrote, with simplicity and grace.' Cowper was also astonished at the rapidity and excellence of her composition. Mrs Smith continued her literary labours amidst private and family distress. She wrote a valuable little compendium for children, under the title of 'Conversations; A History of British Birds;' a descriptive poem on 'Beachy Head,' &c. She died at Tilford, near Farnham, on the 28th of October 1806. The poetry of Mrs. Smith is elegant and sentimental, and generally of a pathetic cast.

Sonnets.—On the Departure of the Nightingale.

Sweet poet of the woods, a long adieu !
 Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year !
 Ah ! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
 And pour thy music on the night's dull ear.
 Whether on spring thy wandering flights await,
 Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
 The pensive Muse shall own thee for her mate,
 And still protect the song she loves so well.
 With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall glide
 Through the lone brake that shades thy mossy nest ;
 And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall hide
 The gentle bird who sings of pity best :
 For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
 And still be dear to sorrow and to love !

Written at the Close of Spring.

The garlands fade that Spring so lately wove ;
 Each simple flower, which she had nursed in dew,
 Anemones that spangled every grove,
 The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.
 No more shall violets linger in the dell,
 Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
 Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
 And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.
 Ah, poor humanity ! so frail, so fair,
 Are the fond visions of thy early day,
 Till tyrant passion and corrosive care
 Bid all thy fairy colours fade away !
 Another May new buds and flowers shall bring :
 Ah ! why has happiness no second Spring ?
 Should the lone wanderer, fainting on his way,
 Rest for a moment of the sultry hours,
 And, though his path through thorns and roughness lay,
 Pluck the wild rose or woodbine's gadding flowers ;
 Weaving gay wreaths beneath some sheltering tree,
 The sense of sorrow he a while may lose ;
 So have I sought thy flowers, fair Poesy !
 So charmed my way with friendship and the Muse.
 But darker now grows life's unhappy day,
 Dark with new clouds of evil yet to come ;

Her pencil sickening Fancy throws away,
 And weary Hope reclines upon the tomb,
 And points my wishes to that tranquil shore,
 Where the pale spectre Care pursues no more!

Recollections of English Scenery.—From 'Beachy Head.'

Haunts of my youth!
 Scenes of fond day-dreams, I behold ye yet!
 Where 'twas so pleasant by the northern slopes,
 To climb the winding sheep-path, aided oft
 By scattered thorns, whose spiny branches bore
 Small woolly tufts, spoils of the vagrant lamb,
 There seeking shelter from the noonday sun:
 And pleasant, seated on the short soft turf,
 To look beneath upon the hollow way,
 While heavily upward moved the labouring wain,
 And stalking slowly by, the sturdy hind,
 To ease his panting team, stopped with a stone
 The grating wheel.

Advancing higher still,
 The prospect widens, and the village church.
 But little o'er the lowly roofs around
 Rears its gray belfry and its simple vane;
 Those lowly roofs of thatch are half concealed
 By the rude arms of trees, lovely in spring;
 When on each bough the rosy tintured bloom
 Sits thick, and promises autumnal plenty.
 For even those orchards round the Norman farms,
 Which, as their owners marked the promised fruit,
 Console them, for the vineyards of the south
 Surpass not these.

Where woods of ash and beach,
 And partial copses fringe the green hill-foot,
 The upland shepherd rears his modest home;
 There wanders by a little nameless stream
 That from the hill wells forth, bright now, and clear,
 Or after rain with chalky mixture gray,
 But still refreshing in its shallow course
 The cottage garden; most for use designed,
 Yet not of beauty destitute. The vine
 Mantles the little casement; yet the brier
 Drops fragrant dew among the July flowers;
 And pansies rayed, and freaked, and mottled pinks,
 Grow among balm and rosemary and rue;
 There honeysuckles flaunt, and roses blow,
 Almost uncultured; some with dark-green leaves
 Contrast their flowers of pure unsullied white;
 Others like velvet robes of regal state
 Of richest crimson; while, in thorny moss
 Enshrined and cradled, the most lovely wear
 The hues of youthful beauty's glowing cheek.
 With fond regret I recollect e'en now
 'Tis spring and summer, what delight I felt
 Among these cottage gardens, and how much
 Such artless nosegays, knotted with a rush
 By village housewife or her ruddy maid,
 Were welcome to me; soon and simply pleased.
 An early worshipper at nature's shrine,
 I loved her rudest scenes—warrens, and heaths,
 And yellow commons, and birch-shaded hollows,
 And hedgerows bordering unfrequented lanes,
 Bowered with wild roses and the clasping woodbine.

MISS BLAMIRE.

Miss SUSANNA BLAMIRE (1747-1794), a Cumberland lady, was distinguished for the excellence of her Scottish poetry, which has all the idiomatic ease and grace of a native minstrel. Miss Blamire was born of a respectable family in Cumberland, at Cardew Hall, near Carlisle, where she resided till her twentieth year, beloved by a circle of friends and acquaintance, with whom she associated in what were called *merry neets*, or merry evening-parties, in her native district. Her sister becoming the wife of Colonel Graham of Duchray, Perthshire, Susanna accompanied the pair to Scotland, where she remained some years, and imbibed that taste for Scottish melody and music which prompted her beautiful lyrics, 'The Nabob,' 'The Siller Croun,' &c. She also wrote some pieces in the Cumbrian dialect, and a descriptive poem of some length, entitled 'Stocklewath, or the Cumbrian Village.' Miss Blamire died unmarried at Carlisle, in her forty-seventh year, and her name had almost faded from remembrance, when, in 1842, her poetical works were collected and published in one volume, with a preface, memoir, and notes by Patrick Maxwell.

The Nabob.

When silent time, wi' lightly foot,
Had trod on thirty years,
I sought again my native land
Wi' many hopes and fears.
Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
May still continue mine?
Or gin I e'er again shall taste
The joys I left langsyne?

As I drew near my ancient pile
My heart beat a' the way;
Ilk place I passed seemed yet to speak
O' some dear former day;
Those days that followed me afar,
Those happy days o' mine,
Whilk made me think the present joys
A' naething to langsyne!

The ivied tower now met my eye,
Where minstrels used to blaw;
Nae friend stepped forth wi' open hand,
Nae weel-kenned face I saw;
Till Donald tottered to the door,
Wham I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad return
He bore about langsyne.

I ran to ilk dear friend's room,
As if to find them there,
I knew where ilk ane used to sit,
And hang o'er mony a chair;
Till soft remembrance threw a veil
Across these een o' mine,
I closed the door, and sobbed aloud,
To think on auld langsyne.

Some penny chiefs, a new-sprung race
Wad next their welcome pay,
Wha shuddered at my Gothic wa's,
And wished my groves away.
'Cut, cut,' they cried, 'those aged elms;
Lay low yon mournfu' pine.'
Na! na! our fathers' names grow there,
Memorials o' langsyne.

To wean me frae these wae'fu' thoughts,
They took me to the town;
But sair on ilka weel-kenned face
I missed the youthfu' bloom.
At balls they pointed to a nymph
Wham a' declared divine;
But sure her mother's blushing cheeks
Were fairer far langsyne!

In vain I sought in music's sound
To find that magic art,
Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays
Has thrilled through a' my heart.
The song had mony an artfu' turn;
My ear confessed 'twas fine;
But missed the simple melody
I listened to langsyne.

Yesons to comrades o' my youth,
Forgie an auld man's spleen, [mourns
Wha 'midst your gayest scenes still
The days he ance has seen.
When time has passed and seasons fled,
Your hearts will feel like mine;
And aye the sang will maist delight
That minds ye o' langsyne!

What Ails this Heart o' Mine?

'This song seems to have been a favourite with the authoress, for I have met with it in various forms among her papers; and the labour bestowed upon it has been well repaid by the popularity it has all along enjoyed.'—*Mazwell's Memoir of Miss Blamire.*

What ails this heart o' mine?

What ails this watery ee?

What gars me a' turn pale as death

When I take leave o' thee?

When thou art far awa',

Thou'lt dearer grow to me;

But change o' place and change o' folk

May gar thy fancy jee.

When I gae out at e'en,

Or walk at morning air,

Ilk rustling bush will seem to say

I used to meet thee there.

Then I'll sit down and cry,

And live aneath the tree,

And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,

I'll ca't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bower

That thou wi' roses tied,

And where wi' mony a blushing bud

I strove myself to hide.

I'll doat on ilka spot

Where I ha'e been wi' thee;

And ca' to mind some kindly word

By ilka burn and tree.

As an example of the Cumberland dialect:

Auld Robin Forbes.

And auld Robin Forbes hes gien tem a dance,

I pat on my speckets to see them aw prance;

I thout o' the days when I was but fifteen,

And skipped wi' the best upon Forbes's green.

Of aw things that is I think thout is meast queer,

It brings that that's bypast and sets it down here;

I see Willy as plain as I dui this bit leace,

When he tulk his cwoat lappet and deeghted his feace.

The lasses aw wondered what Willy cud see

In yen that was dark and hard-featured leyke me;

And they wondered ay mair when they talked o' my wit,

And silly telt Willy that cudn't be it.

But Willy he laughed, and he meade me his weyfe,

And whea was mair happy thro' aw his lang leyfe?

It's e'en my great comfort, now Willy is geane.

That he often said—nea pleace was leyke his awn heame!

I mind when I carried my wark to yon steyle,

Where Willy was deyken, the time to beguille,

He wad fling me a daisy to put i' my breast,

And I hammered my noddle to mek out a jest.

But merry or grave, Willy often wad tell

There was nin o' the leave that was leyke my awn sel;

And he spak what he thout, for I'd hardly a plack

When we married, and nobbet ae gown to my back.

When the clock had struck eight, I expected him heame.

And wheyles went to meet him as far as Dumleane;

Of aw hours it telt, eight was dearest to me,

But now when it streykes there's a tear i' my ee.

O Willy! dear Willy! it never can be

That age, time, or death can divide thee and me!

For that spot on earth that's aye dearest to me,

Is the turf that has covered my Willy frae me.

MRS. BARBAULD.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD, the daughter of Dr. John Aikin, was born at Kibworth Harcourt, in Leicestershire, in 1743. Her father at this time kept a seminary for the education of boys, and Anna received the same instruction, being early initiated into a knowledge of classical literature. In 1758, Dr. Aikin undertaking the office of classical tutor in a dissenting academy at Warrington, his daughter accompanied him, and resided there fifteen years. In 1773, she published a volume of miscellaneous poems, of which four editions were called for in one year. In May 1774, she was married to the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a French Protestant, who was minister to a dissenting congregation at Palgrave, near Diss, and who had just opened a boarding-school at the neighbouring village of Palgrave, in Suffolk. The poetess participated with her husband in the task of instruction. In 1775 she came forward with a volume of devotional pieces compiled from the Psalms, and another volume of 'Hymns in Prose' for children. In 1786, Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld established themselves at Hampstead, and there several tracts proceeded from the pen of our authoress on the topics of the day, in all which she espoused the principles of the Whigs. She also assisted her father in preparing a series of tales for children, entitled 'Evenings at Home,' and she wrote critical essays on Akenside and Collins, prefixed to editions of their works. In 1803, Mrs. Barbauld compiled a selection of essays from the 'Spectator,' 'Tatler,' and 'Guardian,' to which she prefixed a preliminary essay; and in the following year she edited the correspondence of Richardson, and wrote a life of the novelist. She afterwards edited a collection of the British novelists, published in 1810, with an introductory essay, and biographical and critical notices. Mrs. Barbauld died on the 9th of March 1825. Some of her lyrical pieces are flowing and harmonious, and her 'Ode to Spring' is a happy imitation of Collins. Charles James Fox is said to have been a great admirer of Mrs. Barbauld's songs, but they are by no means the best of her compositions, being generally artificial, and unimpassioned in their character.

A 'Memoir of Mrs. Barbauld, including Notices of her Family and Friends,' was published in 1874 by her grand-niece, Anna Le Breton.

The following stanza in a poem entitled 'Life,' was much admired by Wordsworth and Rogers :

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not 'Good-night,' but in some brighter clime
Bid me 'Good-morning.'

Ode to Spring.

Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child, delightful Spring !
Whose unshorn locks with leaves
And swelling buds are crowned ;

From the green islands of eternal youth—
Crowned with fresh blooms and ever-springing shade—
Turn, hither turn thy step,
O thou, whose powerful voice,

More sweet than softest touch of Doric reed
Or Lydian flute, can soothe the madding winds,
And through the stormy deep
Breathe thy own tender calm.

Thee, best beloved ! the virgin train await
With songs and festal rites, and joy to rove
Thy blooming wilds among,
And vales and dewy lawns,

With untired feet ; and cull thy earliest sweets
To weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow
Of him, the favoured youth
That prompts their whispered sigh.

Unlock thy copious stores ; those tender showers
That drop their sweetness on the infant buds,
And silent dews that swell
The milky ear's green stem,

And feed the flowering osier's early shoots ;
And call those winds, which through the whispering boughs
With warm and pleasant breath
Salute the blowing flowers.

Now let me sit beneath the whitening thorn,
And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er the dale ;
And watch with patient eye
Thy fair unfolding charms.

O nymph, approach ! while yet the temperate Sun
With bashful forehead, through the cool moist air
Throws his young maiden beams,
And with chaste kisses woos

The Earth's fair bosom ; while the streaming veil
Of lucid clouds, with kind and frequent shade
Protects thy modest blooms
From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short : the red dog-star
Shall scorch thy tresses, and the mower's scythe
Thy greens, thy flowerets all,
Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewell ;
For oh ! not all that Autumn's lap contains,
Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits,
Can aught for thee atone,

Fair Spring ! whose simplest promise more delights
Than all their largest wealth, and through the heart
Each joy and new-born hope
With softest influence breathes.

To a Lady, with some Painted Flowers.

Flowers to the fair; to you these flowers I bring,
 And strive to greet you with an earlier spring.
 Flowers sweet and gay, and delicate like you;
 Emblems of innocence, and beauty too.
 With flowers the Graces bind their yellow hair,
 And flowery wreaths consenting lovers wear.
 Flowers, the sole luxury which nature knew,
 In Eden's pure and guiltless garden grew.
 To loftier forms are rougher tasks assigned;
 The sheltering oak resists the stormy wind,
 The tougher yew repels invading foes,
 And the tall pine for future navies grows:
 But this soft family to cares unknown,
 Were born for pleasure and delight alone.
 Gay without toll, and lovely without art,
 They spring to cheer the sense and glad the heart.
 Nor blush, my fair, to own you copy these;
 Your best, your sweetest empire is—to please.

Hymn to Content,

Natura beatos

Omnibus esse dedit, si quis cognoverit uti.—CLAUDIAN.

O thou, the nymph with placid eye!
 O seldom found, yet ever nigh!
 Receive my temperate vow:
 Not all the storms that shake the pole
 Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
 And smooth the unaltered brow.

O come, in simple vest arrayed,
 With all thy sober cheer displayed,
 To bless my longing sight;
 Thy mien composed, thy even pace,
 Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
 And chaste subdued delight.

No more by varying passions beat—
 O gently guide my pilgrim feet
 To find thy hermit cell;
 Where in some pure and equal sky,
 Beneath thy soft indulgent eye,
 The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity in Attic vest,
 And Innocence with candid breast,
 And clear undaunted eye;
 And Hope, who points to distant years,
 Fair opening through this vale of tears,
 A vista to the sky.

There Health, through whose calm bosom glide
 The temperate joys in even-tide,
 That rarely ebb or flow;
 And Patience there, thy sister meek,
 Presents her mild unvarying cheek
 To meet the offered blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
 A tyrant master's wanton rage
 With settled smiles to wait:
 Inured to toil and bitter bread,
 He bowed his meek submissive head,
 And kissed thy sainted feet.

But thou, O nymph retired and coy!
 In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
 To tell thy tender tale?
 The lowliest children of the ground,
 Moss-rose and violet, blossom round,
 And lily of the vale.

O say what soft propitious hour
 I best may choose to hail thy power,
 And court thy gentle sway?
 When autumn, friendly to the Muse,
 Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
 And shed thy milder day.

MRS. OPIE—MRS. HUNTER—MRS. GRANT—MRS. TIGHE.

Mrs. AMELIA OPIE (1769–1853) was the daughter of a popular physician, Dr. Alderson, of Norwich, and widow of John Opie, the celebrated artist. In 1802 she published a volume of miscellaneous poems, characterized by a simple and placid tenderness. She is more celebrated for her novels—to be afterwards noticed—and is

her general literary merits and association with all the eminent persons of her day.—**MRS. ANNE HUNTER** (1742–1821) was a retired but highly accomplished lady, sister of Sir Everard Home, and wife of John Hunter, the celebrated surgeon. Having written several copies of verses, which were extensively circulated, and some songs that even Hayden had married to immortal music, Mrs. Hunter was induced, in 1806, to collect her pieces and commit them to the press.—**MRS. ANNE GRANT** (1755–1838) in 1803 published a volume of miscellaneous poems, chiefly in illustration of the people and manners of the Scottish Highlands. She was widow of the minister of Laggan in Inverness-shire. Mrs. Grant was author of several interesting prose works. She wrote ‘Letters from the Mountains,’ giving a description of Highland scenery and manners, with which she was conversant from her residence in the country; also ‘Memoirs of an American Lady’ (1810); and ‘Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders,’ which appeared in 1811. The writings of this lady display a lively and observant fancy, and considerable powers of landscape-painting. They first drew attention to the more striking and romantic features of the Scottish Highlands, afterwards so fertile a theme for the genius of Scott.

An Irish poetess, **MRS. MARY TIGHE** (1773–1810), evinced a more passionate and refined imagination than any of her tuneful sisterhood. Her poem of ‘Psyche,’ founded on the classic fable related by Apuleius, of the loves of Cupid and Psyche, or the allegory of Love and the Soul, is characterised by a graceful voluptuousness and brilliancy of colouring rarely excelled. It is in six cantos, and wants only a little more concentration of style and description to be one of the best poems of the period. It was privately printed in 1805, and after the death of the authoress, reprinted, with the addition of other poems, in 1811. Mrs. Tighe was daughter of the Rev. W. Blackford, county of Wicklow, and was married to Henry Tighe, M. P., county of Wicklow. Her history seems to be little known, unless to private friends; but her early death, after six years of protracted suffering, has been commemorated by Moore, in his beautiful lyric—

I saw thy form in youthful prime.

We subjoin some selections from the works of each of the above ladies:

The Orphan Boy's Tale.—From Mrs. Opie's Poems.

Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale;
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake;
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an orphan boy

Poor foolish child! how pleased was I
When news of Nelson's victory came
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home, my mother sought;
She could not bear to see my joy;
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud,
 My mother, shuddering, closed her ears;
 'Rejoice! rejoice!' still cried the crowd;
 My mother answered with her tears.
 'Why are you crying thus,' said I,
 'While others laugh and shout with joy?'
 She kissed me—and, with such a sigh!
 She called me her poor orphan boy.

'What is an orphan boy?' I cried,
 As in her face I looked and smiled;
 My mother through her tears replied:
 'You'll know too soon, ill-fated child!'

And now they've tolled my mother's knell,
 And I'm no more a parent's joy;
 O lady, I have learned too well
 What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

Oh, were I by your bounty fed!—
 Nay, gentle lady, do not chide—
 Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;
 The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
 Lady, you weep!—hal—this to me?
 You'll give me clothing, food, employ?
 Look down, dear parents! look and see
 Your happy, happy, orphan boy!

Song.—From the same.

Go, youth beloved, in distant glades find!
 New friends, new hopes, new joys to
 Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,
 To think on her thou leav'st behind.
 Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
 Must never be my happy lot;
 But thou mayst grant this humble prayer,
 Forget me not! forget me not!

Yet, should the thought of my mistress
 Too painful to thy feelings be,
 Heed not the wish I now express,
 Nor ever deign to think on me:
 But oh! if grief thy steps attend,
 If want, if sickness be thy lot,
 And thou require a soothing friend,
 Forget me not! forget me not!

Song.—From Mrs. Hunter's Poems.

The season comes when first we met,
 But you return no more;
 Why cannot I the days forget,
 Which time can ne'er restore?
 O days too sweet, too bright to last
 Are you indeed for ever past?

The fleeting shadows of delight,
 In memory I trace;
 In fancy stop their rapid flight,
 And all the past replace:
 But, ah! I wake to endless woes,
 And tears the fading visions close!

Song.—From the same.

O tuneful voice! I still deplore
 Those accents which, though heard no
 more,
 Still vibrate on my heart;
 In echo's cave I long to dwell,
 And still would hear the sad farewell,
 When we were doomed to part.

Bright eyes. O that the task were mine
 To guard the liquid fires that shine,
 And round your orbits play;
 To watch them with a vestal's care,
 And feed with smiles a light so fair,
 That it may ne'er decay!

*The Death-song, written for and adapted to, an Original Indian Air.—
 From the same.*

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
 But glory remains when their lights fade away.
 Begin, you tormentors! your threats are in vain,
 For the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
 Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low,
 Why so slow? Do you wait till I shrink from the pain?
 No; the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
 And the scalps which we bore from your nation away.
 Now the flame rises fast; you exult in my pain;
 But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone,
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son ;
Death comes, like a friend, to relieve me from pain ;
And thy son, O Alknomook ! has scorned to complain.

The Lot of Thousands.—From the same.

When hope lies dead within the heart,
By secret sorrow close concealed,
We shrink lest looks or words impart
What must not be revealed.

Yet such the lot by thousands cast,
Who wander in this world of care,
And bend beneath the bitter blast,
To save them from despair.

'Tis hard to smile when one would weep ; But nature waits her guests to greet,
To speak when one would silent be ; Where disappointment cannot come ;
To wake when one should wish to sleep, And time guides with unerring feet
And wake to agony. The weary wanderers home.

On a Sprig of Heath.—From Mrs. Grant's Poems.

Flower of the waste ! the heath-fowl shuns
For thee the brake and tangled wood—
To thy protecting shade she runs,
Thy tender buds supply her food ;
Her young forsake her downy plumes
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert though thou art !
The deer that range the mountain free,
The graceful doe, the stately hart,
Their food and shelter seek from thee ;
The bee thy earliest blossom greets,
And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

Gem of the heath ! whose modest bloom,
Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
Both valour's crest and beauty's bower
Oft hast thou decked, a favourite flower.

Flower of the wild ! whose purple glow
Adorns the dusky mountain's side,
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,
Nor garden's artful varied pride,
With all its wealth of sweets, could cheer,
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart ! thy fragrance mild
Of peace and freedom seem to breathe ;
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
And deck his bonnet with the wreath,
Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,
Is all his simple wish requires.

Flower of his dear-loved native land !
Alas, when distant, far more dear !
When he from some cold foreign strand,
Looks homeward through the blinding tear,
How must his aching heart deplore,
That home and thee he sees no more !

the Highland Poor.—From Mrs. Grant's Poem of 'The Highlander.'

Where yonder ridgy mountains bound the scene,
The narrow opening glens that intervene
Still shelter in some lowly nook obscure,
One poorer than the rest—where all are poor;
Some widowed matron, hopeless of relief,
Who to her secret breast confines her grief;
Dejected sighs the wintry night away,
And lonely muses all the summer day:
Her gallant sons, who, smit with honour's charms,
Pursued the phantom Fame through war's alarms,
Return no more; stretched on Hindostan's plain,
Or sunk beneath the unfathomable main;
In vain her eyes the watery waste explore
For heroes—fated to return no more!
Let others bless the morning's reddening beam,
Foe to her peace—it breaks the illusive dream
That, in their prime of manly bloom confessed,
Restored the long-lost warriors to her breast;
And as they strove, with smiles of filial love,
Their widowed parent's anguish to remove,
Through her small casement broke the intrusive day,
And chased the pleasing images away!
No time can e'er her banished joys restore,
For ah! a heart once broken heals no more.
The dewy beams that gleam from pity's eye,
The 'still small voice' of sacred sympathy,
In vain the mourner's sorrows would beguile,
Or steal from weary woe one languid smile;
Yet what they can they do—the scanty store,
So often opened for the wandering poor,
To her each cottager complacent deals,
While the kind glance the melting heart reveals;
And still, when evening streaks the west with gold,
The milky tribute from the lowing fold
With cheerful haste officious children bring,
And every smiling flower that decks the spring—
Ah! little know the fond attentive train,
That spring and flowerets smile for her in vain:
Yet hence they learn to reverence modest woe,
And of their little all a part bestow.
Let those to wealth and proud distinction born,
With the cold glance of insolence and scorn
Regard the suppliant wretch, and harshly grieve
The bleeding heart their bounty would relieve:
Far different these; while from a bounteous heart
With the poor sufferer they divide a part,
Humbly they own that all they have is given
A boon precarious from indulgent Heaven:
And the next blighted crop or frosty spring,
Themselves to equal indigence may bring!

From Mrs. Tighe's 'Psyche.'

The marriage of Cupid and Psyche in the Palace of Love. Psyche afterwards sees on Love while asleep, and is banished from the Island of Pleasure.

She rose, and all enchanted gazed
On the rare beauties of the pleasant scenes
Conspicuous far, a lofty palace blazed
Upon a sloping bank of softest green;
A fairer edifice was never seen;

The high-ranged columns own no mortal hand,
But seem a temple meet for beauty's queen;
Like polished snow the marble pillars stand,
In grace-attenuated majesty, sublimely grand.

Gently ascending from a silvery flood,
Above the palace rose the shaded hill,
The lofty eminence was crowned with wood,
And the rich lawns, adorned by nature's skill,
The passing breezes with their odours fill;
Here ever blooming groves of orange glow,
And here all flowers, which from their leaves distil
Ambrosial dew, in sweet succession blow,
And trees of matchless size a fragrant shade bestow.

The sun looks glorious, 'mid a sky serene,
And bids bright lustre sparkle o'er the tide;
The clear blue ocean at a distance seen,
Bounds the gay landscape on the western side,
While closing round it with majestic pride,
The lofty rocks 'mid citron groves arise;
'Sure some divinity must here reside,'
As tranced in some bright vision, Psyche cries,
And scarce believes the bliss, or trusts her charmed eyes.

When lo! a voice divinely sweet she hears,
From unseen lips proceeds the heavenly sound;
'Psyche, approach, dismiss thy timid fears,
At length his bride thy longing spouse has found,
And bids for thee immortal joys abound;
For thee the palace rose at his command,
For thee his love a bridal banquet crowned;
He bids attendant nymphs around thee stand,
Prompt every wish to serve—a fond obedient band.'

Increasing wonder filled her ravished soul,
For now the pompous portals opened wide,
There, pausing oft, with timid foot she stole
Through halls high domed, enriched with sculptured pride,
While gay saloons appeared on either side,
In splendid vista opening to her sight;
And all with precious gems so beautified,
And furnished with such exquisite delight,
That scarce the beams of heaven emit such lustre bright.

The amethyst was there of violet hue,
And there the topaz shed its golden ray,
The chrysoberyl, and the sapphire blue
As the clear azure of a sunny day,
Or the mild eyes where amorous glances play;
The snow-white jasper, and the opal's flame,
The blushing ruby, and the agate gray,
And there the gem which bears his luckless name
Whose death, by Phœbus mourned, insured him deathless fame.

There the green emerald, there cornelians glow
And rich carbuncles pour eternal light,
With all that India and Peru can shew,
Or Labrador can give so flaming bright
To the charmed mariner's half-dazzled sight;
The coral-paved baths with diamonds blaze;
And all that can the fœma e heart delight
Of fair attire, the last recess displays,
And all that luxury can ask, her eye surveys.

Now through the hall melodious music stole,
 And self-prepared the splendid banquet stands;
 Self-poured, the nectar sparkles in the bowl;
 The lute and viol, touched by unseen hands,
 Aid the soft voices of the choral bands;
 O'er the full board a brighter lustre beams
 Than Persia's monarch at his feast commands:
 For sweet refreshment all inviting seems
 To taste celestial food, and pure ambrosial streams.

But when meek eve hung out her dewy star,
 And gently veiled with gradual hand the sky,
 Lo! the bright folding doors retiring far,
 Display to Psyche's captivated eye
 All that voluptuous ease could e'er supply
 To soothe the spirits in serene repose;
 Beneath the velvet's purple canopy,
 Divinely formed, a downy couch arose,
 While alabaster lamps a milky light disclose.

Once more she hears the hymeneal strain;
 For other voices now attune the lay:
 The swelling sounds approach, a while remain,
 And then retiring, faint dissolved away:
 The expiring lamps emit a feeble ray,
 And soon in fragrant death extinguished lie:
 Then virgin terrors Psyche's soul dismay,
 When through the obscuring gloom she nought can spy,
 But softly rustling sounds declare some being nigh.

Oh, you for whom I write! whose hearts can melt,
 At the soft thrilling voice whose power you prove,
 You know what charm, unutterably felt,
 Attends the unexpected voice of love:
 Above the lyre, the lute's soft notes above,
 With sweet enchantment to the soul it steals,
 And bears it to Elysium's happy grove;
 You best can tell the rapture Psyche feels,
 When Love's ambrosial lip the vow of Hymen seals.

'Tis he, 'tis my deliverer! deep imprest'
 Upon my heart those sounds I well recall,
 The blushing maid exclaimed, and on his breast
 A tear of trembling ecstasy let fall.
 But, ere the breezes of the morning call
 Aurora from her purple, humid bed,
 Psyche in vain explores the vacant hall;
 Her tender lover from her arms is fled,
 While sleep his downy wings had o'er her eyelids spread.

The Lily.—By Mrs. Tighe.

How withered, perished seems the form	Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Of yon obscure unsightly root!	Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.
Yet from the blight of wintry storm,	
It hides secure the precious fruit.	Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap
	The undighting slighted thing;
The careless eye can find no grace,	There in the cold earth buried deep,
No beauty in the scaly folds,	In silence let it wait the spring.
Nor see within the dark embrace	
What latent loveliness it holds.	Oh! many a stormy night shall close
	In gloom upon the barren earth.
Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,	While still, in undisturbed repose,
The lily wraps her silver vest,	Uninjured lies the future birth:

And Ignorance, with sceptic eye, [view :
 Hope's patient smile shall wondering
 Or mock her fond credulity,
 As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
 Unsullied from their darksome grave,
 And thy soft petals' silvery light
 In the mild breeze unfettered wave

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear !
 The sun, the shower indeed shall come ;
 The promised verdant shoot appear,
 And nature bid her blossoms bloom.

So Faith shall seek the lowly dust
 Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,
 And bid her thus her hopes intrust,
 And watch with patient, cheerful eye ;

And thou, O virgin queen of spring !
 Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,
 Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
 Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed ;

And bear the long, cold, wintry night,
 And bear her own degraded doom ;
 And wait till Heaven's reviving light,
 Eternal spring ! shall burst the gloom.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD (1766-1823), author of the 'Farmer's Boy,' and other poems illustrative of English rural life and customs, was born at Honington, near Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk. His father, a tailor, died whilst the poet was a child, and he was placed under his uncle, a farmer. Here he remained only two years, being too weak and diminutive for field-labour, and he was taken to London by an elder brother, and brought up to the trade of a shoemaker. His two years of country service, and occasional visits to his friends in Suffolk, were of inestimable importance to him as a poet, for they afforded materials for his 'Farmer's Boy,' and gave a freshness and reality to his descriptions. It was in the shoemaker's garret, however, that his poetry was chiefly composed; and the merit of introducing it to the world belongs to Mr. Capel Lofft, a literary gentleman residing at Troston, near Bury, to whom the manuscript was shewn, after being rejected by several London booksellers. Mr. Lofft warmly befriended the poet, and had the satisfaction of seeing his prognostications of success fully verified. At this time Bloomfield was thirty-two years of age, was married, and had three children. The 'Farmer's Boy' immediately became popular; the Duke of Grafton patronised the poet, settling on him a small annuity, and through the influence of this nobleman, he was appointed to a situation in the Seal-office. In 1810, Bloomfield published a collection of 'Rural Tales,' which fully supported his reputation; and to these were afterwards added 'Wild Flowers,' 'Hazelwood Hall,' a village drama, and 'Mayday with the Muses.' The last was published in the year of his death, and opens with a fine burst of poetical, though melancholy feeling.

O for the strength to paint my joy once more !
 That joy I feel when winter's reign is o'er ;
 When the dark despot lifts his hoary brow,
 And seeks his polar realm's eternal snow :
 Though bleak November's fogs oppress my brain,
 Shake every nerve, and struggling fancy chain ;
 Though time creeps o'er me with his paled hand,
 And frost-like bids the stream of passion stand.

The worldly circumstances of the author seem to have been such as to confirm the common idea as to the infelicity of poets. His situation in the Seal-office was irksome and laborious, and he was forced to resign it from ill-health. He engaged in the bookselling business, but was unsuccessful. In his latter years he resorted to making Æolian harps, which he sold among his friends. We have been informed by the poet's son—a modest and intelligent man, a printer—that Mr. Rogers exerted himself to procure a pension for Bloomfield, and Mr. Southey also took much interest in his welfare; but his last days were embittered by ill-health and poverty. So severe were the sufferings of Bloomfield from continual headache and nervous irritability, that fears were entertained for his reason, when, happily, death stepped in, and released him from 'the world's poor strife.' He died at Shefford, in Bedfordshire, on the 19th of August 1823. The first remarkable feature in the poetry of this humble bard is the easy smoothness and correctness of his versification. His ear was attuned to harmony, and his taste to the beauties of expression, before he had learned anything of criticism, or had enjoyed opportunities for study. This may be seen from the opening of his principal poem:

Humble Pleasures.

O come, blest Spirit! whatsoe'er thou art,
Thou kindling warmth that hover'st round my heart;
Sweet inmate hail! thou source of sterling joy,
That poverty itself cannot destroy.
Be thou my Muse, and faithful still to me,
Retrace the steps of wild obscurity.
No deeds of arms my humble lines rehearse;
No Alpine wonders thunder through my verse,
The roaring cataract, the snow-topt hill,
Inspiring awe till breath itself stands still:
Nature's sublimer scenes ne'er charmed mine eyes,
Nor science led me through the boundless skies;
From meaner objects far my raptures flow:
O point these raptures! bid my bosom glow,
And lead my soul to ecstasies of praise
For all the blessings of my infant days!
Bear me through regions where gay Fancy dwells;
But mould to Truth's fair form what memory tells.

Live, trifling incidents, and grace my song,
That to the humblest menial belong:
To him whose drudgery unheeded goes,
His joys unreckoned, as his cares or woes:
Though joys and cares in every path are sown,
And youthful minds have feelings of their own
Quick-springing sorrows, transient as the dew,
Delights from trifles, trifles ever new,
'Twas thus with Giles, meek, fatherless, and poor,
Labour his portion, but he felt no more;
No stripes, no tyranny his stays pursued,
His life was constant, cheerful servitude;
Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look,
The fields his study, nature was his book;

And as revolving seasons changed the scene
 From heat to cold, tempestuous to serene,
 Through every change still varied his enjoy,
 Yet each new duty brought its share of joy.

It is interesting to contrast the cheerful tone of Bloomfield's descriptions of rural life in its hardest and least inviting forms, with those of Crabbe, also a native of Suffolk. Both are true, but coloured with the respective peculiarities, in their style of observation and feeling, of the two poets. Bloomfield describes the various occupations of a farm-boy in seed-time, at harvest, tending cattle and sheep, and other occupations. In his tales, he embodies more moral feeling and painting, and his incidents are pleasing and well arranged. His want of vigour and passion, joined to the humility of his themes, is perhaps the cause of his being now little read; but he is one of the most characteristic and faithful of our national poets.

Harvest.

A glorious sight, if glory dwells below,
 Where heaven's munificence makes all things shew,
 O'er every field and golden prospect found,
 That glads the ploughman's Sunday-morning's round;
 When on some eminence he takes his stand,
 To judge the smiling produce of the land.
 Here Vanity slinks back, her head to hide;
 What is there here to flatter human pride?
 The towering fabric, or the dome's loud roar,
 And steadfast columns may astonish more,
 Where the charmed gazer long delighted stays,
 Yet traced but to the architect the praise;
 Whilst here the veriest clown that treads the sod,
 Without one scruple gives the praise to God;
 And twofold joys possess his raptured mind,
 From gratitude and admiration joined.
 Here midst the boldest triumphs of her worth,
 Nature herself invites the reapers forth;
 Dares the keen sickle from its twelvemonth's rest,
 And gives that ardour which in every breast
 From infancy to age alike appears,
 When the first sheaf its plummy top uprears.
 No rake takes here what Heaven to all bestows—
 Children of want, for you the bounty flows!
 And every cottage from the plenteous store
 Receives a burden nightly at its door.

Hark! where the sweeping scythe now ripe along;
 Each sturdy mower, emulous and strong,
 Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,
 Bends o'er his work, and every sinew tries;
 Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,
 But spares the rising clover, short and sweet.
 Come Health! come Jollity! light-footed come;
 Here hold your revels, and make this your home.
 Each heart awaits and hails you as its own;
 Each moistened brow that scorns to wear a frown;
 The unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants strayed:
 E'en the domestic laughing dairymaid
 Hies to the field the general toil to share.
 Meanwhile the farmer quits his elbow-ahair,

His cool brick floor, his pitcher, and his ease,
 And braves the sultry beams, and gladly sees
 His gates thrown open, and his team abroad,
 The ready group attendant on his word
 To turn the swath, the quivering load to rear,
 Or ply the busy rake the land to clear.
 Summer's light garb itself now cumbrous grown,
 Each his thin doublet in the shade throws down:
 Where oft the mastiff skulks with half-shut eye,
 And rouses at the stranger passing by;
 While unrestrained the social converse flows,
 And every breast Love's powerful impulse knows,
 And rival wits with more than rustic grace
 Confess the presence of a pretty face.

Rosy Hannah.

A spring o'erhung with many a flower,
 The gray sand dancing in its bed,
 Embanked beneath a hawthorn bower,
 Sent forth its waters near my head.
 A rosy lass approached my view;
 I caught her blue eyes' modest beam;
 The stranger nodded 'How-d'ye-do?'
 And leaped across the infant stream.

The water heedless passed away;
 With me her glowing image stayed;
 I strove, from that auspicious day,
 To meet and bless the lovely maid.
 I met her where beneath our feet

Through downy moss the wild thyme
 grew;
 Nor moss elastic, flowers though sweet,
 Matched Hannah's cheek of rosy hue.

I met her where the dark woods wave,
 And shaded verdure skirts the plain;
 And when the pale moon rising gave
 New glories to her rising train.
 From her sweet cot upon the moor,
 Our plighted vows to heaven are flown;
 Truth made me welcome at her door,
 And rosy Hannah is my own.

Lines addressed to my Children.

Occasioned by a visit to Whittlebury Forest, Northamptonshire, in August 1800.

Genius of the forest shades!
 Lend thy power, and lend thine ear;
 A stranger trod thy lonely glades,
 Amidst thy dark and bounding deer;
 Inquiring childhood claims the verse,
 O let them not inquire in vain;
 Be with me while I thus rehearse
 The glories of thy silvan reign.

Thy dells by wintry currents worn,
 Secluded haunts, how deaf to me!
 From all but nature's converse born,
 No ear to hear, no eye to see.
 There honoured leaves the green oaks
 reared,
 And crowned the upland's graceful
 swell;
 While answering through the vale was
 heard
 Each distant heifer's tinkling bell.

Hail, greenwood shades, that, stretching
 far,
 Defy e'en summer's noontide power,
 When August in his burning car
 Withholds the clouds, withholds the
 'showers.

The deep-toned low from either hill,
 Down hazel aisles and arches green—
 The herd's rude tracks from rill to rill—
 Roared echoing through the solemn
 scene.

From my charmed heart the numbers
 sprung,
 Though birds had ceased the choral lay,
 I poured wild raptures from my tongue,
 And gave delicious tears their way.
 Then, darker shadows seeking still,
 Where human foot had seldom strayed,
 I read aloud to every hill
 Sweet Emma's love, 'the Nut-brown
 Maid.'
 Shaking his matted mane on high,
 The grazing colt would raise his head,
 Or timorous doe would rushing fly,
 And leave to me her grassy bed;
 Where, as the azure sky appeared
 Through bowers of ever-varying form,
 'Midst the deep gloom methought I heard
 The daring progress of the storm.

How would each sweeping ponderous
 bough

Resist, when straight the whirlwind
 cleaves,
 Dashing in strengthening eddies through
 A roaring wilderness of leaves?
 How would the prone descending shower
 From the green canopy rebound?
 How would the lowland torrents pour?
 How deep the pealing thunder sound?

But peace was there: no lightnings blazed;
 No clouds obscured the face of heaven;
 Down each green opening while I gazed,
 My thoughts to home and you were
 given.
 Oh, tender minds! in life's gay morn,
 Some clouds must dim your coming
 day;
 Yet bootless pride and falsehood scorn,
 And peace like this shall cheer your
 way.

Now, at the dark wood's stately side,
 Well pleased I met the sun again;
 Here fleeting fancy travelled wide:
 My seat was destined to the main.
 For many an oak lay stretched at length,
 Whose trunks—with bark no longer
 sheathed—
 Had reached their full meridian strength
 Before your father's father breathed!

Perhaps they 'll many a conflict brave,
 And many a dreadful storm defy;
 Then, groaning o'er the adverse wave,
 Bring home the flag of victory.
 Go, then, proud oaks; we meet no more!
 Go, grace the scenes to me denied,
 The white cliffs round my native shore,
 And the loud ocean's swelling tide.

Description of a Blind Youth.

For from his cradle he had never seen
 Soul-cheering sunbeams, or wild nature's green.
 But all life's blessings centre not in sight;
 For Providence, that dealt him one long night,
 Had given, in pity, to the blooming boy
 Feelings more exquisitely tuned to joy.
 Fond to excess was he of all that grew,
 The morning blossom sprinkled o'er with dew,
 Across his path, as if in playful freak,
 Would dash his brow and weep upon his cheek;
 Each varying leaf that brushed where'er he came,
 Pressed to his rosy lip he called by name;
 He grasped the saplings, measured every bough,
 Inhaled the fragrance that the spring's months throw
 Profusely round, till his young heart confessed
 That all was beauty, and himself was blessed.
 Yet when he traced the wide extended plain,
 Or clear brook side; he felt a transient pain;
 The keen regret of goodness, void of pride,
 To think he could not roam without a guide.

May-day with the Muses.

Banquet of an English Squire.

Then came the jovial day, no streaks of red
 O'er the broad portal of the morn were spread,)
 But one high-sailing mist of dazzling white,
 A screen of gossamer, a magic light,
 Doomed instantly, by simplest shepherd's ken,
 To reign a while, and be exhaled at ten.
 O'er leaves, o'er blossoms, by his power restored,
 Forth came the conquering sun, and looked abroad
 Millions of dew-drops fell, yet millions hung,
 Like words of transport trembling on the tongue,
 Too strong for utterance. Thus the infant boy,
 With rosebud cheeks, and features tuned to joy,
 Weeps while he struggles with restraint or pain;
 But change the scene, and make him laugh again.

His heart rekindles, and his cheek appears
 A thousand times more lovely through his tears.
 From the first glimpse of day, a busy scene
 Was that high-swelling lawn, that destined green,
 Which shadowless expanded far and wide,
 The mansion's ornament, the hamlet's pride;
 To cheer, to order, to direct, contrive,
 Even old Sir Ambrose had been up at five;
 There his whole household laboured in his view—
 But light is labour where the task is new.
 Some wheeled the turf to build a grassy throne
 Round a huge thorn that spread his boughs alone,
 Rough-ringed and bold, as master of the place;
 Five generations of the Higham race
 Had plucked his flowers, and still he held his sway,
 Waved his white head, and felt the breath of May.
 Some from the green-house ranged exotics round,
 To bask in open day on English ground:
 And 'midst them in a line of splendour drew,
 Long wreaths and garlands gathered in the dew.
 Some spread the snowy canvas, propped on high,
 O'er-sheltering tables with their whole supply;
 Some swung the biting scythe with merry face,
 And cropped the daisies for a dancing space;
 Some rolled the mouldy barrel in his might,
 From prison darkness into cheerful light,
 And fenced him round with cans; and others bore
 The creaking hamper with its costly store,
 Well corked, well flavoured, and well taxed, that came
 From Lusitanian mountains dear to fame,
 Whence Gama steered, and led the conquering way
 To eastern triumphs and the realms of day.
 A thousand minor tasks filled every hour,
 Till the sun gained the zenith of his power,
 When every path was thronged with old and young,
 And many a skylark in his strength upsprung
 To bid them welcome. Not a face was there
 But, for May-day at least, had banished care;
 No cringing looks, no pauper tales to tell,
 No timid glance—they knew their host too well—
 Freedom was there, and joy in every eye:
 Such scenes were England's boast in days gone by.
 Beneath the thorn was good Sir Ambrose found,
 His guests an ample crescent formed around;
 Nature's own carpet spread the space between,
 Where blithe domestics plied in gold and green.
 The venerable chaplain waved his wand,
 And silence followed as he stretched his hand:
 The deep carouse can never boast the bliss,
 The animation of a scene like this.
 At length the damasked cloths were whisked away
 Like fluttering sails upon a summer's day;
 The heyday of enjoyment found repose;
 The worthy baronet majestic rose.
 They viewed him, while his ale was filling round,
 The monarch of his own paternal ground.
 His cup was full, and where the blossoms bowed
 Over his head, Sir Ambrose spoke aloud,
 Nor stopped a dainty form or phrase to cull.
 His heart elated, like his cup was full:
 'Full be your hopes, and rich the crops that fall
 Health to my neighbours, happiness to all.'

Dull must that clown be, dull as winter's sleet,
Who would not instantly be on his feet:
An echoing health to mingling shouts give place,
'Sir Ambrose Higham and his noble race!'

May-day with the Muses.

The Soldier's Home.

'The topic is trite, but in Mr. Bloomfield's hands it almost assumes a character of novelty. Burns's "Soldier's Return" is not, to our taste, one whit superior.'—PROFESSOR WILSON.

My untried Muse shall no high tone assume,
Nor strut in arms—farewell my cap and plume!
Brief be my verse, a task within my power;
I tell my feelings in one happy hour:
But what an hour was that! when from the main
I reached this lovely valley once again!
A glorious harvest filled my eager sight,
Half shocked, half waving in a flood of light;
On that poor cottage roof where I was born,
The sun looked down as in life's early morn.
I gazed around, but not a soul appeared;
I listened on the threshold, nothing heard;
I called my father thrice, but no one came;
It was not fear or grief that shook my frame,
But an o'erpowering sense of peace and home,
Of toils gone by, perhaps of joys to come.
The door invitingly stood open wide;
I shook my dust, and set my staff aside.

How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,
And take possession of my father's chair!
Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,
Appeared the rough initials of my name,
Cut forty years before! The same old clock
Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock
I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,
And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,
Caught the old dangling almanacs behind,
And up they flew like banners in the wind;
Then gently, singly, down, down, down they went.
And told of twenty years that I had spent
Far from my native land. That instant came
A robin on the threshold; though so tame,
At first he looked distrustful, almost shy,
And cast on me his coal-black steadfast eye,
And seemed to say—past friendship to renew—
'Ah ha! old worn-out soldier, is it you?'
Through the room ranged the imprisoned humble bee,
And bombed, and bounced, and struggled to be free;
Dashing against the panes with sullen roar,
That threw their diamond sunlight on the floor;
That floor, clean sanded, where my fancy strayed,
O'er undulating waves the broom had made;
Reminding me of those of hideous forms
That met us as we passed the Cape of Storms,
Where high and loud they break, and peace comes never;
They roll and foam, and roll and foam for ever.
But here was peace, that peace which home can yield;
The grasshopper, the partridge in the field,
And ticking clock, were all at once become
The substitute for clarion, fife, and drum.

While thus I mused still gazing, gazing still,
 On beds of moss that spread the window sill,
 I deemed no moss my eyes had ever seen
 Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,
 And guessed some infant hand had placed it there
 And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare,
 Feelings on feelings, mingling, doubling rose;
 My heart felt everything but calm repose;
 I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,
 But rose at once, and burst into tears;
 Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,
 And thought upon the past with shame and pain;
 I raved at war and all its horrid cost,
 And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost.
 On carnage, fire, and plunder long I mused,
 And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.
 Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,
 One bespoke age, and one a child's appeared.
 In stepped my father with convulsive start,
 And in an instant clasped me to his heart.
 Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid;
 And stooping to the child, the old man said:
 'Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again.
 This is your Uncle Charles, come home from Spain.'
 The child approached, and with her fingers light,
 Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.
 But why thus spin my tale—thus tedious be?
 Happy old soldier! what's the world to me!

JOHN LEYDEN.

JOHN LEYDEN (1775–1811), a distinguished oriental scholar as well as poet, was a native of Denholm, Roxburghshire. He was the son of humble parents, but the ardent Borderer fought his way to learning and celebrity. His parents, seeing his desire for instruction, determined to educate him for the church, and he was entered of Edinburgh College in the fifteenth year of his age. He made rapid progress; was an excellent Latin and Greek scholar, and acquired also the French, Spanish, Italian, and German, besides studying the Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian. He became no mean proficient in mathematics and various branches of science. Indeed, every difficulty seemed to vanish before his commanding talents, his retentive memory, and robust application. His college vacations were spent at home; and as his father's cottage afforded him little opportunity for quiet and seclusion, he looked out for accommodations abroad. 'In a wild recess,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'in the den or glen which gives name to the village of Denholm, he contrived a sort of furnace for the purpose of such chemical experiments as he was adequate to performing. But his chief place of retirement was the small parish church, a gloomy and ancient building, generally believed in the neighbourhood to be haunted. To this chosen place of study, usually locked during week-days, Leyden made entrance by means of a window, read there for many hours in the day, and deposited his books and specimens in a retired pew. It was a well-chosen spot.

of seclusion, for the kirk—excepting during divine service—is rather a place of terror to the Scottish rustic, and that of Cavers was rendered more so by many a tale of ghosts and witchcraft of which it was the supposed scene, and to which Leyden, partly to indulge his humour, and partly to secure his retirement, contrived to make some modern additions.

‘The nature of his abstruse studies, some specimens of natural history, as toads and adders, left exposed in their spirit-phials, and one or two practical jests played off upon the more curious of the peasantry, rendered his gloomy haunt not only venerated by the wise, but feared by the simple of the parish.’ From this singular and romantic study, Leyden sallied forth, with his curious and various stores, to astonish his college associates. He already numbered among his friends the most distinguished literary and scientific men of Edinburgh. On the expiration of his college studies, Leyden accepted the situation of tutor to the sons of Mr. Campbell of Fairfield, whom he accompanied to the university of St. Andrews. There he pursued his own researches connected with oriental learning, and in 1799, published a sketch of the ‘Discoveries and Settlements of the Europeans in Northern and Western Africa.’ He wrote also various copies of verse and translations from the northern and oriental languages, which he published in the ‘Edinburgh Magazine.’ In 1800, Leyden was ordained for the church. He continued, however, to study and compose, and contributed to Lewis’s ‘Tales of Wonder’ and Scott’s ‘Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.’ So ardent was he in assisting the editor of the ‘Minstrelsy,’ that he on one occasion walked between forty and fifty miles, and back again, for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed an ancient historical ballad. His strong desire to visit foreign countries induced his friends to apply to government for some appointment for him connected with the learning and languages of the east.

The only situation which they could procure was that of surgeon’s assistant; and in five or six months, by incredible labour, Leyden qualified himself, and obtained his diploma. ‘The sudden change of his profession,’ says Scott, ‘gave great amusement to some of his friends.’ In December 1802, Leyden was summoned to join the Christmas fleet of Indiamen, in consequence of his appointment as assistant-surgeon on the Madras establishment. He finished his poem, the ‘Scenes of Infancy,’ descriptive of his native vale, and left Scotland for ever. After his arrival at Madras, the health of Leyden gave way, and he was obliged to remove to Prince of Wales Island. He resided there for some time, visiting Sumatra and the Malayan peninsula, and amassing the curious information concerning the language, literature and descent of the Indo-Chinese tribes, which afterwards enabled him to lay a most valuable dissertation before the Asiatic Society at Calcutta. Leyden quitted Prince of Wales Island, and was appointed a professor in the Bengal College.

This was soon exchanged for a more lucrative appointment, namely, that of a judge in Calcutta. His spare time was, as usual, devoted to oriental manuscripts and antiquities. 'I may die in the attempt,' he wrote to a friend, 'but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundredfold in oriental learning, let never a tear from me profane the eye of a borderer.' The possibility of an early death in a distant land often crossed the mind of the ambitious student. In his 'Scenes of Infancy,' he expresses his anticipation of such an event:

The silver moon at midnight cold and still,
Looks sad and silent, o'er yon western hill;
While large and pale the ghostly structures grow,
Reared on the confines of the world below.
Is that dull sound the hum of Teviot's stream?
Is that blue light the moon's, or tomb-fire's gleam,
By which a mouldering pile is faintly seen,
The old deserted church of Hazeldean,
Where slept my fathers in their natal clay,
Till Teviot's waters rolled their bones away?
Their feeble voices from the stream they raise—
'Rash youth! unmindful of thy early days,
Why didst thou quit the peasant's simple lot?
Why didst thou leave the peasant's turf-built cot,
The ancient graves where all thy fathers lie,
And Teviot's stream that long has murmured by?
And we—when death so long has closed our eyes,
How wilt thou bid us from the dust arise,
And bear our mouldering bones across the main,
From vales that knew our lives devoid of stain?
Rash youth, beware! thy home-bred virtues save,
And sweetly sleep in thy paternal grave.'

In 1811, Leyden accompanied the governor-general to Java. 'His spirit of romantic adventure,' says Scott, 'led him literally to rush upon death; for, with another volunteer who attended the expedition, he threw himself into the surf, in order to be the first Briton of the expedition who should set foot upon Java. When the success of the well-concerted movements of the invaders had given them possession of the town of Batavia, Leyden displayed the same ill-omened precipitation, in his haste to examine a library, or rather a warehouse of books. The apartment had not been regularly ventilated, and either from this circumstance, or already affected by the fatal sickness peculiar to Batavia, Leyden, when he left the place, had a fit of shivering, and declared the atmosphere was enough to give any mortal a fever. The presage was too just: he took his bed, and died in three days (August 28, 1811), on the eve of the battle which gave Java to the British Empire.' The 'Poetical Remains of Leyden' were published in 1819, with a 'Memoir of His Life' by the Rev. James Morton. Sir John Malcolm and Sir Walter Scott both honoured his memory with notices of his life and genius. The Great Minstrel has also alluded to his untimely death in his 'Lord of the Isles':

*Scarba's Isle, whose tortured shore
Still rings to Corrievreckan's roar,
And lonely Colonsay;*

Scenes sung by him who sings no more,
 His bright and brief career is o'er,
 And mute his tuneful strains;
 Quenched is his lamp of varied lore,
 That loved the light of song to pour;
 A distant and a deadly shore
 Has Leyden's cold remains.

The allusion here is to a ballad by Leyden, entitled 'The Mermaid,' the scene of which is laid at Corrievreckan, and which was published with another, 'The Court of Keeldar,' in the 'Border Minstrelsy.' His longest poem is his 'Scenes of Infancy,' descriptive of his native vale of Teviot. His versification is soft and musical; he is an elegant rather than a forcible poet. His ballad strains are greatly superior to his 'Scenes of Infancy' (1803). Sir Walter Scott has praised the opening of the 'The Mermaid,' as exhibiting a power of numbers which, for mere melody of sound, has seldom been excelled in English poetry.

Sonnet on the Sabbath Morning

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
 That slowly wakes while all the fields are still;
 A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
 A graver murmur gurgles from the rill;
 And echo answers softer from the hill:
 And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;
 The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
 Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
 The rooks float silent by in airy drove;
 The sun a placid yellow lustre throws;
 The gales that lately sighed along the grove
 Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose;
 The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move:
 So smiled the day when the first morn arose!*

Ode to an Indian Gold Coin.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!
 What vanity has brought thee here?
 How can I love to see thee shine
 So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
 The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
 For twilight converse, arm in arm;
 The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear
 When mirth and music went to cheer.
 By Cheral's dark wandering streams,
 Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
 Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
 Of Teviot loved while still a child,
 Of castled rocks stupendous piled
 By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
 Where loves of youth and friendships smiled,
 Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!
 Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
 The perished bliss of youth's first prime,
 That once so bright on fancy played,

* Jeffrey considered (*Edinburgh Review*, 1835) that Grahame borrowed the opening description in his *Sabbath* from the above sonnet by Leyden. The images are common to poetry, besides being congenial to Scottish habits and feelings.

Revives no more in after-time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soared sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear.
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widowed heart to cheer;
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine;
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true!
I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered heart: the grave,
Dark and untimely, met my view—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock?
A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipt with death was borne?
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey;
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

From the 'Mermaid'

On Jura's heath how sweetly swell
The murmurs of the mountain bee;
How softly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea!

Now, lightly poised, the rising oar
Disperses wide the foamy spray,
And echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,
Resounds the song of Colonsay:

But softer floating o'er the deep,
The mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,
That charmed the dancing waves to sleep,
Before the bark of Colonsay.

'Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowy seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!

Aloft the purple pennons wave,
As, parting gay from Crinan's shore,
From Morven's wars, the seamen brave
Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

'Where the wave is tinged with red,
And the russet sea-leaves grow,
Mariners, with prudent dread,
Shun the shelving reefs below.

In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail
Still blamed the lingering bark's delay;
For her he chid the flagging sail,
The lovely maid of Colonsay.

'As you pass through Jura's sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore;
Shun, O shun, the gulf profound,
Where Corrievreckan's surges roar!

'And raise,' he cried, 'the song of love,
The maiden sung with tearful smile,
When first, o'er Jura's hills to rove,
We left afar the lonely isle!

'If from that unbottomed deep,
With wrinkled form and weathed train,
O'er the verge of Scarba's steep,
The sea-snake heave his snowy mane.

"When on this ring of ruby red
Shall die," she said, "the crimson hue,
Know that thy favourite fair is dead.
Or proves to thee and love untrue."

'Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils,
Sea-green sisters of the main,
And in the gulf where ocean boils,
The unwieldy wallowing monster chain.

'Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowed seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!'

Thus all to soothe the chieftain's woe,
Far from the maid he loved so dear,
The song arose, so soft and slow,
He seemed her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o'er,
Impatient for the rising day,
And still from Crinan's moonlight shore,
He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,
That streaks with foam the ocean green;
While forward still the rowers urge
Their course, a female form was seen.

That sea-maid's form, of pearly light,
Was whiter than the downy spray,
And round her bosom, heaving bright,
Her glossy yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy crested wave,
She reached amain the bounding prow,
Then clasping fast the chieftain brave,
She, plunging, sought the deep below.

Ah! long beside thy feigned bier,
The monks the prayer of death shall
And long for thee, the fruitless tear, [say;
Shall weep the maid of Colonsay!

But downward like a powerful corse,
The eddying waves the chieftain bear;
He only heard the moaning hoarse
Of waters murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink by slow degrees,
No more the waters round him rave;
Lulled by the music of the seas,
He lies within a coral cave. . . .

No form he saw of mortal mould;
It shone like ocean's snowy foam;

Her ringlets waved in living gold,
Her mirror crystal, pearl the comb.

Her pearly comb the siren took,
And careless bound her tresses wild;
Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
As on the wondering youth she smiled.

Like music from the greenwood tree,
Again she raised the melting lay;
'Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me,
And leave the maid of Colonsay?

'Fair is the crystal hall for me.
With rubies and with emeralds set;
And sweet the music of the sea
Shall sing, when we for love are met.

'How sweet to dance with gliding feet
Along the level tide so green,
Responsive to the cadence sweet [scene!
That breathes along the moonlight

'And soft the music of the main
Rings from the motly tortoise-shell,
While moonbeams o'er the watery plain
Seem trembling in its fitful swell.' . . .

Proud swells her heart! she dreams at last
To lure him with her silver tongue,
And, as the shelving rocks she past,
She raised her voice, and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,
Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,
When light to land the chieftain sprung,
To hail the maid of Colonsay.

O sad the Mermaid's gay notes fell,
And sadly sink remote at sea!
So sadly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea.

And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day,
For sadly still the Mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

HENRY KIRK WHITE, a young poet, who has accomplished more by the example of his life than by his writings, was a native of Nottingham, where he was born on the 21st of August 1785. His father was a butcher—an 'ungentle craft,' which, however, has had the honour of giving to England one of its most distinguished churchmen, Cardinal Wolsey, and the two poets, Akenside and White. Henry was a rhymist and a student from his earliest years. He assisted at his father's business for some time, but in his fourteenth year was put

apprentice to a stocking-weaver. Disliking, as he said, 'the thought of spending seven years of his life in shining and folding up stockings, he wanted something to occupy his brain, and he felt that he should be wretched if he continued long at this trade, or indeed in anything except one of the learned professions. He was at length placed in an attorney's office, and applying his leisure hours to the study of languages, he was able, in the course of ten months, to read Horace with tolerable facility, and had made some progress in Greek. At the same time he acquired a knowledge of Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, and even applied himself to the acquisition of some of the sciences. His habits of study and application were unremitting.

A London magazine, called the 'Monthly Preceptor,' having proposed prize-themes for the youth of both sexes, Henry became a candidate, and while only in his fifteenth year, obtained a silver medal for a translation from Horace; and the following year a pair of twelve-inch globes from an imaginary tour from London to Edinburgh. He next became a correspondent in the 'Monthly Mirror,' and was introduced to the acquaintance of Mr. Capel Loft and of Mr. Hill, the proprietor of the above periodical. Their encouragement induced him to prepare a volume of poems for the press, which appeared in 1808. The longest piece in the collection is a descriptive poem in the style of Goldsmith, entitled 'Clifton Grove,' which shews a remarkable proficiency in smooth and elegant versification and language. In his preface to the volume, Henry had stated that the poems were the production of a youth of seventeen, published for the purpose of facilitating his future studies, and enabling him 'to pursue those inclinations which might one day place him in an honourable station in the scale of society.' Such a declaration should have disarmed the severity of criticism; but the volume was contemptuously noticed in the 'Monthly Review,' and Henry felt the most exquisite pain from the unjust and ungenerous critique. Fortunately, the volume fell into the hands of Southey, who wrote to the young poet to encourage him, and other friends sprung up to succour his genius, and to procure for him what was the darling object of his ambition, admission to the university of Cambridge. His opinions for some time inclined to deism, without any taint of immorality; but a fellow-student put into his hands Scott's 'Force of Truth,' and he soon became a decided convert to the spirit and doctrines of Christianity. He resolved upon devoting his life to the promulgation of them, and the Rev. Mr. Simeon, Cambridge, procured for him a sizarship at St. John's College. This benevolent clergyman further promised, with the aid of a friend, to supply him with £30 annually, and his own family were to furnish the remainder necessary for him to go through college. Poetry was now abandoned for severer studies. He competed for one of the university scholarships, and at the end of his term was pronounced the *first man of his year*. Mr. Catton—his tutor—by procuring for him

exhibitions to the amount of £86 per annum, enabled him to give up the pecuniary assistance which he had received from Mr. Simeon and other friends. This distinction was purchased at the sacrifice of health and life. 'Were I,' he said, 'to paint Fame crowning an undergraduate after the senate-house examination, I would represent him as concealing a death's head under the mask of beauty.' He died on the 19th of October 1806. Southey wrote a sketch of his life, and edited his 'Remains,' which proved to be highly popular. A tablet to Henry's memory, with a medallion by Chantrey, was placed in All Saint's Church, Cambridge, by a young American gentleman, Mr. Francis Boot of Boston, and bearing the following inscription—so expressive of the tenderness, and regret universally felt towards the poet—by Professor Smyth :

Warm with fond hope and learning's sacred flame,
To Granta's bowers the youthful poet came;
Unconquered powers the immortal mind displayed,
But worn with anxious thought, the frame decayed.
Pale o'er his lamp, and in his cell retired,
The martyr student faded and expired.
Oh! genius, taste, and piety sincere,
Too early lost midst studies too severe!
Foremost to mourn was generous Southey seen,
He told the tale, and shewed what White had been;
Nor told in vain. Far o'er the Atlantic wave
A wanderer came, and sought the poet's grave:
On yon low stone he saw his lonely name,
And raised this fond memorial to his fame.

Byron has also consecrated some beautiful lines to the memory of White. The poetry of Henry was all written before his twentieth year, and hence should not be severely judged. If compared, however, with the strains of Cowley or Chatterton at an earlier age, it will be seen to be inferior in this, that no indications are given of great future genius. Whether force and originality would have come with manhood and learning, is a point which, notwithstanding the example of Byron—a very different mind—may fairly be doubted. It is enough, however, for Henry Kirke White to have afforded one of the finest examples on record of youthful talent and perseverance devoted to the purest and noblest objects.

To an Early Primrose.

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first questioned Winter's way,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So Virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity; in some lone walk of life
She rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

Sonnet.

What art thou, Mighty One! and where thy seat?
Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands,
And thou dost bear within thine awful hands
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet;
Stern on thy dark-wrought car of cloud and wind,
Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dead noon,
Or, on the red wing of the fierce monsoon,
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
In the drear silence of the polar span
Dost thou repose? or in the solitude
Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood?
Vain thought! the confines of his throne to trace
Who glows through all the fields of boundless space.

The Star of Bethlehem.

When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train.
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode, [dark;
The storm was loud—the night was
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering
bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem.
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and dangers'
thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

Britain a Thousand Years Hence.

Where now is Britain?—Where her laurelled names,
Her palaces and halls? Dashed in the dust.
Some second Vandal hath reduced her pride,
And with one big recoil hath thrown her back
To primitive barbarity.—Again,
Through her depopulated vales, the scream
Of bloody superstition hollow rings,
And the scared native to the tempest howls
The yell of deprecation. O'er her marts,
Her crowded ports, broods Silence; and the cry
Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash
Of distant billows, breaks alone the void.
Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitol, and hears
The bitter booming in the weeds, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude—Her bards
Sing in a language that hath perished;

And their wild harps, suspended o'er their graves,
Sigh to the desert winds a dying strain.

Meanwhile the arts, in second infancy,
Rise in some distant clime, and then perchance
Some bold adventurer, filled with golden dreams,
Steering his bark through trackless solitudes,
Where, to his wandering thoughts, no daring prow
Hath ever ploughed before—espies the cliffs
Of fallen Albion.—To the land unknown
He journeys joyful; and perhaps descries
Some vestige of her ancient stateliness;
Then he, with vain conjecture, fills his mind
Of the unheard-of race, which had arrived
At science in that solitary nook,
Far from the civil world: and sagely sighs
And moralises on the state of man.

The Christiad.

Concluding stanzas, written shortly before his death.

Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme,
With self-rewarding toil; thus far have sung
Of godlike deeds, far loftier than bescem
The lyre which I in early days have strung;
And now my spirits faint, and I have hung
The shell, that solaced me in saddest hour,
On the dark cypress; and the strings which rung
With Jesus' praise, their harplings now are o'er,
Or, when the breeze comes by, moan, and are heard no more.

And must the harp of Judah sleep again?
Shall I no more reanimate the lay?
Oh! Thou who visitest the sons of men,
Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,
One little space prolong my mournful day;
One little lapse suspend thy last decree!
I am a youthful traveller in the way.
And this slight boon would consecrate to thee,
Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I am free.

JAMES GRAHAME.

THE REV. JAMES GRAHAME was born in Glasgow in the year 1765. He studied the law, and practised at the Scottish bar for several years, but afterwards took orders in the Church of England, and was successively curate of Shipton, in Gloucestershire, and of Sedgfield, in the county of Durham. Ill-health compelled him to abandon his curacy when his virtues and talents had attracted notice and rendered him a popular and useful preacher; and on revisiting Scotland, he died on the 14th of September 1811. The works of Grahame consist of 'Mary, Queen of Scotland,' a dramatic poem published in 1801; 'The Sabbath' (1804), 'Sabbath Walks' (1805), 'Biblical Pictures,' 'The Birds of Scotland' (1806), and 'British Georgics' (1809), all in blank verse. 'The Sabbath' is the best of his productions, and the 'Georgics' the least interesting; for though the latter contains some fine descriptions, the poet is too minute and too practical in his rural

lessons. The amiable personal feelings of the author constantly appear. He thus warmly and tenderly apostrophises his native country:

Apostrophe to Scotland.

How pleasant came thy rushing, silver Tweed,
Upon my ear, when, after roaming long
In southern plains, I've reached thy lovely bank!
How bright, renowned Sark, thy little stream,
Like ray of columned light chasing a shower,
Would cross my homeward path; how sweet the sound,
When I, to hear the Doric tongue's reply,
Would ask thy well-known name!

And must I leave,
Dear land, thy bonny braes, thy dales,
Each haunted by its wizard stream, o'erhung
With all the varied charms of bush and tree?
And must I leave the friends of youthful years,
And mould my heart anew, to take the stamp
Of foreign friendships in a foreign land,
And learn to love the music of strange tongues!
Yes, I may love the music of strange tongues,
And mould my heart anew to take the stamp
Of foreign friendships in a foreign land:
But to my parched mouth's roof cleave this tongue,
My fancy fade into the yellow leaf,
And this oft-pausing heart forget to throb,
If, Scotland, thee and thine I e'er forget.

An anecdote is related of the modest poet connected with the publication of 'The Sabbath,' which affords an interesting illustration of his character. He had not prefixed his name to the work, nor acquainted his family with the secret of its composition, and taking a copy of the volume home with him one day, he left it on the table. His wife began reading it, while the sensitive author walked up and down the room; and at length she broke out into praise of the poem, adding: 'Ah, James, if you could but produce a poem like this!' The joyful acknowledgment of his being the author was then made, no doubt with the most exquisite pleasure on both sides. Grahame in some respects resembles Cowper. He has no humour or satire, it is true, and he has many prosaic lines, but the same powers of close and happy observation which the poet of Olney applied to English scenery, were directed by Grahame to that of Scotland, and both were strictly devout and 'national' poets.

There is no author, excepting Burns or Scott, whom an intelligent Scotsman, resident abroad, would read with more delight than Grahame. The ordinary features of the Scottish landscape he portrays truly and distinctly, without exaggeration, and often imparting to his descriptions a feeling of tenderness and solemnity. He was content with humble things; but he paints the charms of a retired cottage-life, the sacred calm of a Sabbath morning, a walk in the fields, or even a bird's nest, with such unfeigned delight and accurate observation that the reader is constrained to see and feel with his

author, to rejoice in the elements of poetry and meditation that are scattered around him, existing in the humblest objects, and in those humane and pious sentiments which impart to external nature a moral interest and beauty. The religion of Grahame was not sectarian; he was equally impressed with the lofty ritual of the English church, and the simple hill-worship of the Covenanters. He is sometimes gloomy in his seriousness, from intense religious anxiety or sympathy with his fellow-men suffering under oppression or misfortune, but he has less of this harsh fruit,

Picked from the thorns and briers of reproof,

than his brother-poet Cowper. His prevailing tone is that of implicit trust in the goodness of God, and enjoyment in his creation.

From 'The Sabbath.'

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Or tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.
With dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village broods:
The dizzying mill-wheel ceases; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.
But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail the poor man's day.
On other days, the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground
Both seat and board screened from the winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighbouring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward earnest eye.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air pure from the city's smoke;

While wandering slowly up the river-side,
 He meditates on Him whose power he marks
 In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
 As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
 Around the roots; and while he thus surveys
 With elevated joy each rural charm,
 He hopes—yet fears presumption in the hope—
 To reach those realms where Sabbath never ends.
 But now his steps a welcome sound recalls;
 Solemn the knell, from yonder ancient pile,
 Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe:
 Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved ground;
 The aged man, the bowed down, the blind
 Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
 With pain, and eyes the new-made grave, well pleased;
 These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
 The house of God—these, spite of all their ills,
 A glow of gladness feel; with silent praise
 They enter in; a placid stillness reigns,
 Untill the man of God, worthy the name,
 Opens the book, and reverentially
 The stated portion reads. A pause ensues.
 The organ breathes its distant thunder-notes,
 Then swells into a diapason full:
 The people rising sing, with harp, with harp,
 And voice of psalms; harmoniously attuned
 The various voices blend; the long-drawn aisles,
 At every close, the lingering strain prolong. . . .
 Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne,
 The Sabbath service of the shepherd boy!
 In some lone glen, where every sound is lulled
 To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,
 Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry,
 Stretched on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son;
 Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
 And wonders why he weeps: the volume closed,
 With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves, he sings
 The sacred lays, his weekly lesson conned
 With meikle care beneath the lowly roof,
 Where humble lore is learnt, where humble worth
 Pines unrewarded by a thankless state.
 Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,
 The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,
 Till on the heights he marks the straggling bands
 Returning homewards from the house of prayer
 In peace they home resort. Oh, blissful days!
 When all men worship God as conscience wills.
 Far o'er her times our fathers' grandsires knew,
 A virtuous race to godliness devote.

A Summer Sabbath Walk.

Delightful is this loneliness; it calms
 My heart! pleasant the cool beneath these elms
 That throw across the stream a moveless shade.
 Here nature in her midnoon whisper speaks;
 How peaceful every sound!—the ringdove's plaint,
 Moaned from the forest's gloomiest retreat,
 While every other woodland lay is mute,
 Save when the wren flits from her down-covered nest,
 And from the root-sprigs trills her ditty clear—
 The grasshopper's oft pausing chirp—the buzz,

Angrily shrill of moss-entangled bee
 That soon as loosed booms with full twang away—
 The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal
 Scared from the shallows by my passing tread.
 Dimpling the water glides, with here and there
 A glossy fly, skimming in circle's gay
 The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout
 Watches his time to spring; or from above,
 Some feathered dam, purveying 'mong the boughs,
 Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood
 Bears off the prize. Sad emblem of man's lot!
 He, giddy insect, from his native leaf
 (Where safe and happily he might have lurked),
 Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,
 Forgetful of his origin, and worse,
 Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream,
 And if from hostile vigilance he 'scape,
 Buoyant he flutters but a little while,
 Mistakes the inverted image of the sky
 For heaven itself, and, sinking, meets his fate. . . .

Again I turn me to the hill, and trace
 The wizard stream, now scarce to be discerned;
 Woodless its banks, but green with ferny leaves,
 And thinly strewn with heath-bells up and down.
 Now, when the downward sun has left the glens,
 Each mountain's rugged lineaments are traced
 Upon the adverse slope, where stalks gigantic
 The shepherd's shadow, thrown athwart the chasm,
 As on the topmost ridge he homeward hies.
 How deep the hush! the torrent's channel dry,
 Presents a stony steep, the echo's haunt.
 But hark a plaintive sound floating along!
 'Tis from yon heath-roofed shieling; now it dies
 Away, now rises full; it is the song
 Which He, who listens to the hallelujahs
 Of choiring seraphim, delights to hear;
 It is the music of the heart, the voice
 Of venerable age, of guileless youth,
 In kindly circle seated on the ground
 Before their wicker-door. Behold the man!
 The grandsire and the saint; his silvery locks
 Beam in the parting ray; before him lies,
 Upon the smooth-cropt sward, the open book,
 His comfort, stay, and ever-new delight;
 While heedless at a side, the lisping boy
 Foulders the lamb that nightly shares his couch.

An Autumn Sabbath Walk.

When homeward bands their several ways disperse,
 I love to linger in the narrow field
 Of rest, to wander round from tomb to tomb,
 And think of some who silent sleep below.
 Sad sighs the wind that from these ancient elms
 Shakes showers of leaves upon the withered grass;
 The sere and yellow wreaths, with eddying sweep,
 Fill up the furrows 'tween the hillock'd graves.
 But list that moan! 'tis the poor blind man's dog,
 His guide for many a day, now come to mourn
 The master and the friend—conjunction rare!
 A man, indeed, he was of gentle soul,
 Though bred to brave the deep: the lightning's flash

Had dimmed, not closed, his mild but sightless eyes.
 He was a welcome guest through all his range—
 It was not wide—no dog would bay at him;
 Children would run to meet him on his way,
 And lead him to a sunny seat, and climb
 His knee, and wonder at his oft-told tales.
 Then would he teach the elfins how to plait
 The rusty cap and crown, or sedgy ship:
 And I have seen him lay his tremulous hand
 Upon their heads, while silent moved his lips.
 Peace to thy spirit, that now looks on me
 Perhaps with greater pity than I felt
 To see thee wandering darkling on thy way!

But let me quit this melancholy spot,
 And roam where nature gives a parting smile,
 As yet the bluebells linger on the sod
 That cospse the sheepfold ring; and in the woods
 A second blow of many flowers appear,
 Flowers faintly tinged, and breathing no perfume.
 But fruits, not blossoms, form the woodland wreath
 That circles Autumn's brow. The ruddy haws
 Now clothe the half-leaved thorn; the bramble bende
 Beneath its jetty load: the hazel hangs
 With anburn bunches, dipping in the stream
 That sweeps along and threatens to o'erflow
 The leaf-strewn banks: oft, statue-like, I gaze,
 In vacancy of thought, upon that stream,
 And chase, with dreaming eye, the eddying foam,
 Or rowan's clustered branch, or harvest sheaf,
 Borne rapidly adown the dizzying flood.

A Winter Sabbath Walk.

How dazzling white the snowy scene! deep, deep
 The stillness of the winter Sabbath day—
 Not even a footfall heard. Smooth are the fields,
 Each hollow pathway level with the plain:
 Hid are the bushes, save that here and there
 Are seen the topmost shoots of brier or broom.
 High-ridged the whirled drift has almost reached
 The powdered keystone of the churchyard porch.
 Mute hangs the hooded bell; the tombs lie buried;
 No step approaches to the house of prayer.

The flickering fall is o'er: the clouds disperse,
 And shew the sun, hung o'er the welkin's verge,
 Shooting a bright but ineffectual beam
 On all the sparkling waste. Now is the time
 To visit nature in her grand attire.
 Though perilous the mountainous ascent,
 A noble recompense the danger brings.
 How beautiful the plain stretched far below,
 Unvaried though it be, save by yon stream
 With azure windings, or the leafless wood!
 But what the beauty of the plain, compared
 To that sublimity which reigns enthroned,
 Holding joint rule with solitude divine,
 Among yon rocky fells that bid defiance
 To steps the most adventurously bold?
 There silence dwells profound; or if the cry
 Of high-poised eagle break at times the hush,
 The wanted echoes no response return.
 But now let me explore the deep-sunk dell.

No foot-print, save the covey's or the flock's,
 Is seen along the rill, where marshy springs
 Still rear the grassy blade of vivid green.
 Beware, ye shepherds, of these treacherous haunts,
 Nor linger there too long: the wintry day
 Soon closes; and full oft a heavier fall,
 Heaped by the blast, fills up the sheltered glen,
 While, gurgling deep below, the buried rill
 Mines for itself a snow-coved way! Oh, then,
 Your helpless charge drive from the tempting spot,
 And keep them on the bleak hill's stormy side,
 Where night winds sweep the gathering drift away:
 So the great Shepherd leads the heavenly flock
 From faithless pleasures, full into the storms
 Of life, where long they bear the bitter blast,
 Until at length the vernal sun looks forth,
 Bedimmed with showers; then to the pastures green
 He brings them where the quiet waters glide,
 The stream of life, the Siloah of the soul.

To My Son.

Twice has the sun commenced his annual round,
 Since first thy footsteps tottered o'er the ground;
 Since first thy tongue was tuned to bless mine ear,
 By faltering out the name to fathers dear,
 Oh! nature's language, with her looks combined,
 More precious far than periods thrice refined!
 Oh! sportive looks of love, devoid of guile,
 I prize you more than beauty's magic smile;
 Yes, in that face, unconsciously of its charm,
 I gaze with bliss unmingled with alarm.
 Ah, no! full oft a boding horror flies
 Athwart my fancy, uttering fateful cries.
 Almighty Power! his harmless life defend,
 And, if we part, 'gainst me the mandate send.
 And yet a wish will rise—would I might live,
 Till added years his memory firmness give!
 For, Oh! it would a joy in death impart
 To think I still survived within his heart;
 To think he'll cast, midway the vale of years,
 A retrospective look bedimmed with tears,
 And tell, regretful, how I looked and spoke;
 What walks I loved, where grew my favourite oak;
 How gently I would lead him by the hand;
 How gently use the accent of command;
 What lore I taught him, roaming wood and wild,
 And how the man descended to the child;
 How well I loved with him, on Sabbath morn,
 To hear the anthem of the vocal thorn,
 To teach religion, unallied to strife,
 And trace to him the way, the truth, the life.
 But far and further still my view I bend,
 And now I see a child thy steps attend;
 To yonder churchyard-wall thou tak'st thy way,
 While round thee, pleased, thou see'st the infant play;
 Then lifting him, while tears suffuse thine eyes,
 Pointing, thou tell'st him, 'There thy grandsire lies.'

The Thanksgiving off Cape Trafalgar.

Upon the high, yet gently rolling wave,
 The floating tomb that heaves above the brave,

Soft sighs the gale that late tremendous roared,
 Whelming the wretched remnants of the sword.
 And now the cannon's peaceful thunder calls
 The victor bands to mount their wooden walls,
 And from the ramparts, where their comrades fell,
 The mingled strain of joy and grief to swell :
 Fast they ascend, from stern to stern they spread,
 And crowd the engines whence the lightnings sped :
 The white-robed priest his upraised hands extends ;
 Hushed is each voice, attention leaning bends ;
 Then from each prow the grand hosannas rise,
 Float o'er the deep, and hover to the skies.
 Heaven fills each heart ; yet home will oft intrude,
 And tears of love celestial joys exclude.
 The wounded man, who hears the soaring strain,
 Lifts his pale visage, and forgets his pain ;
 While parting spirits, mingling with the lay,
 On hallelujahs wing their heavenward way.

GEORGE CRABBE.

The REV. GEORGE CRABBE, whom Byron has characterised as 'Nature's sternest painter, yet the best,' was of humble origin, and born at Aldborough, in Suffolk, on the Christmas-eve of 1754. His father was collector of the salt-duties, or salt-master, as he was termed, and though of poor circumstances and violent temper, he exerted himself to give George a superior education. It is pleasing to know that the old man lived to reap his reward, in witnessing the celebrity of his son, and to transcribe, with parental fondness, in his own handwriting, the poem of 'The Library.' Crabbe has described the unpromising scene of his nativity with his usual force and correctness:

Lo ! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er
 Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor ;
 From thence a length of burning sand appears,
 Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears ;
 Rank weed-, that every art and care defy,
 Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye :
 There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
 And to the ragged infant threaten war ;
 Their poppies nodding, mock the hope of toil ;
 There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil ;
 Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf
 The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf ;
 O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
 And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade ;
 With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
 And a sad splendour vainly shines around.
 So looks the nymph whom wretched arts adorn,
 Betrayed by man, then left for man to scorn ;
 Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic rose,
 While her sad eyes the troubled breast disclose ;
 Whose outward splendour is but folly's dress,
 Exposing most, when most it gilds distress.

The poet was put apprentice in his fourteenth year to a surgeon, and afterwards practised in Aldborough ; but his prospects were so gloomy, that he abandoned his profession, and proceeded to London as a literary adventurer. His whole stock of money amounted to

only three pounds. Having completed some poetical pieces, he offered them for publication, but they were rejected. In the course of the year, however, he issued a poetical epistle, 'The Candidate,' addressed to the authors of the 'Monthly Review.' It was coldly received, and his publisher failing at the same time, the young poet was plunged into great perplexity and want. He wrote to the premier, Lord North, to Lord-chancellor Thurlow, and to other noblemen, requesting assistance; but in no case was an answer returned. At length, when his affairs were desperate, he applied to Edmund Burke, and in a modest yet manly statement disclosed to him the situation in which he stood. Burke received him into his own house, and exercised towards him the most generous hospitality. While under his happy roof, the poet met Mr. Fox, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others of the statesman's distinguished friends. In the same year (1781) he published his poem 'The Library,' which was favourably noticed by the critics. Lord Thurlow—who now, as in the case of Cowper, came with tardy notice and ungraceful generosity—invited him to breakfast, and at parting presented him with a bank-note for a hundred pounds. Crabbe entered into sacred orders, and was licensed as a curate to the rector of his native parish of Aldborough. In a short time, Burke procured for him the situation of chaplain to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle. This was a great advancement for the poor poet, and he never afterwards was in fear of want.

He seems, however, to have felt all the ills of dependence on the great, and in his poem of 'The Patron,' and other parts of his writings, has strongly depicted the evils of such a situation. In 1783 appeared 'The Village,' which had been seen and corrected by Johnson and Burke. Its success was instant and complete. Some of the descriptions in the poem—as that of the parish workhouse—were copied into all the periodicals, and took that place in our national literature which they still retain. Thurlow presented him with two small livings then in his gift, telling him at the same time, with an oath, that he was as like Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen. The poet now married a young lady from Suffolk, the object of an early attachment, and taking the curacy of Stathern, adjoining Belvoir Castle, he bade adieu to the ducal mansion, and transferred himself to the humble parsonage in the village. Four happy years were spent in this retirement, when the poet obtained the exchange of his two small livings in Dorsetshire for two of superior value in the vale of Belvoir. Crabbe remained silent as a poet for many years. 'Out of doors,' says his son, 'he had always some object in view—a flower, or a pebble, or his note-book in his hand; and in the house, if he was not writing, he was reading. He read aloud very often, even when walking, or seated by the side of his wife in the huge old-fashioned one-horse chaise, heavier than a modern chariot, in which they usually were conveyed in their little excursions, and the conduct of

which he, from awkwardness and absence of mind, prudently relinquished to my mother on all occasions.'

In 1807 he published his 'Parish Register,' which had been previously submitted to Mr. Fox, and parts of this poem—especially the story of Phœbe Dawson—were the last compositions of their kind that 'engaged and amused the capacious, the candid, the benevolent mind of this great man.' The success of this work was not only decided, but nearly unprecedented. In 1810 he came forward with 'The Borough,' a poem of the same class, and more connected and complete; and two years afterward he produced his 'Tales in Verse,' containing perhaps the finest of all his humble but happy delineations of life and character. 'The public voice,' says his biographer, 'was again highly favourable, and some of these relations were spoken of with the utmost warmth of commendation, as, The Parting Hour, The Patron, Edward Shore, and The Confidant. In 1814, the Duke of Rutland appointed him to the living of Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, and he went thither to reside. His income amounted to about £800 per annum, a large portion of which he spent in charity. He still continued his attachment to literature, and in 1817 and 1818 was engaged on his last great work, 'The Tales of the Hall.' 'He fancied that autumn was, on the whole, the most favourable season for him in the composition of poetry; but there was something in the effect of a sudden fall of snow that appeared to stimulate him in a very extraordinary manner.' In 1819, the 'Tales' were published by Mr. Murray, who, for them and the remaining copyright of all Crabbe's previous poems, gave the munificent sum of £3000.

In an account of the negotiation for the sale of these copyrights, written by Moore for the life of his brother-poet, we have the following amusing illustration of Crabbe's simplicity of manner: 'When he received the bills for £3000, we—Moore and Rogers—earnestly advised that he should, without delay, deposit them in some safe hands; but no—he must "take them with him to Trowbridge and shew them to his son John. They would hardly believe in his good-luck at home if they did not see the bills." On his way down to Trowbridge, a friend at Salisbury, at whose house he rested—Mr. Everett, the banker—seeing that he carried these bills loosely in his waistcoat pocket, requested to be allowed to take charge of them for him; but with equal ill success. "There was no fear," he said, "of losing them, and he must shew them to his son John." Another poetical friend, Thomas Campbell, who met him at this time in London, remarks of him: 'His mildness in literary argument struck me with surprise in so stern a poet of nature, and I could not but contrast the unassumingness of his manners with the originality of his powers. In what may be called the ready-money small-talk of conversation, his facility might not perhaps seem equal to the known calibre of his talents; but in the progress of conversation, I recollect remarking that there was a vigilant shrewdness that almost eluded you, by keep

171980

ing its watch so quietly.' This fine remark is characteristic of Crabbe's genius, as well as of his manners. It gathered its materials slowly and silently with intent but unobtrusive observation. The 'Tales of the Hall' were received with that pleasure and approbation due to an old and established favourite, but with less enthusiasm than some of his previous works. In 1822, the now venerable poet paid a visit to Sir Walter Scott in Edinburgh; and it is worthy of remark, that, as to the city itself, he soon got wearied of the New Town, but could amuse himself for ever in the Old.

His later years were spent in the discharge of his clerical duties, and in the enjoyment of social intercourse. His attachment to botany and geology seemed to increase with age; and at three-score and ten, he was busy, cheerful, and affectionate. His death took place at Trowbridge on the 3d of February 1832, and his parishioners erected a monument to his memory in the church of that place, where he had officiated for nineteen years. A complete collection of his works, with some new pieces and an admirable memoir, was published in 1834 by his son, the Rev. G. Crabbe.

'The Village,' 'Parish Register,' and shorter tales of Crabbe, are his most popular productions. The 'Tales of the Hall' are less interesting. They relate principally to the higher classes of society, and the poet was not so happy in describing their peculiarities as when supporting his character of the poet of the poor. Some of his episodes, however, are in his best style—Sir Owen Dale, Ruth, Ellen, and other stories, are all marked with the peculiar genius of Crabbe. The redeeming and distinguishing feature of that genius was its fidelity to nature, even when it was dull and unprepossessing. His power of observation and description might be limited, but his pictures have all the force of dramatic representation, and may be compared to those actual and existing models which the sculptor or painter works from, instead of vague and general conceptions. They are often *too true*, and human nature being exhibited in its naked reality, with all its defects, and not through the bright and alluring medium of romance or imagination, our vanity is shocked and our pride mortified.

The personal circumstances and experience of the poet affected the bent of his genius. He knew how untrue and absurd were the pictures of rural life which figured in poetry. His own youth was dark and painful—spent in low society, amidst want and misery, irascible gloom and passion. Latterly, he had more of the comforts and elegancies of social life at his command than Cowper, his rival as a domestic painter. He not only could have 'wheeled his sofa round,' 'let fall the curtains, and, with the bubbling and loud hissing urn' on the table, 'welcome peaceful evening in,' but the amenities of refined and intellectual society were constantly present with him, or at his call. Yet he did not, like Cowper, attempt to describe them, or to paint their manifold charms. When he took up his pen, his mind turned to Aldborough and its wild amphibious race—to the part

workhouse, where the wheel hummed doleful through the day—to erring damsels and luckless swains, the prey of overseers or justices—or to the haunts of desperate poachers and smugglers, gipsies and gamblers, where vice and misery stalked undisguised in their darkest forms.

He stirred up the dregs of human society, and exhibited their blackness and deformity, yet worked them into poetry. Like his own Sir Richard Monday, he never forgot *the parish*. It is true that village-life in England in its worst form, with the old poor and game laws and non-resident clergy, was composed of various materials, some bright and some gloomy, and Crabbe drew them all. His Isaac Ashford is as honourable to the lowly English poor as the Jeanie Deans or Dandie Dinmont of Scott are to the Scottish character. His story of the real mourner, the faithful maid who watched over her dying sailor, is a beautiful tribute to the force and purity of humble affection. In *The Parting Hour* and *The Patron* are also passages equally honourable to the poor and middle classes, and full of pathetic and graceful composition. It must be confessed, however, that Crabbe was in general a gloomy painter of life—that he was fond of depicting the unlovely and unamiable—and that, either for poetic effect or from painful experience, he makes the bad of life predominate over the good. His pathos and tenderness are generally linked to something coarse, startling, or humiliating to disappointed hopes or unavailing sorrow—

Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.

The minuteness with which he dwells on such subjects sometimes makes his descriptions tedious, and apparently unfeeling. He drags forward every defect, every vice and failing, not for the purpose of educating something good out of the evil, but, as it would seem, merely for the purpose of completing the picture. In his higher flights, where scenes of strong passion, vice, or remorse are depicted, Crabbe is a moral poet, purifying the heart, as the object of tragedy has been defined, by terror and pity, and by fearful delineations of the misery and desolation caused by unbridled passion. His story of Sir Eustace Grey is a domestic tragedy of this kind, related with almost terrific power, and with lyrical energy of versification. His general style of versification is the couplet of Pope—he has been wittily called ‘Pope in worsted stockings’—but less flowing and melodious, and often ending in points and quibbles. Thus, in describing his cottage furniture, he says—

No wheels are here for either wool or flax,
But packs of cards made up of sundry packs.

His thrifty housewife, Widow Goe, falls down in sickness—

Heaven in her eye, and in her hand her keys.

This jingling style heightens the effect of his humorous and homely descriptions; but it is too much of a manner, and mars the finer passages. Crabbe has high merit as a painter of English scenery. He is here as original and forcible as in delineating character. His marine landscapes are peculiarly fresh and striking; and he invests even the sterile fens and barren sands with interest. His objects are seldom picturesque; but he noted every weed and plant—the purple bloom of the heath, the dwarfish flowers among the wild gorse, the slender grass of the sheepwalk, and even the pebbles, sea-weed, and shells amid

The glittering waters on the shingles rolled.

He was a great lover of the sea, and once, as his son relates, after being some time absent from it, mounted his horse and rode alone sixty miles from his house, that he might inhale its freshness and gaze upon its waters.

The Parish Workhouse and Apothecary. From 'The Village.'

Theirs is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bears the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours, flagging, play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;
There children dwell who know no parents' care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears
And crippled age with more than childhood fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot and the madman gay.
Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought amid the scenes of grief, to grieve,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixed with the clamours of the crowd below;
Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruined age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.
Say ye, oppressed by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain and that alone can cure,
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?
Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile hands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between;

Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patched, gives way
 To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
 Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
 The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
 For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
 Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
 No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
 Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
 Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls;
 Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
 All pride and business, bustle and conceit,
 With looks unaltered by these scenes of woe,
 With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go;
 He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
 And carries fate and physic in his eye;
 A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
 Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
 Whose murderous hand a drowsy bench protect,
 And whose most tender mercy is neglect.

Paid by the parish for attendance here,
 He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;
 In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
 Impatience marked in his averted eyes;
 And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
 Without reply, he rushes on the door;
 His drooping patient, long inured to pain,
 And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;
 He ceases now the feeble help to crave
 Of man; and silent sinks into the grave.

Isaac Ashford, a Noble Peasant.—From the 'Parish Register.'

Next to these ladies, but in nought allied,
 A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
 Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
 His truth unquestioned and his soul serene;
 Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
 At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed;
 Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace;
 Truth, simple truth, was written in his face;
 Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
 Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved;
 To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
 And with the firmest, had the fondest mind;
 Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
 And gave allowance where he needed none;
 Good he refused with future ill to buy,
 Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh;
 A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
 No envy stung, no jealousy distressed—
 Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind
 To miss one favour which their neighbors find—
 Yet far was he from stoic pride removed;
 He felt humanely, and he warmly loved;
 I marked his action when his infant died,
 And his old neighbour for offence was tried;
 The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,
 Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.
 If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,
 Who, in their base contempt, the great deride;

Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,
 If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;
 Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
 None his superior, and his equals few:
 But if that spirit in his soul had place,
 It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
 A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained,
 In sturdy boys to virtuous labours trained;
 Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
 And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
 Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied,
 In fact, a noble passion, misnamed pride.

He had no party's rage, no sect'ry's whim;
 Christian and countryman was all with him;
 True to his church he came; no Sunday-shower
 Kept him at home in that important hour;
 Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect
 By the strong glare of their new light direct;
 'On hope, in mine own sober light, I gaze,
 But should be blind and lose it in your blaze.'

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
 Felt it his pride, his comfort to complain,
 Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,
 And feel in that his comfort and his pride.

At length he found, when seventy years were run,
 His strength departed and his labour done;
 When, save his honest fame, he kept no more;

But lost his wife and saw his children poor;

'Twas then a spark of—say not discontent—

Struck on his mind, and thus he gave it vent:

'Kind are your laws—his not to be denied—

That in yon house for ruined age provide,

And they are just: when young, we give you all,

And then for comforts in our weakness call.

Why then this proud reluctance to be fed,

To join your poor and eat the parish bread?

But yet I linger, loath with him to feed

Who gains his plenty by the sons of need;

He who, by contract, all your paupers took,

And gauges stomachs with an anxious look:

On some old master I could well depend;

See him with joy, and thank him as a friend;

But ill on him who doles the day's supply,

And counts our chances who at night may die:

Yet help me, Heaven! and let me not complain

Of what befalls me, but the fate sustain.'

Such were his thoughts, and so resigned he grew;

Daily he placed the workhouse in his view!

But came not there, for sudden was his fate,

He dropt expiring at his cottage-gate.

I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,

And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there;

I see no more those white locks thinly spread

Round the bald polish of that honoured head

No more that awful glance on playful wight

Compelled to kneel and tremble at the sight;

To fold his fingers all in dread the while,

Till Mister Ashford softened to a smile;

No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,

Nor the pure faith—to give it force—are there.

But he is blest, and I lament no more.

A wise good man contented to be poor.

Phœbe Dawson.—From the 'Parish Register.'

Two summers since, I saw at Lammas fair,
 The sweetest flower that ever blossomed there;
 When Phœbe Dawson gaily crossed the green,
 In haste to see, and happy to be seen;
 Her air, her manners, all who saw, admired,
 Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired;
 The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,
 And ease of heart her every look conveyed;
 A native skill her simple robes expressed,
 As with untutored elegance she dressed;
 The lads around admired so fair a sight,
 And Phœbe felt, and felt she gave, delight.
 Admirers soon of every age she gained,
 Her beauty won them and her worth retained;
 Envy itself could no contempt display,
 They wished her well, whom yet they wished away.
 Correct in thought, she judged a servant's place
 Preserved a rustic beauty from disgrace;
 But yet on Sunday-eve, in freedom's hour,
 With secret joy she felt that beauty's power;
 When some proud bliss upon the heart would steal,
 That, poor or rich, a beauty still must feel.
 At length, the youth ordained to move her breast,
 Before the swains with bolder spirit pressed;
 With looks less timid made his passion known,
 And pleased by manners, most unlike her own:
 Loud though in love, and confident though young;
 Fierce in his air, and voluble of tongue,
 By trade a tailor, though, in scorn of trade,
 He served the squire, and brushed the coat he made;
 Yet now, would Phœbe her consent afford,
 Her slave alone, again he'd mount the board;
 With her should years of growing love be spent,
 And growing wealth: she sighed and looked consent.
 Now, through the lane, up hill, and cross the green—
 Seen by but few, and blushing to be seen—
 Dejected, thoughtful, anxious, and afraid—
 Led by the lover, walked the silent maid:
 Slow through the meadows roved they many a mile,
 Toiled by each bank and trifled at each stile;
 Where as he painted every blissful view,
 And highly coloured what he strongly drew,
 The pensive damsel, prone to tender fears,
 Dimmed the false prospect with prophetic tears:
 Thus passed the allotted hours, till, lingering late,
 The lover loitered at the master's gate;
 There he pronounced adieu! and yet would stay,
 Till chidden—soothed—entreated—forced away!
 He would of coldness, though indulged, complain,
 And oft retire and oft return again;
 When, if his teasing vexed her gentle mind,
 The grief assumed compelled her to be kind!
 For he would proof of plighted kindness crave,
 That she resented first, and then forgave,
 And to his grief and penance yielded more
 Than his presumption had required before:
 Ah! fly temptation, youth; refrain! refrain!
 Each yielding maid and each presuming swain!
 Lo! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
 And torn green gown loose hanging at her back,

One who an infant in her arms sustains,
 And seems in patience striving with her pains;
 Pinched are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
 Whose cares are growing and whose hopes are fled;
 Pale her parched lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
 And tears unnoticed from their channels flow;
 Serene her manner, till some sudden pain
 Frets the meek soul, and then she's calm again. . . .
 But who this child of weakness, want, and care?
 'Tis Phoebe Dawson, pride of Lammas fair;
 Who took her lover for his sparkling eyes,
 Expressions warm, and love-inspiring lies:
 Compassion first assailed her gentle heart
 For all his suffering, all his bosom's smart;
 'And then his prayers! they would a savage move,
 And win the coldest of the sex to love.'
 But ah! too soon his looks success declared.
 Too late her loss the marriage-rite repaired;
 The faithless flatterer then his vows forgot,
 A capitious tyrant or a noisy sot:
 If present, railing till he saw her pained;
 If absent, spending what their labours gained;
 Till that fair form in want and sickness pined,
 And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind.
 Then fly temptation, youth; resist! refrain!
 Nor let me preach for ever and in vain!

Dream of the Condemned Felon.—From 'The Borough.'

Yes! e'en in sleep the impressions all remain,
 He hears the sentence and he feels the chain;
 He sees the judge and jury when he shakes,
 And loudly cries, 'Not guilty.' and awakes:
 Then chilling tremblings o'er his body creep,
 Till worn-out nature is compelled to sleep.

Now comes the dream again: it shews each scene,
 With each small circumstance that comes between—
 The call to suffering, and the very deed—
 There crowds go with him, follow, and precede;
 Some heartless shout, some pity, all condemn,
 While he in fancied envy looks at them;
 He seems the place for that sad act to see,
 And dreams the very thirst which then will be;
 A priest attends—it seems the one he knew
 In his best days, beneath whose care he grew.

At this his terrors take a sudden flight;
 He sees his native village with delight;
 The house, the chamber, where he once arrayed
 His youthful person, where he knelt and prayed;
 Then, too, the comforts he enjoyed at home,
 The days of joy, the joys themselves, are come;
 The hours of innocence, the timid look
 Of his loved maid, when first her hand he took
 And told his hope; her trembling joy appears,
 Her forced reserve, and his retreating fears.
 All now are present—'tis a moment's gleam
 Of former sunshine—stay, delightful dream!
 Let him within his pleasant garden walk,
 Give him her arm, of blessings let them talk.

Yes! all are with him now, and all the while
 Life's early prospects and his Fanny's smile;
 Then come his sister and his village friend,
 And he will now the sweetest moments spend

Life has to yield : no, never will he find
 Again on earth such pleasure in his mind :
 He goes through shrubby walks these friends among,
 Love in their looks and honour on the tongue ;
 Nay, there's a charm beyond what nature shews,
 The bloom is softer, and more sweetly glows ;
 Pierced by no crime, and urged by no desire
 For more than true and honest hearts require,
 They feel the calm delight, and thus proceed
 Through the green lane, then linger in the mead,
 Stray o'er the heath in all its purple bloom,
 And pluck the blossom where the wild-bees hum ;
 Then through the broomy bound with ease they pass,
 And press the sandy sheep-walk's slender grass,
 Where dwarfish flowers among the gorse are spread,
 And the lamb browses by the linnet's bed ;
 Then 'cross the bounding brook they make their way
 O'er its rough bridge, and there behold the bay ;
 The ocean smiling to the fervid sun,
 The waves that faintly fall, and slowly run,
 The ships at distance, and the boats at hand ;
 And now they walk upon the sea-side sand,
 Counting the number, and what kind they be,
 Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea ;
 Now arm in arm, now parted, they behold
 The glittering waters on the shingles rolled ;
 The timid girls, half dreading their design,
 Dip the small foot in the retarded brine,
 And search for crimson weeds, which spreading flow
 Or lie like pictures on the sand below ;
 With all those bright red pebbles that the sun
 Through the small waves so softly shines upon ;
 And those live lucid jellies which the eye
 Delights to trace as they swim glittering by ;
 Pearl shells and rubied star-fish they admire,
 And will arrange above the parlour fire.
 Tokens of bliss ! 'Oh, horrible ! a wave
 Roars as it rises, save me, Edward, save !'
 She cries. Alas ! the watchman on his way
 Calls, and lets in—truth, terror, and the day !

Story of a Betrothed Pair in Humble Life.—From 'The Borough.'

Yes, there are real mourners ; I have seen
 A fair sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene ;
 Attention through the day her duties claimed,
 And to be useful as resigned she aimed ;
 Neatly she dressed, nor vainly seemed to expect
 Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect ;
 But when her wearied parents sank to sleep,
 She sought her place to meditate and weep ;
 Then to her mind was all the past displayed,
 That faithful memory brings to sorrow's aid ;
 For then she thought on one regretted youth,
 Her tender trust, and his unquestioned truth ;
 In every place she wandered where they'd been,
 And sadly sacred held the parting scene
 Where last for sea he took his leave—that place
 With double interest would she nightly trace ;
 For long the courtship was, and he would say
 Each time he sailed : 'Till this once, and then the day !'

Yet prudence tarried, but when last he went,
He drew from pitying love a full consent.

Happy he sailed, and great the care she took
That he should softly sleep, and smartly look;
White was his better linen, and his cheek
Was made more trim than any on the deck;
And every comfort men at sea can know,
Was hers to buy, to make, and to bestow;
For he to Greenland sailed, and much she told
How he should guard against the climate's cold,
Yet saw not danger, dangers he'd withstood,
Nor could she trace the fever in his blood.
His messmates smiled at flushings in his cheek,
And he, too, smiled, but seldom would he speak;
For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
With grievous symptoms he could not explain.

He called his friend, and prefaced with a sigh
A lover's message: 'Thomas, I must die;
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing go! if not, this trifle take,
And say, till death I wore it for her sake.
Yes, I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
Give me one look before my life be gone;
Oh, give me that! and let me not despair—
One last fond look—and now repeat the prayer.'

He had his wish, and more. I will not paint
The lovers' meeting: she beheld him faint—
With tender fears she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
He tried to smile, and half succeeding, said:
'Yes, I must die'—and hope for ever fled.

Still long she nursed him; tender thoughts meantime
Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away;
With him she prayed, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head;
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer,
Apart she sighed, alone she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seemed, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seemed to think,
Yet said not so—'Perhaps he will not sink.'
A sudden brightness in his look appeared,
A sudden vigour in his voice was heard;
She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair;
Lively he seemed, and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many, and the favourite few;
Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
But she has treasured, and she loves them all.
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people—death has made them dear
He named his friend, but then his hand she pressed,
And fondly whispered: 'Thou must go to rest.'
'I go,' he said, but as he spoke she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound;
Then gazed affrightened, but she caught a last,
A dying look of love, and all was past.

She placed a decent stone his grave above,
 Neatly engraved, an offering of her love :
 For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
 Awake alike to duty and the dead.
 She would have grieved had they presumed to spare
 The least assistance—'twas her proper care.
 Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
 Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit ;
 But if observer pass, will take her round,
 And careless seem, for she would not be found ;
 Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
 While visions please her, and while woes destroy.

An English Fen—Gipsies.—From 'Tales'—Lover's Journey.

On either side
 Is, evel fen, a prospect wild and wide,
 With dikes on either hand by ocean's self supplied :
 Far on the right the distant sea is seen.
 And salt the springs that feed the marsh between :
 Beneath an ancient bridge, the straitened flood
 Rolls through its sloping banks of slimy mud ;
 Near it a sunken boat resists the tide,
 That frets and hurries to the opposing side ;
 The rushes sharp that on the borders grow,
 Bend their brown flowerets to the stream below,
 Impure in all its course, in all its progress slow :
 Here a grave Flora scarcely deigns to bloom,
 Nor wears a rosy blush, nor sheds perfume ;
 The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread,
 Partake the nature of their fenmy bed.
 Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom
 Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume ;
 Here the dwarf sallows creep, the septfoil harsh,
 And the soft slimy mallow of the marsh ;
 Low on the ear the distant billows sound,
 And just in view appears their stony bound ;
 Nor hedge nor tree conceals the glowing sun ;
 Birds, save a watery tribe, the district shun ;
 Nor chirp among the reeds where bitter waters run.
 Again, the country was inclosed, a wide
 And sandy road has banks on either side ;
 Where, lo ! a hollow on the left appeared,
 And there a gipsy tribe their tent had reared ;
 'Twas open spread to catch the morning sun,
 And they had now their early meal begun,
 When two brown boys just left their grassy seat,
 The early traveller with their prayers to greet.
 While yet Orlando held his pence in hand,
 He saw their sister on her duty stand ;
 Some twelve years old, demure, affected, sly,
 Prepared the force of early powers to try ;
 Sudden a look of languor he descries,
 And well-feigned apprehension in her eyes ;
 Trained, but yet savage, in her speaking face
 He marked the features of her agrant race,
 When a light laugh and roguish leer expressed
 The vice implanted in her youthful breast.
 Forth from the tent her elder brother came,
 Who seemed offended, yet forbore to blame
 The young designer, but could only trace
 The looks of pity in the traveller's face.

Within, the father, who from fences nigh,
 Had brought the fuel for the fire's supply,
 Watched now the feeble blaze, and stood dejected by;
 On ragged rug, just borrowed from the bed,
 And by the hand of coarse indulgence fed,
 In dirty patchwork negligently dressed,
 Reclined the wife, an infant at her breast;
 In her wild face some touch of grace remained,
 Of vigour palsied, and of beauty stained;
 Her bloodshot eyes on her unheeding mate
 Were wrathful turned, and seemed her wants to state,
 Cursing his tardy aid. Her mother there
 With gipsy state engrossed the only chair;
 Solemn and dull her look; with such she stands,
 And reads the milkmaid's fortune in her hands,
 Tracing the lines of life; assumed through years,
 Each feature now the steady falsehood wears;
 With hard and savage eye she views the food,
 And grudging pinches their intruding brood.
 Last in the group, the worn-out grandsire sits
 Neglected, lost, and living but by fits:
 Useless, despised, his worthless labours done,
 And half protected by the vicious son,
 Who half supports him, he with heavy glance
 Views the young ruffians who around him dance,
 And, by the sadness in his face, appears
 To trace the progress of their future years;
 Through what strange course of misery, vice, deceit,
 Must wildly wander each unpractised cheat;
 What shame and grief, what punishment and pain,
 Sport of fierce passions, must each child sustain,
 Ere they like him approach their latter end,
 Without a hope, a comfort, or a friend!

Gradual Approaches of Age.—From 'Tales of the Hall.'

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,
 When time began to play his usual tricks;
 The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
 Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching white;
 The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
 And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
 I rode or walked as I was wont before,
 But now the bounding spirit was no more;
 A moderate pace would now my body heat;
 A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
 I shewed my stranger guest those hills sublime,
 But said: 'The view is poor; we need not climb.'
 At a friend's mansion I began to dread
 The cold neat parlour and the gay glazed bed:
 At home I felt a more decided taste,
 And must have all things in my order placed.
 I ceased to hunt; my horses pleased me less—
 My dinner more; I learned to play at chess.
 I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
 Was disappointed that I did not shoot.
 My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
 And blessed the shower that gave me not to choose
 In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;
 The active arm, the agile hand, were gone;
 Small daily actions into habits grew,
 And new dislikes to forms and fashions new.

I loved my trees in order to dispose ;
 I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose ;
 Told the same story oft—in short, began to prose.

Song of the Crazy Maiden.—From the same.

Let me not have this gloomy view
 About my room, about my bed ;
 But morning roses, wet with dew,
 To cool my burning brow instead ;
 As flowers that once in Eden grew,
 Let them their fragrant spirits shed,
 And every day their sweets renew,
 Till I, a fading flower, am dead.

O let the herbs I loved to rear
 Give to my sense their perfumed
 breath !
 Let them be placed about my bier,
 And grace the gloomy house of death.
 I'll have my grave beneath a hill,
 Where only Lucy's self shall know,
 Where runs the pure pellucid rill
 Upon its gravely bed below ;
 There violets on the borders blow,
 And insects their soft light display,
 Till, as the morning sunbeams glow,
 The cold phosphoric fires decay.

That is the grave to Lucy shewn ;
 The soil a pure and silver sand ;
 The green cold moss above it grown,
 Unplucked of all but maiden hand.
 In virgin earth, till then unturned,
 There let my maiden form be laid ;
 Nor let my changed clay be spurned,
 Nor for new guest that bed be made.

There will the lark, the lamb, in sport,
 In air, on earth, securely play ;

'And Lucy to my grave resort,
 As innocent, but not so gay.
 I will not have the churchyard ground
 With bones all black and ugly grown,
 To press my shivering body round,
 Or on my wasted limbs be thrown.

With ribs and skulls I will not sleep,
 In clammy beds of cold blue clay,
 Through which the ringed earth-worms
 creep,
 And on the shrouded bosom prey.
 I will not have the bell proclaim
 When those sad marriage rites begin,
 And boys, without regard or shame,
 Press the vile mouldering masses in.

Say not, it is beneath my care—
 I cannot these cold truths allow ;
 These thoughts may not afflict me there,
 But oh ! they vex and tease me now !
 Raise not a turf, nor set a stone,
 That man a maiden's grave may trace,
 But thou, my Lucy, come alone,
 And let affection find the place.

Oh ! take me from a world I hate,
 Men cruel, selfish, sensual, cold ;
 And, in some pure and blessed state,
 Let me my sister minds behold :
 From gross and sordid views refined,
 Our heaven of spotless love to share,
 For only generous souls designed,
 And not a man to meet us there.

Sketches of Autumn.—From the same.

It was a fair and mild autumnal sky,
 And earth's ripe treasures met the admiring eye,
 As a rich beauty when the bloom is lost,
 Appears with more magnificence and cost :
 The wet and heavy grass, where feet had strayed,
 Not yet erect, the wanderer's way betrayed ;
 Showers of the night had swelled the deepening rill,
 The morning breeze had urged the quickening mill ;
 Assembled rooks had winged their seaward flight,
 By the same passage to return at night,
 While proudly o'er them hung the steady kite,
 Then turned them back, and left the noisy throng,
 Nor deigned to know them as he sailed along.
 Long yellow leaves, from osiers, strewn around,
 Choked the dull stream, and hushed its feeble sound,
 While the dead foliage dropt from loftier trees,
 Our squire beheld not with his wonted ease ;
 But to his own reflections made reply,
 And said aloud : ' Yes ; doubtless we must die !'

'We must,' said Richard; 'and we would not live
To feel what dotage and decay will give;
But we yet taste whatever we behold;
The morn is lovely, though the air is cold:
There is delicious quiet in this scene,
At once so rich, so varied, so serene;
Sounds, too, delight us—each discordant tone
Thus mingled please, that fail to please alone;
This hollow wind, this rustling of the brook,
The farm-yard noise, the woodman at yon oak—
See, the axe falls!—now listen to the stroke:
That gun itself, that murders all this peace,
Adds to the charm, because it soon must cease.'

Cold grew the to-day morn, the day was brief,
Loose on the cherry hung the crimson leaf:
The dew dwelt ever on the herb; the woods
Roared with strong blasts, with mighty showers the floods:
All green was vanished save of pine and yew,
That still displayed their melancholy hue;
Save the green holly with its berries red,
And the green moss that o'er the gravel spread.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

There is a poetry of taste as well as of the passions, which can only be relished by the intellectual classes, but is capable of imparting exquisite pleasure to those who have the key to its hidden mysteries. It is somewhat akin to that delicate appreciation of the fine arts, or of music, which in some men amount to almost a new sense. SAMUEL ROGERS, author of the 'Pleasures of Memory,' was a votary of this school of refinement. We have everywhere in his works a classic and graceful beauty; no slovenly or obscure lines; fine cabinet pictures of soft and mellow lustre; and occasionally trains of thought and association that awaken or recall tender and heroic feelings. His diction is clear and polished—finished with great care and scrupulous nicety. On the other hand, it must be admitted that he has no forcible or original invention, no deep pathos that thrills the soul, and no kindling energy that fires the imagination. In his shadowy poem of 'Columbus,' he seems often to verge on the sublime, but does not attain it. His late works are his best. Parts of 'Human Life' possess deeper feeling than are to be found in the 'Pleasures of Memory;' and in the easy half-conversational sketches of his 'Italy,' there are delightful glimpses of Italian life, and scenery, and old traditions. The poet was an accomplished traveller, a lover of the fair and good, and a worshipper of the classic glories of the past. Samuel Rogers was born at Stoke Newington, one of the suburbs of London, on the 30th July 1763. His father was a banker in the City, and the poet, after a careful private education, was introduced into the banking establishment, of which he continued a partner up to the time of his death. He appeared as an author in 1786, the same year that witnessed the advent of Burns. The introduction of Rogers was a thin quarto of a few pages, an 'Ode to

superstition, with some other Poems.' In 1792, he produced the 'Pleasures of Memory;' in 1798, his 'Epistle to a Friend, with other Poems;' in 1812, 'Columbus;' and in 1814, 'Jacqueline,' a tale, published in conjunction with Byron's 'Lara.'—

Like morning brought by night.

In 1819, appeared 'Human Life,' and in 1822, the first part of 'Italy,' a descriptive poem in blank verse. Rogers was a careful and fastidious writer. In his 'Table Talk,' published by Mr. Dyce, the poet is represented as saying: 'I was engaged on the "Pleasures of Memory" for nine years; on "Human Life" for nearly the same space of time; and "Italy" was not completed in less than sixteen years.' The collected works of Mr. Rogers have been published in various forms—one of them containing vignette engravings from designs by Stothard and Turner, and forming no inconsiderable trophy of British art. The poet was enabled to cultivate his favourite tastes, to enrich his house in St. James's Place with some of the finest and rarest pictures, busts, books, gems, and other articles of virtue, and to entertain his friends with a generous and unostentatious hospitality. His conversation was rich and various, abounding in critical remarks, shrewd observation, and personal anecdote. It is gratifying to add that his bounty soothed and relieved the death-bed of Sheridan, and was exerted to a large extent annually in behalf of suffering or unfriended talent. 'Genius languishing for want of patronage,' says Mr. Dyce, 'was sure to find in Mr. Rogers a generous patron. His purse was ever open to the distressed: of the prompt assistance which he rendered in the hour of need to various well-known individuals, there is ample record; but of his many acts of kindness and charity to the wholly obscure, there is no memorial—at least on earth. The taste of Mr. Rogers had been cultivated to the utmost refinement; and, till the failure of his mental powers, a short time previous to his death, he retained that love of the beautiful which was in him a passion: when more than ninety, and a close prisoner to his chair, he still delighted to watch the changing colours of the evening sky—to repeat passages of his favourite poets, or to dwell on the merits of the great painters whose works adorned his walls. By slow decay, and without any suffering, he died in St. James's Place, 18th December 1855.' The poet bequeathed three of his pictures—a Titian, a Guido, and a Giorgione—to the National Gallery. The Titian he considered the most valuable in his possession. It had been in the Orleans Gallery, and when that princely collection was broken up, it was sold for four hundred guineas. Mr. Rogers, however, gave more than double that sum for it in 1828.

It was as a man of taste and letters, as a patron of artists and authors, and as the friend of almost every illustrious man that has graced our annals for the last half-century and more, that Mr. Rogers chiefly engaged the public attention. At his celebrated breakfast-parties,

persons of almost all classes and pursuits were found. He made the morning meal famous as a literary rallying-point; and during the London season there was scarcely a day in which from four to six persons were not assembled at the hospitable board in St. James's Place. There, discussion as to books or pictures, anecdotes of the great of old, some racy saying of Sheridan, Erskine, or Horne Tooke, some social trait of Fox, some apt quotation or fine passage read aloud, some incident of foreign travel recounted—all flowed on without restraint, and charmed the hours till mid-day. A certain quaint shrewdness and sarcasm, though rarely taking an offensive form, also characterized Rogers's conversation. Many of his sayings circulated in society and got into print. Some one said that Gally Knight was getting deaf: 'It is from want of practice,' remarked Rogers, Mr. Knight being a great speaker and bad listener. The late Lord Dudley (Ward) had been free in his criticisms on the poet, who retaliated with that epigrammatic couplet, which has never been surpassed—

Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it;
He *has* a heart—he gets his speeches by it.

The poet, it is said, on one occasion tried to extort a confession from his neighbour, Sir Philip Francis, that he was the author of Junius, but Francis gave a surly rebuff, and Rogers remarked that if he was not 'Junius,' he was at least 'Brutus.' We may remark that the poet's recipe for long life was, 'temperance, the bath and flesh brush, and don't fret.' The felicity of his own lot he has thus gracefully alluded to:

Nature denied him much,
But gave him at his birth what most he values:
A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting,
For poetry, the language of the gods,
For all things here, or grand or beautiful,
A setting sun, a lake among the mountains,
The light of an ingenious countenance,
And, what transcends them all, a noble action.
Italy.

From the 'Pleasures of Memory.'

Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village green,
With magic tints to harmonise the scene.
Still is the hum that through the hamlet broke,
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols closed the busy day.
Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
With treasured tales and legendary lore.
All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!
What secret charms this silent spot endear?
Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,
Whose hollow turret woo's the whistling breeze.
That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.

The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
 Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
 When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
 And the heart promised what the fancy drew. . . .
 Childhood's loved group revisits every scene,
 The tangled wood-walk and the tufted green!
 Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live!
 Clothed with far softer hues than light can give.
 Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below,
 To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know;
 Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
 When nature fades and life forgets to charm;
 Thee would the Muse invoke!—to thee belong
 The sage's precept and the poet's song.
 What softened views thy magic glass reveals,
 When o'er the landscape Time's neck twilight steals!
 As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
 Long on the wave reflected lustres play;
 Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned,
 Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.
 The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
 Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
 Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
 Quickening my truant feet across the lawn;
 Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air
 When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
 Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
 Some little friendship formed and cherished here;
 And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
 With golden visions and romantic dreams.
 Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed
 The gipsy's fagot—there we stood and gazed;
 Gazed on her sunburnt face with silent awe,
 Her tattered mantle and her hood of straw;
 Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;
 The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
 Imps in the barn with mousing owlets bred,
 From riled roost at nightly revel fed;
 Whose dark eyes flashed through lock of blackest shade,
 When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bayed:
 And heroes fled the Sibyl's muttered call,
 Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard wall.
 As o'er my palm the silver pence she drew,
 And traced the line of life with searching view,
 How throbbed my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
 To learn the colour of my future years!
 Ah, then, what honest triumph flushed my breast;
 This truth once known—to bless is to be blest!
 We led the bonding beggar on his way—
 Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray—
 Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
 And on his tale with mute attention dwelt;
 As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
 And sighed to think that little was no more,
 He breathed his prayer, 'Long may such goodness live!'
 'Twas all he gave—'twas all he had to give. . . .
 The adventurous boy that asks his little share,
 And hies from home with many a gossip's prayer,
 Turns on the neighbouring hill, once more to see
 The dear abode of peace and privacy;
 And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
 The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,

The village-common spotted white with sheep,
The churchyard yews round which his fathers sleep;
All rouse Reflection's sadly pleasing train,
And oft he looks and weeps and looks again.

So, when the mild Tupia dared explore
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,
And, with the sons of Science, wooed the gale
That, rising, swelled their strange expanse of sail;
So, when he breathed his firm yet fond adieu,
Borne from his leafy hut, his carved canoe,
And all his soul best loved—such tears he shed,
While each soft scene of summer-beauty fled,
Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,
Long watched the streaming signal from the mast;
Till twilight's dewy tints deceived his eye,
And fairy forests fringed the evening sky.

So Scotia's queen, as slowly dawned the day,
Rose on her couch; and gazed her soul away.
Her eyes had blessed the beacon's glimmering height,
That faintly tipped the feathery surge with light:
But now the morn with orient hues portrayed
Each castled cliff and brown monastic shade:
All touched the talisman's resistless spring,
And lo, what busy tribes were instant on the wing!

Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,
As summer-clouds flash forth electric fire.
And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth,
Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.
Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the patriot's sigh;
This makes him wish to live, and dare to die.
For this young Foscari, whose hapless fate
Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate,
When exile wore his blooming years away,
To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey,
When reason, justice, vainly urged his cause,
For this he roused her sanguinary laws;
Glad to return, though hope could grant no more,
And chains and torture hailed him to the shore

And hence the charm historic scenes impart
Hence: Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.
Aerial forms in Temple's classic vale
Glance through the gloom and whisper in the gale;
In wild Vaucluse with love and Laura dwell,
And watch and weep in Eloisa's cell.

'Twas ever thus. Young Ammon, when he sought
Where Ilum stood, and where Pelides fought,
Sat at the helm himself. No meaner hand
Steered through the waves, and when he struck the land,
Such in his soul the ardour to explore,
Pelides-like, he leaped the first ashore.

'Twas ever thus. As now at Virgil's tomb
We bless the shade, and bid the verdure bloom:
So Tully paused, amid the wrecks of Time,
On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime:
When at his feet in honoured dust disclosed
The immortal sage of Syracuse reposed.
And as he long in sweet delusion hung
Where once a Plato taught, a Pindar sung;
Who now but meets him musing, when he roves
His ruined Tusculan's romantic groves?
In Rome's great Forum, who but hears him roll
His moral thunders o'er the subject soul?

Hail, Memory, hail ! in thy exhaustless mine
 From age to age unnumbered treasures shine !
 Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
 And Place and Time are subject to thy sway !
 Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone ;
 The only pleasures we can call our own.
 Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky ;
 If but a beam of sober Reason play,
 Lo, Fancy's fiery frost-work melts away !
 But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
 Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour ?
 These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
 Pour round her path a stream of living light ;
 And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
 Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest !

From 'Human Life.'

The lark has sung his carol in the sky,
 The bees have hummed their noontide lullaby ;
 Still in the vale the village bells ring round,
 Still in Llewellyn hall the jests resound ;
 For now the candle-cup is circling there,
 Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
 And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
 The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.
 A few short years, and then these sounds shall hail
 The day again, and gladness fill the vale ;
 So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
 Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
 Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin ;
 The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine ;
 And basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
 'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
 The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
 'Twas on her knees he sat so oft and smiled.'
 And soon again shall music swell the breeze ;
 Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
 Vestures of nuptial white ; and hymns be sung,
 And violets scattered round ; and old and young,
 In every cottage-porch with garlands green,
 Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene.
 While, her dark eyes declining, by his side,
 Moves in her virgin veil the gentle bride.
 And once, alas ! nor in a distant hour,
 Another voice shall come from yonder tower ;
 When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen
 And weeping heard where only joy has been ;
 When, by his children borne, and from his door,
 Slowly departing to return no more,
 He rests in holy earth with them that went before.
 And such is human life ; so gliding on,
 It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone !
 Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
 As full, methinks, of wild and wondrous change,
 As any that the wandering tribes require,
 Stretched in the desert round their evening fire ;
 As any sung of old, in hall or bower,
 To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching hour !
 The day arrives, the moment wished and feared ;
 The child is born, by many a pang endeared,

And now the mother's ear has caught his cry ;
 O grant the cherub to her asking eye !
 He comes—she clasps him. To her bosom pressed,
 He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest.
 Her by her smile how soon the stranger knows !
 How soon by his the glad discovery shews !
 As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
 What answering looks of sympathy and joy !
 He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word
 His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.
 And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
 When rosy Sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
 Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung
 (That name most dear forever on his tongue),
 As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
 And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,
 How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
 Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart.
 Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
 And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love !

Ginevra.—From 'Italy.'

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
 To Modena, where still religiously
 Among her ancient trophies is preserved
 Bologna's bucket—in its chain it hangs
 Within that reverend tower, the Guirandine—
 Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
 Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
 Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
 And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
 Will long detain thee ; through their arched walks,
 Dim at noonday, discovering many a glimpse
 Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
 And lovers, such as in heroic song ;
 Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
 That in the spring-time as alone they sat,
 Venturing together on a tale of love,
 Read only part that day. A summer sun,
 Sets ere one-half is seen ; but, ere thou go,
 Enter the house—prithce, forget it not—
 And look awhile upon a picture there.
 'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
 The very last of that illustrious race,
 Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
 He who observes it, ere he passes on,
 Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
 That he may call it up, when far away.
 She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
 Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
 As though she said 'Beware !' Her vest of gold
 Brodered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
 An emerald-stone in every golden clasp ;
 And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
 A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
 So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
 The overflowings of an innocent heart—
 It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
 Like some wild melody !

Alone it hangs
 Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,

An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,
 But richly carved by Antony of Trent
 With Scripture-stories from the life of Christ;
 A chest that came from Venice, and had held
 The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
 That by the way—it may be true or false—
 But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,
 When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.
 She was an only child; from infancy
 The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.
 Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
 That precious gift, what else remained to him?
 The young Ginevra was his all in life,
 Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;
 And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
 Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
 Her playmate from her birth, and her first love,
 Just as she looks there in her bridal-dress,
 She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
 Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
 But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
 Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
 The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
 And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
 Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.
 Great was the joy; but at the bridal-feast,
 When all sat down, the bride was wanting there.
 Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
 'Tis but to make a trial of our love!
 And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
 And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
 'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
 Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
 Her ivory-tooth imprinted on his finger.
 But now, alas! she was not to be found;
 Nor from that hour could anything be guessed
 But she was not! Weary of his life,
 Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
 Orsini lived: and long mightst thou have seen
 An old man wandering as in quest of something,
 Something he could not find—he knew not what.
 When he was gone, the house remained a while
 Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.
 Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
 When on an idle day, a day of search
 'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
 That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
 By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
 'Why not remove it from its lurking-place?'
 'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
 It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
 With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
 A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold!
 All else had perished—save a nuptial-ring,
 And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
 Engraven with a name, the name of both,
 'Ginevra.' There then had she found a grave!
 Within that chest had she concealed herself,
 Fluttering with joy the happiest of the happy;
 When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there,
 Fastened her down for ever!

An Italian Song.

Dear is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs
there;

Close by my cot she tells her tale

To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours

With my loved lute's romantic sound,
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade.
These simple joys that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

Written in the Highlands of Scotland—1812.

Blue was the loch, the clouds were gone,
Ben Lomond in his glory shone,
When, Luss, I left thee; when the breeze
Bore me from thy silver sands,
Thy kirkyard wall among the trees,
Where, gray with age, the dial stands;
That dial so well known to me!
Though many a shadow it had shed,
Beloved sister, since with thee
The legend on the stone was read:

The fairy isles fled far away;
That with its woods and uplands green,
Where shepherd-huts are dimly-seen,
And songs are heard at close of day;
That too, the deer's wild covert fled,
And that, the asylum of the dead:
While as the boat went merrily,
Much of Rob Roy the boatman told;
His arm that fell below his knee.
His cattle ford and mountain hold.

Tarbet. (1) thy shore I climbed at last;
And, thy shady region past;
Upon another shore I stood,
And looked upon another flood; (2)
Great Ocean's self! ('Tis he who fills
That vast and awful depth of hills);
Where many an elf was playing round,
Who treads unshod his classic ground;
And speaks, his native rocks among,
As Fingal spoke, and Ossian sung.

Night fell, and dark and darker grew

That narrow sea, that narrow sky,
As o'er the glimmering waves we flew,
The sea-bird rustling, wailing by.
And how the grampus, half-descried,
Black and huge above the tide;
The cliffs and promontories there,
Front to front, and broad and bare;
Each beyond each, with giant feet
Advancing as in haste to meet;
The shattered fortress, where the Dane
Blew his shrill blast, nor rushed in vain,
Tyrant of the drear domain;
All into midnight shadow sweep,
When day springs upward from the deep!
Kindling the waters in its flight,
The prow wakes splendour, and the oar,
That rose and fell unseen before,
Flashes in a sea of light;
Glad sign and sure, for now we hail
Thy flowers, Glenfunart, in the gale;
And bright indeed the path should be,
That leads to friendship and to thee!
O blest retreat, and sacred too!
Sacred as when the bell of prayer
Tolled duly on the desert air,
And crosses decked thy summits ble,
Oft like some loved romantic tale,
Oft shall my weary mind recall,
Amid the hum and stir of men,
Thy beechen grove and water-fall,
Thy ferry with its gliding sail,
And hery—the Lady of the glen!

Pestum. (3)—From 'Italy.'

They stand between the mountains and the sea,
Awful memorials, but of whom we know not.
The seaman passing, gazes from the deck,
The buffalo-driver, in his shaggy cloak,
Points to the work of magic, and moves on.
Time was they stood along the crowded street,
Temples of gods, and on their ample steps

¹ Signifying, in the Gaelic language, an isthmus.

² Loch Long.

³ The temples of Pestum are three in number, and have survived, nearly nine centuries, the total destruction of the city. Tradition is silent concerning them, but they must have existed now between two and three thousand years.

What various habits, various tongues beset
 The brazen gates for prayer and sacrifice!
 Time was perhaps the third was sought for justice;
 And here the accuser stood, and there the accused,
 And here the judges sat, and heard, and judged.
 All silent now, as in the ages past,
 Trodden under foot, and mingled dust with dust.

How many centuries did the sun go round
 From Mount Alburnus to the Tyrrhene sea,
 While, by some spell rendered invisible,
 Or, if approached, approached by him alone
 Who saw as though he saw not, they remained
 As in the darkness of a sepulchre.
 Waiting the appointed time! All, all within
 Proclaims that nature had resumed her right;
 And taken to herself what man renounced;
 No cornice, triglyph, or worn abacus,
 But with thick ivy hung, or branching fern,
 Their iron-brown o'erspread with brightest verdure!
 From my youth upward have I longed to tread
 This classic ground; and am I here at last?
 Wandering at will through the long porticoes,
 And catching, as through some majestic grove,
 Now the blue ocean, and now, chaos-like,
 Mountains and mountain-gulfs, and, half-way up,
 Towns like the living rock from which they grew?
 A broudy region, black and desolate,
 Where once a slave withstood a world of arms.

The air is sweet with violets, running wild
 Mid broken friezes and fallen capitals;
 Sweet as when Tully, writing down his thoughts,
 Those thoughts so precious and so lately lost—
 Turning to thee, divine philosophy,
 Ever at hand to calm his troubled soul—
 Sailed slowly by, two thousand years ago,
 For Athens; when a ship, if north-east winds
 Blew from the Peestan gardens, slackened her course.

On as he moved along the level shore.
 These temples, in their splendour eminent
 Mid arcs and obelisks, and domes and towers,
 Reflecting back the radiance of the west,
 Well might he dream of glory! Now, coiled up,
 The serpent sleeps within them; the she-wolf
 Suckles her young; and as alone I stand
 In this, the nobler pile, the elements
 Of earth and air its only floor and covering,
 How solemn is the stillness! Nothing stirs
 Save the shrill-voiced cicada flitting round
 On the rough pediment to sit and sing;
 Or the green lizard ru-ling through the grass,
 And up the fluted shaft with short quick spring,
 To vanish in the chinks that time has made.

In such an hour as this, the sun's broad disk
 Seen at his setting, and a flood of light
 Filling the courts of these old sanctuaries—
 Gigantic shadows, broken and confused,
 Athwart the innumerable columns flung—
 In such an hour he came, who saw and told,
 Led by the mighty genius of the place. (1)

*They are said to have been discovered by accident about the middle of the last
 century.*

Walls of some capital city first appeared,
 Half razed, half sunk, or scattered as in scorn,
 And what within them? What but in the midst,
 These three in more than their original grandeur,
 And, round about, no stone upon another?
 As if the spoiler had fallen back in fear,
 And, turning left them to the elements.

On a Tear.

O that the chemist's magic art
 Could crystallise this sacred treasure,
 Long should it glitter near my heart,
 A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
 Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
 Then, trembling, left its coral cell—
 The spring of Sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light,
 In thee the rays of Virtue shine;
 More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
 Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul,
 Who ever fliest to bring relief,
 When first we feel the rude control
 Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
 In every clime, in every age:
 Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
 In Reason's philosophic page.

The very law which moulds a tear,
 And bids it trickle from its source,
 That law preserves the earth a sphere,
 And guides the planets in their course.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

An artist-poet of rare but wild and wayward genius—touched with a 'fine poetic madness'—appeared in WILLIAM BLAKE (1757–1827), whose life has been written with admirable taste and feeling by Allan Cunningham ('Lives of British Painters,' 1830), and in a more copious form by Alexander Gilchrist (1863). Blake was a native of London, son of a hosier. He was apprenticed to an engraver, but devoted all his leisure to drawing (in which he had occasional instruction from Flaxman and Fuseli), and in composing verses. Between his twelfth and twentieth years he produced a variety of songs, ballads, and a dramatic poem. A collection of these was printed at the cost of Flaxman and a gentleman named Matthews, who presented the sheets to their author to dispose of for his own advantage. In 1789 Blake himself published a series of 'Songs of Innocence,' with a great number of illustrations etched on copper by the poet and his wife—the affectionate, 'dark-eyed Kate.' His wife, we are told, worked off the plates in the press, and Blake tinted the impressions, designs, and letter-press with a variety of pleasing colours. His next work was a series of sixteen small designs, entitled, 'The Gates of Paradise' (1793); these were followed by 'Urizen,' or twenty-seven designs representing hell and its mysteries; and shortly afterwards by a series of illustrations of Young's 'Night Thoughts'—a congenial theme. Flaxman introduced Blake to Hayley the poet, and Hayley persuaded the artist to remove to Felpham in Sussex, to make engravings for the 'Life of Cowper.'

At Felpham Blake resided three years (1800–3), and in the comparative solitude of the country, in lonely musings by the sea-shore, indulged in those hallucinations which indicated a state of diseased

imagination or chronic insanity. He conceived that he had lived in other days, and had formed friendships with Homer and Moses, with Pindar and Virgil, with Dante and Milton. These great men, he asserted, appeared to him in visions, and even entered into conversation. When asked about the looks of those visions, he answered: 'They are all majestic shadows, gray but luminous, and superior to the common height of men' (Cunningham). Blake laboured indefatigably, but with little worldly gain, at his strange fanciful illustrations. A work entitled 'Jerusalem' comprised a hundred designs; he executed twelve designs for Blair's 'Grave,' and a water-colour painting of the Canterbury Pilgrims, which was exhibited with other productions of the artist. These were explained in a 'Descriptive Catalogue' as eccentric as the designs, but which had a criticism on Chaucer admired by Charles Lamb as displaying 'wonderful power and spirit.' Lamb also considered Blake's little poem on the tiger as 'glorious.' The remaining works of the artist were 'Twenty-one Illustrations to the Book of Job,' and two works of 'Prophecies' (1793-4), one on America in eighteen plates, and the other on Europe in seventeen: he also illustrated Dante, but only seven of his illustrations were engraved. Three days before his death he was working on one of his prophetic works, the 'Ancient of Days.' 'He sat bolstered up in bed, and tinted it with his choicest colours, and in his happiest style. He touched and retouched it—held it at arm's length, and then threw it from him, exclaiming: "There! that will do! I cannot mend it." He saw his wife in tears—she felt this was to be the last of his works—"Stay, Kate!" cried Blake; "keep just as you are—I will draw your portrait—for you have ever been an angel to me." She obeyed, and the dying artist made it a fine likeness.' The poems of Blake have been frequently printed—at least in part—and his designs are now eagerly sought after.

To the Muses.—From 'Poetical Sketches.'

Whether on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the Sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air,
Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove
Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove,
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry;

How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoyed in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few!

Song.—From the Same.

I love the jocund dance,
The softly breathing song,
Where innocent eyes do glance
And where lips the maiden's tongue.

*I love the laughing vale,
I love the echoing hill,*

Where mirth does never fail,
And the jolly swain laughs his fill.

I love the pleasant cot,
I love the innocent bower,
Where white and brown is our lot,
Or fruit in the mid-day hour.

I love the oaken seat,
Beneath the oaken tree,
Where all the old villagers meet,
And laugh our sports to see.

I love our neighbours all,
But, Kitty, I better love thee;
And love them I ever shall,
But thou art all to me.

Introduction to 'Songs of Innocence' (1789).

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

'Pipe a song about a lamb:'
So I piped with merry cheer.
'Piper, pipe that song again:'
So I piped; he wept to hear.

'Piper, sit thee down and write,
In a book that all may read'—
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer:'

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

The Lamb.—From the same.

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life and bid thee feed;
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice:
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a lamb:
He is meek, and he is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little lamb, God bless thee,
Little lamb, God bless thee.

The Tiger.—From 'Songs of Experience' (1794).

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize thy fire?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, the most original of modern poets, was a native of Cocker-mouth, in the county of Cumberland, where he was born on the 7th of April 1770. His father was law-agent to Sir James Lowther, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale, but died when the poet was in his seventh year. William and his brother—Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, long master of Trinity College—after being some years at Hawkshead School, in Lancashire, were sent by their uncles to the university of Cambridge. William was entered of St. John's in 1787. Having finished his academical course, and taken his de-

gree, he travelled for a short time. In the autumn of 1790, he accomplished a tour on the continent in company with a fellow-student, Mr. Robert Jones. 'We went staff in hand,' he said, 'without knapsacks, and carrying each his needments tied up in a pocket handkerchief, with about £20 apiece in our pockets.' With this friend, Wordsworth made a tour in North Wales the following year, after taking his degree in college. He was again in France towards the close of the year 1791, and remained in that country about a twelvemonth. He had hailed the French Revolution with feelings of enthusiastic admiration.

*Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven.*

Few poets escaped the contagion. Burns, Coleridge, Southey, and Campbell all felt the flame, and looked for a new era of liberty and happiness. It was long ere Wordsworth abandoned his political theory. His friends were desirous he should enter the church, but his republican sentiments and the unsettled state of his mind rendered him averse to such a step. To the profession of the law he was equally opposed. Poetry was to be the sole business of his life. A young friend, Raisley Calvert, dying in 1795, left him a sum of £900. 'Upon the interest of the £900,' he says, '£400 being laid out in annuity, with £200 deducted from the principal, and £100, a legacy to my sister, and £100 more which the 'Lyrical Ballads' brought me, my sister and I contrived to live seven years, nearly eight.' A further sum of about £1000 came to him as part of the estate of his father, who died intestate; and with this small competence, Wordsworth devoted himself to study and seclusion. He first appeared as a poet in his twenty-third year, 1793. The title of his work was 'Descriptive Sketches,' which was followed the same year by the 'Evening Walk.' The walk is among the mountains of Westmoreland; the sketches refer to a tour made in Switzerland by the poet and his friend Jones. The poetry is of the style of Goldsmith; but description predominates over reflection. The enthusiastic dreams of liberty which then buoyed up the young poet, appear in such lines as the following:

O give, great God, to freedom's waves to ride
Sublime o'er conquest, avarice, and pride;
To sweep where pleasure decks her guilty bowers,
And dark oppression builds her thick-ribbed towers;
Give them, beneath their breast, while gladness springs,
To brood the nations o'er with Nile-like wings;
And grant that every sceptred child of clay
Who cries, presumptuous, 'Here their tide shall stay,'
Swept in their anger from the affrighted shore,
With all his creatures, sink to rise no more!

In the autumn of 1795, Wordsworth and his sister were settled at Racedown Lodge, near Crewkerne in Somersetshire, where they were visited in the summer of 1797 by Coleridge. The poet

were charmed with each other's society, and became friends for life. Wordsworth and his sister next moved to a residence near Coleridge's, at Alfoxen, near Nether Stowey. At this place many of his smaller poems were written, and also a tragedy, the 'Borderers,' which he attempted to get acted at Covent Garden Theatre, but it was rejected. In 1797, appeared the 'Lyrical Ballads,' to which Coleridge contributed his 'Ancient Mariner.' A generous provincial bookseller, Joseph Cottle of Bristol, gave thirty guineas for the copyright of this volume; he ventured on an impression of five hundred copies, but was soon glad to dispose of the largest proportion of the five hundred at a loss, to a London bookseller. The ballads were designed by their author as an experiment how far a simpler kind of poetry than that in use would afford permanent interest to readers. The humblest subjects, he contended, were fit for poetry, and the language should be that 'really used by men.' The fine fabric of poetic diction which generations of the tuneful tribe had been laboriously rearing, he proposed to destroy altogether. The language of humble and rustic life, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, he considered to be a more permanent and far more philosophical language than that which is frequently substituted for it by poets. The attempt of Wordsworth was either totally neglected or assailed with ridicule. The transition from the refined and sentimental school of verse, with select and polished diction, to such themes as 'The Idiot Boy,' and a style of composition disfigured by colloquial plainness, and by the mixture of ludicrous images and associations with passages of tenderness and pathos, was too violent to escape ridicule or insure general success. It was often impossible to tell whether the poet meant to be comic or tender, serious or ludicrous; while the choice of his subjects and illustrations, instead of being regarded as genuine simplicity, had an appearance of silliness or affectation. The faults of his worse ballads were so glaring, that they overpowered, at least for a time, the simple natural beauties, the spirit of gentleness and humanity, with which they were accompanied. It was a first experiment, and it was made without any regard for existing prejudices or feelings, or any wish to conciliate.

In 1798, Wordsworth, his sister, and Coleridge went to Germany, the latter parting from them at Hamburg, and going to Ratzeburg, where he resided four months; while the Wordsworths proceeded to Goslar, and remained there about half a year. On their return to England, they settled at Grasmere, in Westmoreland, where they lived for eight years. In 1800 he reprinted his 'Lyrical Ballads,' with the addition of many new pieces, the work now forming two volumes. In October 1802, the poet was married to Mary Hutchinson, a lady with whom he had been early intimate, and on whom he wrote, in the third year of his married life, the exquisite lines, 'She was a Phantom of Delight.'

*She came, no more a Phantom to adorn
A moment, but an inmate of the heart,
And yet a spirit there for me enshrined
To penetrate the lofty and the low :
Even as one essence of pervading light
Shines in the brightest of ten thousand stars,
And in the meek worm that feeds her lonely lamp
Couched in the dewy grass.**

The Prelude.

In 1803, accompanied by Coleridge and his sister, Wordsworth made a tour in Scotland, which forms an epoch in his literary history, as it led to the production of some of his most popular minor poems. He had been for some years engaged on a poem in blank verse, 'The Prelude, or Growth of my own Mind,' which he brought to a close in 1805, but it was not published till after his death. In 1805, also, he wrote his 'Waggoner,' not published till 1819. Since Pope, no poet has been more careful of his fame than Wordsworth, and he was enabled to practise this abstinence in publication, because, like Pope, he was content with moderate means and limited desires. His circumstances, however, were at this time so favourable, that he purchased, for £1000, a small cottage and estate at the head of Ulleswater. Lord Lonsdale generously offered £800 to complete this purchase, but the poet accepted only of a fourth of the sum. In 1807 appeared two volumes of 'Poems' from his pen. They were assailed with all the severity of criticism, but it was seen that, whatever might be the theory of the poet, he possessed a vein of pure and exalted description and meditation which it was impossible not to feel and admire. The influence of nature upon man was his favourite theme; and though sometimes unintelligible from his idealism, he was also, on other occasions, just and profound. His worship of nature was ennobling and impressive. In 1809 the poet struck out into a new path. He came forward as a political writer, with an Essay on the Convention of Cintra, an event to which he was strongly opposed. His prose was as unsuccessful as his poetry, so far as sale was concerned; but there are fine vigorous passages in this pamphlet, and Canning is said to have pronounced it the most eloquent production since the days of Burke. Wordsworth had now abandoned his republican dreams, and was henceforward conservative of all time-honoured institutions in church and state. His views were never servile—they were those of a recluse politician, honest but impracticable. In the Spring of 1813 occurred Wordsworth's removal from Grasmere to Rydal Mount, one of the grand events of his life; and there he resided for the long period of thirty-seven years—a period of cheerful and dignified poetical retirement—

* This respected lady died at Rydal Mount, January 17, 1859. For some years her powers of sight had entirely failed her, but she continued cheerful and 'bright,' and full of conversational power as in former days.

Long have I loved what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers;
The common growth of mother-earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower,
If I along that lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray,
And with a soul of power.

Prologue to 'Peter Bell.'

The circle of his admirers was gradually extending, and he continued to supply it with fresh materials of a higher order. In 1814 appeared 'The Excursion,' a philosophical poem in blank verse, by far the noblest production of the author, and containing passages of sentiment, description, and pure eloquence, not excelled by any living poet, while its spirit of enlightened humanity and Christian benevolence—extending over all ranks of sentiment and animated being—imparts to the poem a peculiarly sacred and elevated character. The influence of Wordsworth on the poetry of his age has thus been as beneficial as extensive. He turned the public taste from pompous inanity to the study of man and nature; he banished the false and exaggerated style of character and emotion which even the genius of Byron stooped to imitate; and he enlisted the sensibilities and sympathies of his intellectual brethren in favour of the most expansive and kindly philanthropy. The pleasures and graces of his muse are all simple, pure, and lasting. In working out the plan of his 'Excursion,' the poet has not, however, escaped from the errors of his early poems. The incongruity or want of keeping in the most of Wordsworth's productions is observable in this work. The principal character is a poor Scotch pedlar, who traverses the mountains in company with the poet, and is made to discourse, with clerk-like fluency,

Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and hope.

It is thus that the poet violates the conventional rules of poetry and the realities of life; for surely it is inconsistent with truth and probability that a profound moralist and dialectician should be found in such a situation. In his travels with the 'Wanderer,' the poet is introduced to a 'Solitary,' who lives secluded from the world, after a life of busy adventures and high hope, ending in disappointment and disgust. They all proceed to the house of the pastor, who—in the style of Crabbe's 'Parish Register'—recounts some of the deaths and mutations that had taken place in his sequestered valley; and with a description of a visit made by the three to a neighbouring lake, the poem concludes. 'The Excursion' is an unfinished work, part of a larger poem, 'The Recluse,' having for its principal object the *sensations and opinions* of a poet living in retirement. The narrative part of 'The Excursion' is a mere framework, rude and unskillful, for a series of pictures of mountain scenery and philosophical dissertations, tending to shew how the external world is adapted to the mind of man, and good educed out of evil and suffering.

Within the soul a faculty abides,
 That with interpositions, which would hide
 And darken, so can deal, that they become
 Contingencies of pomp, and serve to exalt
 Her native brightness. As the ample moon
 In the deep stillness of a summer even
 Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
 Burns like an unconsuming fire of light
 In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides,
 Their leafy umbrage turns the dusky veil
 Into a substance glorious as her own,
 Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
 Capacious and serene; like power abides
 In man's celestial spirit; virtue thus
 Sets forth and magnifies herself—thus feeds
 A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
 From the encumbrances of mortal life;
 From error, disappointment—nay, from guilt;
 And sometimes—so relenting justice wills—
 From palpable oppressions of despair.

Book IV.

In a still loftier style of moral observation on the changes of life,
 the 'gray-haired wanderer' exclaims:

So falls, so languishes, grows dim and dies,
 All that this world is proud of. From their spheres
 The stars of human glory are cast down;
 Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,
 Princes, and emperors, and the crowns and palms
 Of all the mighty, withered and consumed!
 Nor is power given to lowliest innocence
 Long to protect her own. The man himself
 Departs; and soon is spent the line of those
 Who, in the bodily image, in the mind,
 In heart or soul, in station or pursuit
 Did most resemble him. Degrees and ranks,
 Fraternities and orders—heaping high
 New wealth upon the burthen of the old,
 And placing trust in privilege confirmed
 And re-confirmed—are scoffed at with a smile
 Of greedy foretaste, from the secret stand
 Of desolation aimed; to slow decline
 These yield, and these to sudden overthrow;
 Their virtue, service, happiness, and state
 Expire; and Nature's pleasant robe of green,
 Humanity's appointed shroud, enwraps
 Their monuments and their memory.

Book VII.

The picturesque parts of 'The Excursion' are full of a quiet and
 tender beauty characteristic of the author. We subjoin two passages,
 the first descriptive of a peasant youth, the hero of his native vale.

A Noble Peasant.

The mountain ash
 No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove
 Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head
 Decked with autumnal berries, that outshine
 Spring's richest blossoms; and ye may have marked
 By a brook side or solitary tarn,
 How she her station doth adorn. The pool

Glows at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
 Are brightened round her. In his native vale,
 Such and so glorious did this youth appear;
 A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts
 By his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam
 Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,
 By all the graces with which nature's hand
 Had lavishly arrayed him. As old bards
 Tell in their idle songs of wandering gods,
 Pan or Apollo, veiled in human form;
 Yet, like the sweet-breathed violet of the shade,
 Discovered in their own despite to sense
 Of mortals—if such fables without blame
 May find chance mention on this sacred ground—
 So, through a simple rustic garb's disguise
 And through the impediment of rural cares,
 In him revealed a scholar's genius shone;
 And so, not wholly hidden from men's sight,
 In him the spirit of a hero walked
 Our unpretending valley. How the quoit
 Whizzed from the stripling's arm! If touched by him,
 The inglorious football mounted to the pitch
 Of the lark's flight, or shaped a rainbow curve
 Aloft, in prospect of the shouting field!
 The indefatigable fox had learned
 To dread his perseverance in the chase.
 With admiration would he lift his eyes
 To the wide-ruling eagle, and his hand
 Was loath to assault the majesty he loved,
 Else had the strongest fastnesses proved weak
 To guard the loyal brood. The sailing glade,
 The wheeling swallow, and the darting snipe,
 The sporting sea-gull dancing with the waves,
 And cautious waterfowl from distant climes,
 Fixed at their seat, the centre of the mere,
 Were subject to young Oswald's steady aim.

Book VII.

The peasant youth, with others in the vale, roused by the cry to arms, studies the rudiments of war, but dies suddenly:

To him, thus snatched away, his comrades paid
 A soldier's honours. At his funeral hour
 Bright was the sun, the sky a cloudless blue—
 A golden lustre slept upon the hills;
 And if by chance a stranger, wandering there,
 From some commanding eminence had looked
 Down on this spot, well pleased would he have seen
 A glittering spectacle; but every face
 Was pallid—seldom hath that eye been moist
 With tears that wept not then; nor were the few
 Who from their dwellings came not forth to join
 In this sad service, less disturbed than we.
 They started at the tributary peal
 Of instantaneous thunder which announced
 Through the still air the closing of the grave;
 And distant mountains echoed with a sound
 Of lamentation never heard before.

A description of deafness in a peasant would seem to be a subject hardly susceptible of poetical ornament; yet by contrasting it with

the surrounding objects—the pleasant sounds and stir of nature—and by his vein of pensive and graceful reflection, Wordsworth has made this one of his finest pictures:

The Deaf Dalesman.

Almost at the root
Of that tall pine, the shadow of whose bare
And slender stem, while here I sat at eve,
Oft stretches towards me, like a long straight path
Traced faintly in the greensward; there, beneath
A plain blue stone, a gentle dalesman lies,
From whom in early childhood was withdrawn
The precious gift of hearing. He grew up
From year to year in loneliness of soul;
And this deep mountain valley was to him
Soundless, with all its streams. The bird of dawn
Did never rouse this cottager from sleep
With startling summons, not for his delight
The vernal cuckoo shouted; not for him
Murmured the labouring bee. When stormy winds
Were working the broad bosom of the lake
Into a thousand thousand sparkling waves,
Rocking the trees, or driving cloud on cloud
Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags,
The agitated scene before his eye
Was silent as a picture: evermore
Were all things silent, wheresoe'er he moved.
Yet, by the solace of his own pure thoughts
Upheld, he duteously pursued the round
Of rural labours; the steep mountain side
Ascended with his staff and faithful dog;
The plough he guided, and the scythe he swayed;
And the ripe corn before his sickle fell
Among the jocund reapers.

Book VII.

By viewing man in connection with external nature, the poet blends his metaphysics with pictures of life and scenery. To build up and strengthen the powers of the mind, in contrast to the operations of sense, was ever his object. Like Bacon, Wordsworth would rather have believed all the fables in the Talmud and Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind—or that that mind does not, by its external symbols, speak to the human heart. He lived under the habitual 'sway' of nature:

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

The removal of the poet to Rydal was marked by an incident of considerable importance in his personal history. Through the influence of the Earl of Lonsdale, he was appointed distributor of stamps in the county of Westmoreland, which added greatly to his income, without engrossing all his time. He was now placed beyond the frowns of Fortune—if Fortune can ever be said to have frowned on one so independent of her smiles. The subsequent works of the poet were numerous—'The White Doe of Rylstone,' a romantic narrative poem, yet coloured with his peculiar genius; 'Sonnets on the River

Duddon;' 'The Waggoner;' 'Peter Bell;' 'Ecclesiastical Sketches;' 'Yarrow Revisited,' &c.

Having made repeated tours in Scotland and on the continent, the poet diversified his subjects with descriptions of particular scenes, local manners, legends, and associations. The whole of his works were arranged by their author according to their respective subjects; as Poems referring to the Period of Childhood; Poems founded on the Affections; Poems of the Fancy; Poems of the Imagination, &c. This classification is often arbitrary and capricious; but it was one of the conceits of Wordsworth, that his poems should be read in a certain continuous order, to give full effect to his system. Thus classified and published, the poet's works formed six volumes. A seventh, consisting of poems written very early and very late in life—as is stated—and the tragedy which had long lain past the author, were added in 1842. The tragedy is not happy, for Wordsworth had less dramatic power than any other contemporary poet. In the drama, however, both Scott and Byron failed; and Coleridge, with his fine imagination and pictorial expression, was only a shade more successful.

The latter years of Wordsworth's life were gladdened by his increasing fame, by academic honours conferred upon him by the universities of Durham and Oxford, by his appointment to the office of poet-laureate on the death of his friend Southey in 1843, and by a pension from the crown of £300 per annum. In 1847, he was shaken by a severe domestic calamity, the death of his only daughter, Dora, Mrs. Quillinan. This lady was worthy of her sire. Shortly before her death she published anonymously a 'Journal of a Residence in Portugal,' whither she had gone in pursuit of health.* Having attained to the great age of eighty, in the enjoyment of generally robust health (most of his poems were composed in the open air), Wordsworth died on the 23d of April 1850—the anniversary of St. George, the patron saint of England—and was interred by the side of his daughter in the beautiful churchyard of Grasmere.

One of the most enthusiastic admirers of Wordsworth was Coleridge, so long his friend and associate, and who looked up to him with a sort of filial veneration and respect. He has drawn his poetical character at length in the 'Biographia Literaria,' and if we consider it as applying to the higher characteristics of Wordsworth,

* Mr. Edward Quillinan, son-in-law of Wordsworth, was a native of Oporto, but was educated in England. He was one of Wordsworth's most constant admirers, and was himself a poet of considerable talent, and an accomplished scholar. He was first married to a daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges, and having quitted the army, he settled in the Lake country. There Mrs. Quillinan died by an unfortunate accident—her dress having caught fire—and left two daughters, in whom the Wordsworth family took deep interest. In 1841, the intimacy between Dora Wordsworth and Mr. Quillinan, which first sprang out of the root of grief, was crowned by their marriage. She lived only about six years afterwards, and Mr. Quillinan himself died suddenly in 1881. A volume of his Poems was published in 1833, and part of a translation of the *Lusiad*, which no man in England could have done so well. He was also engaged on a translation of the *History of Portugal* by Senor Herculano.

Without reference to the absurdity or puerility of some of his early fables, incidents, and language, it will be found equally just and felicitous. *First*, 'An austere purity of language, both grammatically and logically; in short, a perfect appropriateness of the words to the meaning. *Secondly*, A correspondent weight and sanity of the thoughts and sentiments won, not from books, but from the poet's own meditations. They are *fresh*, and have the dew upon them. Even throughout his smaller poems, there is not one which is not rendered valuable by some just and original reflection. *Thirdly*, The sinewy strength and originality of single lines and paragraphs, the frequent *curiosa felicitas* of his diction. *Fourthly*, The perfect truth of nature in his images and descriptions, as taken immediately from nature, and proving a long and genial intimacy with the very spirit which gives a physiognomic expression to all the works of nature. *Fifthly*, a meditative pathos, a union of deep and subtle thought with sensibility: a sympathy with man as man; the sympathy, indeed, of a contemplator rather than a fellow-sufferer and co-mate (*spectator, hard particeps*), but of a contemplator from whose view no difference of rank conceals the sameness of the nature; no injuries of wind or weather, or toil, or even of ignorance, wholly disguise the human face divine. *Last*, and pre-eminently, I challenge for this poet the gift of imagination in the highest and strictest sense of the word. In the play of *fancy*, Wordsworth, to my feelings, is always graceful, and sometimes recondite. The *likeness* is occasionally too strange, or demands too peculiar a point of view, or is such as appears the creature of predetermined research, rather than spontaneous presentation. Indeed, his fancy seldom displays itself as mere and unmodified fancy. But in imaginative power he stands nearest of all modern writers to Shakspeare and Milton, and yet in a mind perfectly unborrowed, and his own. To employ his own words, which are at once an instance and an illustration, he does indeed, to all thoughts and to all objects—

And the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream.

The fame of Wordsworth was daily extending, as we have said, before his death. The few ridiculous or puerile passages which excited so much sarcasm, parody, and derision, had been partly removed by himself, or were by his admirers either quietly overlooked, or considered as mere idiosyncrasies of the poet that provoked a smile, while his higher attributes commanded admiration, and he had secured a new generation of readers. A tribe of worshippers, in the young poets of the day, had arisen to do him homage, and in some instances they carried the feeling to a wild but pardonable excess. Many of his former depreciators also joined the ranks of his admirers—partly because in his late works the poet did himself more justice both in his style and subjects. He is too intellectual, and too

little *sensuous*, to use the phrase of Milton, ever to become generally popular, unless in some of his smaller pieces. His peculiar sensibilities cannot be relished by all. His poetry, however, is of various kinds. Forgetting his own theory as to the proper subjects of poetry, he ventured on the loftiest themes, and in calm sustained elevation of thought, appropriate imagery, and intense feeling, he often reminds the reader of the sublime strains of Milton. His 'Laodamia,' the 'Vernal Ode,' the 'Ode to Lycoris and Dion,' are pure and richly classic poems in conception and diction. Many of his sonnets have also a chaste and noble simplicity. In these short compositions, his elevation and power as a poet are perhaps more remarkably displayed than in any of his other productions. They possess a winning sweetness or simple grandeur, without the most distant approach to antithesis or straining for effect; while that tendency to prolixity and diffuseness which characterises his longer poems, is repressed by the necessity for brief and rapid thought and concise expression, imposed by the nature of the sonnet. It is no exaggeration to say that Milton alone has surpassed—if even *he* has surpassed—some of the noble sonnets of Wordsworth dedicated to liberty and inspired by patriotism.

Sonnets.

London, 1802.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
 England hath need of thee; she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
 Pure as the naked heavens—majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself didst lay.

The World is Too Much With Us.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
 Little we see in nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
 This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sweeping flowers;
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
 It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
 A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
 Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1878.

Earth has not anything to shew more fair :
 Dull would be he of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty :
 This city now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie,
 Open unto the fields and to the sky,
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

On King's College Chapel, Cambridge.

Tax not the royal saint with vain expense,
 With ill-matched aims the architect who planned,
 Albeit labouring for a scanty band
 Of white robed scholars only, this immense
 And glorious work of fine intelligence !
 Give all thou canst : high Heaven rejects the lore
 Of nicely calculated less or more ;
 So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
 These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
 Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
 Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
 Lingering—and wandering on, as loath to die ;
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yielded proof
 That they were born for immortality.

is 'Intimations of Immortality,' and 'Lines on Tintern Abbey' the finest examples of his rapt imaginative style, blending metrical truth with diffuse gorgeous description and metaphor. His pler effusions are pathetic and tender. He has little strong passion ; but in one piece, 'Vaudracour and Julia,' he has painted the vision of love with more warmth than might be anticipated from abstract idealism :

His present mind
 Was under fascination ; he beheld
 A vision, and adored the thing he saw.
 Arabian fiction never filled the world
 With half the wonders that were wrought for him.
 Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring :
 Life turned the meanest of her implements
 Before his eyes, to price above all gold ;
 The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine ;
 Her chamber window did surpass in glory
 The portals of the dawn ; all paradise
 Could, by the simple opening of a door,
 Let itself in upon him ; pathways, walks,
 Swarmed with enchantment, till his spirit sank,
 Surcharged within him—overblest to move
 Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world
 To its dull round of ordinary cares ;
 A man too happy for mortality !

The lovers parted under circumstances of danger, but had a stolen interview at night :

Through all her courts
The vacant city slept; the busy winds,
That keep no certain intervals of rest,
Moved not; meanwhile the galaxy displayed
Her fires, that like mysterious pulses beat
Aloft—momentous but uneasy bliss!
To their full hearts the universe seemed hung
On that brief meeting's slender filament!

This is the style of Ford or Massinger. Living mostly apart from the world, and nursing with solitary complacency his poetical system, and all that could bear upon his works and pursuits as a poet, Wordsworth fell into those errors of taste, and that want of discrimination, to which we have already alluded. His most puerile ballads and attempts at humour were apparently as much prized by him, and classed with the same nicety and care, as the most majestic of his conceptions, or the most natural and beautiful of his descriptions. The art of condensation was also rarely practised by him. But if the poet's retirement or peculiar disposition was a cause of his weakness, it was also one of the sources of his strength. It left him untouched by the artificial or mechanical tastes of his age; it gave an originality to his conceptions and to the whole colour of his thoughts; and it completely imbued him with that purer antique life and knowledge of the phenomena of nature—the sky, lakes, and mountains of his native district, in all their tints and forms—which he has depicted with such power and enthusiasm. A less complacent poet would have been chilled by the long neglect and ridicule he experienced. His spirit was self-supported, and his genius, at once observant and meditative, was left to shape out its own creations, and extend its sympathies to that world which lay beyond his happy mountain solitude.

Lines.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,

Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural plety.

Lucy.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

*A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye;*

Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!

We are Seven.

A simple child, dear brother Jim,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl;
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair—
Her beauty made me glad.

'Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?'
How many? 'Seven in all,' she said,
And wondering looked at me.

'And where are they? I pray you tell.'
She answered, 'seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

'Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard-cottage I
Dwell near them with my mother.'

'You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?'

Then did the little maid reply,
'Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree.'

'You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five.'

'Their graves are green, they may be
seen,'

The little maid replied,
'Twelve steps or more from my mother's
door,
And they are side by side.

'My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem,
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

'And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

'The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

'So in the churchyard she was laid:
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played—
My brother John and I.

'And when the ground was white with
snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go—
And he lies by her side.'

'How many are you then,' said I,
'If they two are in heaven?'
The little maiden did reply,
'O master! we are seven.'

'But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!'
'Twas throwing words away; for still,
The little maid would have her will,
And said, 'Nay, we are seven!'

A Portrait.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

*I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,*

And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and
smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,

Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill, And yet a spirit still, and bright
A perfect woman, nobly planned, With something of an angel light.
To warn, to comfort, and command;

*Lines composed a few Miles above Tintern Abbey, on Revisiting the
Banks of the Wye, During a Tour, July 13, 1798.*

Five years have passed; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters; and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain springs
With a sweet inland murmur. Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage grounds, these orchard tufts,
Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
The wild green landscape. Once again I see
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms
Green to the very door: and wreaths of smoke
Sent up in silence from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Of some hermit's cave, where, by his fire,
The hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration: feelings, too,
Of unremembered pleasure; such, perhaps,
As may have had no trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened; that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this
Be but a vain belief, yet oh! how oft,
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight, when the fretful sur

Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
 How oft in spirit have I turned to thee,
 O sylvan Wye!—thou wanderer through the woods—
 How often has my spirit turned to thee!
 And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
 With many recognitions dim and faint,
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
 The picture of the mind revives again :
 While here I stand, not only with the sense
 Of present pleasures, but with pleasing thoughts
 That in this moment there is life and food
 For future years. And so I dare to hope;
 Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
 I came among these hills; when, like a roe,
 I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
 Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
 Wherever nature led : more like a man
 Flying from something that he dreads, than one
 Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then—
 The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
 And their glad animal movements all gone by—
 To me was all in all. I cannot paint
 What then I was. The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colours and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite; a feeling and a love
 That had no need of a remoter charm,
 By thought supplied, or any interest
 Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
 And all its aching joys are now no more,
 And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
 Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts
 Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
 Abundant recompense. For I have learned
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
 The still sad music of humanity.
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean, and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
 A motion and a spirit that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
 A lover of the meadows and the woods
 And mountains, and of all that we behold
 From this green earth; of all the mighty world
 Of eye and ear, both what they half create
 And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
 In nature, and the language of the sense,
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
 Of all my moral being.

Nor, perchance,
 If I were not thus taught, should I the more
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay;

For thou art with me here, upon the banks
 Of this fair river; thou, my dearest friend,
 My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch
 The language of my former heart, and read
 My former pleasures in the shooting lights
 Of thy wild eyes. O! yet a little while
 May I behold in thee what I was once,
 My dear, dear sister! And this prayer I make,
 Knowing that nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead
 From joy to joy; for she can so inform
 The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
 And let the misty mountain winds be free
 To blow against thee: and in after years,
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
 Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
 And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance,
 If I should be where I no more can hear
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
 Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
 That on the banks of this delightful stream
 We stood together; and that I, so long
 A worshipper of nature, hither came,
 Unwearied in that service: rather say
 With warmer love, oh! with far deeper zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
 That after many wanderings, many years,
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!"

* In our admiration of the external forms of nature, the mind is redeemed from the sense of the transitory, which so often mixes perturbation with pleasure; and it perhaps no feeling of the human heart which, being so intense, is at the same time composed. It is for this reason, amongst others, that it is peculiarly favourable contemplations of a poetical philosopher, and eminently so to one like Mr. Wordsworth, in whose scheme of thought there is no feature more prominent than the doctrine that the intellect should be nourished by the feelings, and that the state of mind which affords a gift of genuine insight is one of profound emotion as well as profound security: or, as Coleridge has somewhere expressed himself—

Deep self-possession, an intense repose.

The power which lies in the beauty of nature to induce this union of the tranquil and the vivid is described, and to every disciple of Wordsworth, has been, as much as possible, imparted by the celebrated Lines written in 1798, a few Lines above Tintern, in which the poet, having attributed to his intermediate recollections of the place then revisited a benign influence over many acts of daily life, describes the power in which he is indebted to them. . . . The impassioned love of nature is

*f Christmas Eve.—Addressed to the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth,
with Sonnets to the River Duddon, &c.*

rels played their Christmas

neath my cottage eaves:
o rest with lofty moon:
ing laurels, thick with leaves,
a rich and dazzling sheen,
owered their natural green.

ill and valley every breeze
o rest with folded wings;
he air, but could not freeze,
the music of the strings;
d hardy were the band,
ad the chords with strenuous

ut listened till was paid
every inmate's claim;
g given, the music played
of each household name,
unced with lusty call,
y Christmas' wished to all?

I reverse the choice
hee from thy native hills;
ven thee to rejoice:
blic care full often tills—
y witness of the toil—
ad ungrateful soil.

that thou, with me and mine,
d this never-falling rite;
n other faces shine
val of the light
re, and these rustic powers,
hildhood spread through ours!

e bath not ceased to wait
pected annual rounds,
ie rich man's sumptuous gate
he unelaborate sounds.
ffered at the door
s the lowliest of the poor

ing, when at midnight sweep
ed winds, and all is dark,
nd sink again to sleep!
ulier call, to mark,

By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-compunct innocence;

The mutual nod—the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise
For names once heard, and heard no
more;

Tears brightened by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid!

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,
With ambient streams more pure and
bright

Than fabled Cytherea's zone
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,
Is to my heart of hearts endeared
The ground where we were born and
reared!

Hail, ancient manners! sure defence,
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
Remnants of love, whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws;
Hail, usages of pristine mould,
And ye that guard them, mountains old!

Bear with me, brother, quench the
thought

That alights this passion or condemns;
If thee fond fancy ever brought
From the proud margin of the Thames,
And Lambeth's venerable towers,
To humbler streams and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find
Short leisure even in busiest days,
Moments—to cast a look behind,
And profit by those kindly rays
That through the clouds do sometimes
steal.

And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial city's din
Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,
A pleased attention I may win
To agitations less severe,
That neither overwhelm nor cloy,
But fill the hollow vale with joy.

whole of Mr. Wordsworth's system of thought, filling up all interstices,
all recesses, colouring all media, supporting, associating, and giving cohe-
mutual relevancy to it in all its parts. Though man is his subject, yet is
presented to us divested of his relations with external nature. Man is the
ere is always a running commentary of natural phenomena. — *Quarterly Re-*

4.
ration of this remark, every episode in the *Excursion* might also be cited
y the affecting and beautiful tale of Margaret in the first book; and the po-
Cumberland Beggar, Michael, and the Fountain—she has unquestionably
est of the ballads—are also striking instances.

To a Highland Girl.—At Inversneyd, upon Loch Lomond.

Sweet Highland girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head:
And these gray locks; this household

lawn;
These trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode—
In truth, together do you seem
Like something fashioned in a dream;
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!
Yet, dream or vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart:
God shield thee to thy latest years!
I neither know thee nor thy peers;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away:
For never saw I mien or face,
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and homebred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scattered like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress
And maidenly shamefacedness:
Thou wearest upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer:
A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about the plays;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach

Of thy few words of English speech.
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful?
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell;
Adopt your homely ways, and dress
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess!
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality:
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see!
Thy elder brother I would be—
Thy father—anything to thee!

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its
grace

Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had; and going hence,
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes:
Then, why should I be loath to stir?
I feel this place was made for her;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loath, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland girl! from thee to part;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
And thee, the spirit of them all!

Laodamia.

'With sacrifice before the rising morn,
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;
And from the infernal gods, 'mid shades forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered lord have I required:
Celestial pity I again implore;
Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore!'

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens and her eye expands;
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived?—O joy!
What doth she look on?—whom doth she behold?
Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence? his corporeal mould?
It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis he!
And a god leads him, winged Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake, and touched her with his wand
That calm'd all fear, 'Such grace hath crown'd thy prayer,
Laodamia, that at Jove's command
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air;
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space;
Accept the gift; behold him face to face!'

Forth sprang the impassioned queen her lord to clasp,
Again that consummation she essayed;
But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The phantom parts—but parts to reunite,
And reassume his place before her sight.

'Protestians, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice.
This is our palace—yonder is thy throne;
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.
Not to appal me have the gods bestow'd
This precious boon; and blest a sad abode.'

'Great Jove, Laodamia doth not leave
Her gifts imperfect. Spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
But in reward of thy fidelity.
And something also did my worth obtain;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

'Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touch'd the Trojan strand
Should die: but me the threat could not withhold:
A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leaped upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain.'

'Supreme of heroes; bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were depressed
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou art—
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

'But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed
That thou should'st cheat the malice of the grave.
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

'No spectre greets me—no vain shadow this;
Come, blooming hero, place thee by my side!
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me, this day, a second time thy bride!
Jove frowned in heaven; the conscious Parce threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

'This visage tells thee that my doom is past:
Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys
Those raptures duly—Erebus didains;
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains..

'Be taught, O faithful consort, to control
 Rebellious passion; for the gods approve
 The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;
 A fervent, not ungovernable love.
 Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn
 When I depart, for brief is my sojourn.'

'Ah, wherefore? Did not Hercules by force
 Wrest from the guardian monster of the tomb
 Alceste, a reanimated corse,
 Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?
 Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
 And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

'The gods to us are merciful: and they
 Yet further may relent; for mightier far
 Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
 Of magic potent over sun and star,
 Is love, though oft to agony distressed,
 And though his favourite seat be feeble woman's breast.

'But if thou goest, I follow.' 'Peace!' he said:
 She looked upon him, and was calmed and cheered;
 The ghastly colour from his lips had fled.
 In his deportment, shape, and mien appeared
 Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
 Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
 In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
 No fears to beat away, no strife to heal,
 The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
 Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
 Revived, with finer harmony pursued.

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there
 In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
 An ampler ether, a divinest air,
 And fields invested with purpureal gleams,
 Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
 Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which hath earned
 That privilege by virtue. 'Ill,' said he,
 'The end of man's existence I discerned,
 Who from ignoble games and revelry
 Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
 While tears were thy best pastime, day and night:

'And while my youthful peers before my eyes—
 Each hero following his peculiar bent—
 Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
 By martial sports; or seated in the tent,
 Chieftains and kings in council were detained—
 What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

'The wished-for wind was given: I then revolved
 The oracle upon the silent sea;
 And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
 That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
 The foremost prow in pressing to the strand—
 Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

'Yet bitter, oftentimes bitter was the pang,
When of thy loss I thought, beloved wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life;
The paths which we had trod—these fountains, flowers;
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

'But should suspense permit the foe to cry,
"Behold they tremble! haughty their array;
Yet of their number no one dares to die!"
In soul I swept the indignity away;
Old frailties then recurred; but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

'And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest reunion in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympathised;
Be thy affections raised and solemnised.

'Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend—
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end:
For this the passion to excess was driven,
That self might be annulled: her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.

Aloud she shrieked: for Hermes reappears!
Round the dear shade she would have clung; 'tis vain;
The hours are past—too brief had they been years;
And him no mortal effort can detain:
Swift toward the realms that know not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse she lay.

By no weak pity might the gods be moved;
She who thus perished, not without the crime
Of lovers that in reason's spite have loved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time
Apart from happy ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

—Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes. Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died;
And ever, when such stature they had gained,
That Ilum's walls were subject to their view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight—
A constant interchange of growth and blight!

poirs of Wordsworth were published in 1851, two volumes, by
t's nephew, CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D. D. This is rather
re, unsatisfactory work, but no better has since appeared.
nteresting anecdotes, reports of conversation, letters, &c., will
d in the 'Diary' of Henry Crabb Robinson, 1869. In 1874
lished 'Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland, A. D. 1808';
THEY WORDSWORTH, sister of the poet, to whose talents and

observation, no less than to her devoted affection, her brother largely indebted.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, a profound thinker and richly poetic, enjoyed a high reputation during the latter years of his colloquial eloquence and metaphysical and critical power, of which only a few fragmentary specimens remain. His poetry indicated more than was achieved. Visions of grace, tender majesty seem ever to have haunted him. Some of these he expressed in exquisite verse; but he wanted concentration and steady purpose to avail himself sufficiently of his intellectual riches. His happier destiny was also perhaps wanting; for much of his life was spent in poverty and dependence, amidst disappointment and ill-health, and in the irregularity caused by an unfortunate excessive use of opium, which tyrannised over him for many years with unrelenting severity. Amidst daily drudgery for the press, and in nightly dreams distempered and feverish, he would use his own expression, 'the prime and manhood of his intellect.

The poet was a native of Devonshire, born on the 20th of October 1772 at Ottery St. Mary, of which parish his father was vicar. He received the principal part of his education at Christ's Hospital, where he had Charles Lamb for a school-fellow. He described himself as being, from eight to fourteen, 'a playless day-dreamer, *hellua librorum*;' and in this instance, 'the child was father to the man,' for such was Coleridge to the end of his life. A stranger he had accidentally met one day on the streets of London, was struck with his conversation, made him free of a circulating library, and he read through the catalogue, folios and quartos. At fourteen, he had, like Gibbon, a stock of erudition that might puzzle a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a scholar would have been ashamed. He had no ambition; his father was dead, and he actually thought of apprenticing himself to a shoemaker who lived near the school. The head-master, Bowyer, interfered and prevented this additional honour to the craft of St. Crispin, by Gifford and Bloomfield. Coleridge became a Grecian, or head-scholar, and obtained an exhibition or prize from Christ's Hospital to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he remained from 1791 to 1793. In his first year at college he gained the Brown gold medal for the Greek ode; next year he stood second for the Craven scholarship, but lost it; and in 1793 he was again unsuccessful in a competition for the Greek ode on astronomy. By this time he had incurred some debts, not amounting to £100; but they weighed on his mind and spirits, that he suddenly left college and went to London. He had also become obnoxious to his friends from his attachment to the principles of the French Revolution.

When France in wrath her giant-limbs upreared,
 And with that oath which smote air, earth, and sea,
 Stamped her strong foot, and said she would be free,
 Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared!
 With what a joy my lofty gratulation
 Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band;
 And when to whelm the disenchanting nation,
 Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
 The monarchs marched in evil day,
 And Britain joined the dire array;
 Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
 Though many friendships, many youthful loves
 Had swollen the patriot emotion,
 And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves,
 Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat
 To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
 And shame too long delayed, and vain retreat!
 For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
 I dimmed thy light, or damped thy holy flame;
 But blest the peans of delivered France,
 And hung my head, and wept at Britain's name.

France, an Ode.

London, Coleridge soon felt himself forlorn and destitute, and enlisted as a soldier in the 15th, Elliott's Light Dragoons. 'On arrival at the quarters of the regiment,' says his friend and biographer, Mr. Gillman, 'the general of the district inspected the recruits, and looking hard at Coleridge, with a military air, inquired: "What's your name, sir?" "Comberbach." (The name he had needed.) "What do you come here for, sir?" as if doubting her he had any business there. "Sir," said Coleridge, "for most other persons come—to be made a soldier." "Do you mean," said the general, "you can run—a Frenchman through the ranks?" "I do not know," replied Coleridge, "as I never tried; but if a Frenchman run me through the body before I'll run away." "That will do," said the general, and Coleridge was turned into an anker.' The poet made a poor dragoon, and never advanced beyond the awkward squad. He wrote letters, however, for all his needs, and they attended to his horse and accoutrements. After months' service—December 1793 to April 1794—the history and circumstances of Coleridge became known. According to one account, he had written under his saddle on the stable-wall, *Eheu! infortunii miserrimum est fuisse felicem*, which led to inquiry on the part of the captain of his troop, who had more regard for classics than Ensign Northerton in 'Tom Jones.' Another account attributes the termination of his military career to a chance mention on the street. His family being apprised of his situation, his discharge was obtained on the 10th of April 1794.*

Miss Mitford states that the arrangement for Coleridge's discharge was made at her father's house at Reading. Captain Ogle—in whose troop the poet served—related at the same time the story of the learned recruit, when it was resolved to make exertions to secure his discharge. There would have been some difficulty in the case, had not one of the officers, waiting at table been induced to enlist in his place. The poet, Miss Mitford says, forgot her father's zeal in the cause.

He seems then to have set about publishing his 'Juvenile Poet' by subscription, and while at Oxford in June of the same year met with Southey, and an intimacy immediately sprung up between them. Coleridge was then an ardent republican and a Socinian of high hopes and anticipations, 'the golden exhalations of dawn.' In conjunction with his new friend Southey; with R. Lovell, the son of a wealthy Quaker; George Burnett, a fellow-gleaner from Somersetshire; Robert Allen, then at Corpus Christi College; and Edmund Seward, of a Herefordshire family, also a fellow-collegian, Coleridge planned and proposed to carry out a scheme of emigration to America. They were to found in the New World a *Pantisocracy*, or state of society in which each was to have his portion of work, and their wives—all were to be married—were to and perform domestic offices, the poets cultivating literature in hours of leisure, with neither king nor priest to mar their felicity. 'From building castles in the air,' as Southey has said, 'to forming a commonwealth was an easy transition.' For some months this vision lasted; but funds were wanting, and could not be readily raised. Southey and Coleridge gave a course of public lectures, and with tragedy on the 'Fall of Robespierre,' and the former soon afterwards proceeding with his uncle to Spain and Portugal, the Pantisocracy scheme was abandoned. Coleridge and Southey married two sisters—Lovell, who died in the following year, had previously been married to a third sister—ladies of the name of Fricker, amiable wholly without a fortune.

Coleridge, still ardent, wrote two political pamphlets, concluding 'that truth should be spoken at all times, but more especially those times when to speak truth is dangerous.' He established a periodical in prose and verse, entitled 'The Watchman,' with motto, 'That all might know the truth, and that the truth might make us free.' He watched in vain. Coleridge's incurable weakness of order and punctuality, and his philosophical theories, tired out disgusted his readers, and the work was discontinued after the first number. Of the unsaleable nature of this publication, he related an amusing illustration. Happening one day to rise at an earlier hour than usual, he observed his servant-girl putting an extraordinary quantity of paper into the grate, in order to light the fire, and mildly checked her for her wastefulness. 'La, sir,' replied she, 'why, it is only "Watchmen."' He went to reside in a cottage at Nether Stowey, at the foot of the Quantock Hills—a rural scene which he has commemorated in his poetry:

And now, beloved Stowey! I behold
Thy church-tower, and, methinks, the four huge elms
Clustering, which mark the mansion of my friends;
And close behind them, hidden from my view,
Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe
And my babe's mother dwell in peace! With light
And quickened footsteps thitherward I tread.

At Stowey, Coleridge wrote some of his most beautiful poetry—his 'Ode on the Departing year;' 'Fears in Solitude;' 'France, an Ode;' 'Frost at Midnight;' the first part of *Christabel*;' the 'Ancient Mariner;' and his tragedy of 'Remorse.' The luxuriant fullness and individuality of his poetry shews that he was then happy, no less than eager, in his studies. Wordsworth thus describes his appearance:

A noticeable man with large grey eyes,
And a pale face that seemed undoubtedly
As if a blooming face it ought to be;
Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear
Depressed by weight of musing Phantasy;
Profound his forehead was, but not severe.

The two or three years spent at Stowey seem to have been at once the most felicitous and the most illustrious of Coleridge's literary life. He had established his name for ever, though it was long in struggling to distinction. During his residence at Stowey, the poet officiated as Unitarian preacher at Taunton, and afterwards at Shrewsbury.* In 1798, the 'generous and munificent patronage' of Messrs. Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood, Staffordshire, enabled the poet to proceed to Germany to complete his education, and he resided there fourteen months. At Ratzeburg and Göttingen he acquired a well-grounded knowledge of the German language and literature, and was confirmed in his bias towards philosophical and metaphysical studies. On his return in 1800, he found Southey established at Keswick, and Wordsworth at Grasmere. He went to live with the former, and there his opinions underwent a total change. The Jacobin became a royalist, and the Unitarian a warm and devoted believer in the Trinity. In the same year he published his translation of Schiller's 'Wallenstein,' into which he had thrown some of the finest graces of his own fancy. The following passage may be con-

* Haslitt walked ten miles in a winter day to hear Coleridge preach. When I got there," he says, "the organ was playing the 106th Psalm, and when it was done, Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text: "He departed again into a mountain himself alone." As he gave out this text, his voice rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes; and when he came to the last two words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The idea of St. John came into my mind, of one crying in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about, and whose food was locusts and wild-honey. The preacher then launched into his subject like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was upon peace and war—upon church and state—not their alliance, but their separation—on the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity, not as the same, but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had inscribed the cross of Christ on banners dripping with human gore! He made a poetical and pastoral excursion—and to shew the fatal effects of war, drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd-boy, driving his team a field, or sitting under the hawthorn, piping to his flock, as though he should never be old, and the same poor country lad, crimped, kidnapped, brought into town, made drunk at an alehouse, turned into a wretched drummer-boy, with his hair sticking on end with powder and pomatum, a long cue at his back, and tricked out in the finery of the profession of blood:

"Such were the notes our once loved poet sung:"

and, for myself, I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres.

sidered a revelation of Coleridge's poetical faith and belief, conveyed in language picturesque and musical :

Oh ! never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels ! 'Tis not merely
The human being's pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance ;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow : yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years,
Than lies upon that truth we live to learn.
For fable is Love's world, his house, his birthplace ;
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays, and talismans,
And spirits ; and delightedly believes
Divinities ; being himself divine.
*The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths ; all these have vanished.
They live no longer in the faith of reason !*
But still the heart doth need a language ; still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names ;
And to yon starry world they now are gone.
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend ; and to the lover,
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down ; and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings everything that's fair.

The lines which we have printed in Italics are an expansion of two of Schiller's, which Mr. Hayward—another German poetical translator—thus literally renders :

The old fable existences are no more ;
The fascinating race has emigrated (wandered out or away).

As a means of subsistence, Coleridge reluctantly consented to undertake the literary and political department of the 'Morning Post,' in which he supported the measures of government. In 1804, we find him in Malta, secretary to the governor, Sir Alexander Ball. He held this office only nine months, and, after a tour in Italy, returned to England to resume his precarious labours as an author and lecturer. The desultory, irregular habits of the poet, caused partly by his addiction to opium, and the dreamy indolence and procrastination which marked him throughout life, seem to have frustrated every chance and opportunity of self-advancement. Living again at Grasmere, he issued a second periodical, 'The Friend,' which extended to twenty-seven numbers. The essays were sometimes acute and eloquent, but as often rhapsodical, imperfect, and full of German mysticism.

In 1816, chiefly at the recommendation of Lord Byron, the 'wild and wondrous tale' of 'Christabel' was published. The first part,

we have mentioned, was written at Stowey as far back as 1797, and a second had been added on his return from Germany in 1800. The poem was still unfinished; but it would have been almost as difficult to complete the 'Faery Queen,' as to continue in the same spirit that witching strain of supernatural fancy and melodious verse. Another drama 'Zapoyla'—founded on the 'Winter's Tale'—was published by Coleridge in 1818, and, with the exception of some minor poems, completes his poetical works. He wrote several characteristic prose disquisitions—'The Statesman's Manual, or the Bible the Best Guide to Political Skill and Foresight,' 'A Lay Sermon' (1816); 'A Second Lay Sermon, addressed to the Higher and Middle Classes, on the existing Distresses and Discontents' (1817); 'Biographia Literaria,' two volumes (1817); 'Aids to Reflection' (1825); 'On the Constitution of the Church and State' (1830); &c. He meditated a great theological and philosophical work, his *magnum opus*, on 'Christianity as the only revelation of permanent and universal validity,' which was to 'reduce all knowledge into harmony'—to 'unite the insulated fragments of truth, and therewith to frame a perfect mirror.' He planned also an epic poem on the destruction of Jerusalem, which he considered the only subject now remaining for an epic poem; a subject which, like Milton's Fall of Man, should interest all Christendom, as the Homeric War of Troy interested all Greece. 'Here,' said he, 'there would be the completion of the prophecies; the termination of the first revealed national religion under the violent assault of paganism, itself the immediate forerunner and condition of the spread of a revealed mundane religion; and then you would have the character of the Roman and the Jew; and the awfulness, the completeness, the justice. I schemed it at twenty-five, but, alas! *centurum expectat*.' This ambition to execute some great work, and his constitutional infirmity of purpose, which made him defer or recoil from such an effort, he has portrayed with great beauty and pathos in an address to Wordsworth, composed after the latter had recited to him a poem 'on the growth of an individual mind':

Ah! as I listened with a heart forlorn.
The pulses of my being beat anew:
And even as life returns upon the drowned,
Life's joy rekindling roused a throng of pains—
Keen pangs of love, awakening as a babe
Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart;
And fears self-willed, that shunned the eye of hope;
And hope that scarce would know itself from fear;
Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain;
And genius given, and knowledge won in vain;
And all which I had called in woodwalks wild,
And all which patient toil had reared, and all
Commune with thee had opened out—but flowers
Strewed on my corse, and borne upon my bier,
In the same coffin, for the self-same grave!

These were prophetic breathings, and should be a warning to young and ardent genius. In such magnificent alternations of hope

and despair, and in discoursing on poetry and philosophy—sometimes committing a golden thought to the blank leaf of a book or to a private letter, but generally content with oral communication—the poet's time glided past. He had found an asylum in the house of a private friend, Mr. James Gillman, surgeon, Highgate, where he resided for the last nineteen years of his life. Here he was visited by numerous friends and admirers who were happy to listen to his inspired monologues, which he poured forth with exhaustless fecundity. 'We believe,' says one of these rapt and enthusiastic listeners, 'it has not been the lot of any other literary man in England, since Dr. Johnson, to command the devoted admiration and steady zeal of so many and such widely differing disciples—some of them having become, and others being likely to become, fresh and independent sources of light, and moral action in themselves upon the principles of their common master. One half of these affectionate disciples have learned their lessons of philosophy from the teacher's mouth. He has been to them as an old oracle of the academy or Lyceum. The fulness, the inwardness, the ultimate scope of his doctrines, has never yet been published in print, and, if disclosed, it has been from time to time in the higher moments of conversation, when occasion, and mood, and person begot an exalted crisis. More than once has Mr. Coleridge said that, with pen in hand, he felt a thousand checks and difficulties in the expression of his meaning; but that—authorship aside—he never found the smallest hitch or impediment in the fullest utterance of his most subtle fancies by word of mouth. His abstrusest thoughts became rythmical and clear when chanted to their own music.* Mr. Coleridge died at Highgate on the 25th of July 1834. In the preceding winter he had written the following epitaph, striking from its simplicity and humility, for himself:

Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop, child of God!
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he—
Oh! lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.!
That he, who many a year, with toil of breath,
Found death in life, may here find life in death!
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame,
He asked and hoped through Christ—do thou the same.

It is characteristic of this remarkable man that on the last evening of his life (as related by his daughter) 'he repeated a certain part of his religious philosophy, which he was specially anxious to have accurately recorded.' Immediately on the death of Coleridge, several

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. lli. p. 5. With one so impulsive as Coleridge, and liable to fits of depression and to ill-health, these appearances must have been very unequal. Carlyle, in his *Life of Sterling*, ridicules Coleridge's monologues as generally tedious, hazy, and unintelligible. We have known three men of genius, all poets, who frequently listened to him, and yet described him as generally obscure, pedantic, and tedious. In his happiest moods he must, however, have been great. His voice and countenance were harmonious and beautiful.

pilations were made of his table-talk, correspondence, and literary remains. His fame had been gradually extending, and publicity was excited with respect to the genius and opinions of a man who combined such various and dissimilar powers, and who was so capable of any task, however gigantic. Some of these literary fragments are valuable—particularly his Shakspearean criticism.

They attest his profound thought and curious erudition, and also his fine critical taste and discernment. In penetrating into and embracing the whole meaning of a favourite author—unfolding its various shades and distinctions of thought, character, feeling, or fancy—darting on it the light of his own creative mind and suggestive fancy—and perhaps linking the whole to some glorious original conception or image, Coleridge stands unrivalled. He does not appear as a critic, but as an eloquent and gifted expounder of the best of literature and genius. He seems like one who has the key to every hidden chamber of profound and subtle thought and every real conception. We cannot think, however, that he could ever

build up a regular system of ethics or criticism. He wanted rather to combine and arrange his materials. He was too languid and irresolute. He had never attained the art of writing with clearness and precision; for he is often unintelligible, turgid, and verbose, and he struggled in vain after perspicacity and method. His intellect would not subordinate the 'shaping spirit' of his imagination.

His poetical works of Coleridge have been collected and published in three volumes. They are various in style and manner, embracing

tragedy, and epigram, love-poems, and strains of patriotism and superstition—a wild witchery of imagination and, at other times, a calm and stately thought and intellectual retrospection. His language is often rich and musical, highly figurative and ornate. Many of his minor poems are characterised by tenderness and beauty, but many are disfigured by passages of turgid sentimentalism and puerile affectation. The most original and striking of his productions is the well-known tale of 'The Ancient Mariner.' According to De Quincey, the germ of this story is contained in a passage of Shelley, one of the classical circumnavigators of the earth, who states his second captain, being a melancholy man, was possessed by a

premonition that some long season of foul weather was owing to an albatross which had steadily pursued the ship, upon which he shot the bird but without mending their condition. Coleridge makes the ancient mariner relate the circumstances attending his act of inhumanity to one of three wedding-guests whom he meets and detains on his way to the wedding-feast. 'He holds him with his glittering

serpentine and invests his narration with a deep preternatural character and interest, and with touches of exquisite tenderness and energetic description. The versification is irregular, in the style of the old ballads, and most of the action of the piece is unnatural; yet the

poem is full of vivid and original imagination. 'There is nothing

else like it,' says one of his critics; 'it is a poem by itself and other compositions, in *pari-materia*, there is a *ch* you cannot over-pass. The sensitive reader feels himself and a sea of wonder and mystery flows round him as spell-stricken ship itself.

Coleridge further illustrates his theory of the connection the material and the spiritual world in his unfinished poem *Stanza*, a romantic supernatural tale, filled with wild imagery, most remarkable modulation of verse. The versification on what the poet calls a new principle—though it was evinced by Chaucer and Shakspeare—namely, that of counting the number of accentuated words, not the number of syllables. 'Though the latter,' he says, 'may vary from seven to twelve, each line the accents will be found to be only four.' This harmony delighted both Scott and Byron, by whom it was adopted. We add a brief specimen:

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek;
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the
sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu Maria shield her well!

She foldeth her arms beneath
And stole to the other side of
What sees she there?
There she sees a damsel bright
Dressed in a silken robe of white
That shadowy in the moonlight
The neck that made that made that white
Her stately neck and arms were
Her blue-veined feet unsandaled
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair
I guess 'twas frightful there
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!

A finer passage is that describing broken friendships;

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.

Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder:
A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

This metrical harmony of Coleridge exercises a sort of even when it is found united to incoherent images and

15. Thus in 'Khubla Khan,' a fragment written from recollection of a dream, we have the following melodious rhapsody:

low of the dome of pleasure
midway on the waves,
vas heard the mingled measure
e fountain and the caves.
miracle of rare device,
pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
d with a dulcimer
on once I saw :
n Abyssinian maid,
her dulcimer she played,
of Mount Abora.
revive within me

Her symphony and song,
To such deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome, those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of paradise.

les of Coleridge are highly passionate and elevated in conception. That on France was considered by Shelley to be the finest mode of modern times. The hymn on Chamouni is equally and brilliant. His 'Genevieve' is a pure and exquisite love- without that gorgeous diffuseness which characterises the yet more chastely and carefully finished, and abounding in the e and subtle traits of his imagination. Coleridge was deficient rapid energy and strong passion necessary for the drama. The d beauty of certain passages would not, on the stage, atone for icity of action and want of interest in his two plays, though, ks of genius, they vastly excel those of a more recent date prove highly successful in representation.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

PART I.

ancient mariner,
stoppeth one of three ;
long gray beard and glittering
e,
erefore stopp'st thou me ?

degroom's doors are opened wide,
n next of kin ;
sts are met, the feast is set ;
ear the merry din.'

s him with his skinny hand ;
was a ship,' quoth he.
ff ; unhand me, gray-beard loon ;'
s his hand dropt he.

s him with his glittering eye—
lding-guest stood still,
ens like a three-years' child ;
riner hath his will.

d'ing-guest sat on a stone,
d choose but hear ;
spake on that ancient man,
eyed mariner :

'The ship was cheered, the harbour
cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

'The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he ;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

'Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon'—
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she ;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner :

'And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannus and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

'With sloping masts and dripping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

'And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice mast-high came floating by
As green as emerald.

'And through the drifts the snowy cliffs
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

'The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and
howled,
Like noises in a swound!

'At length did cross an albatross,
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

'It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew;
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

'And a good south wind sprung up be-
hind,
The albatross did follow,
And every day for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

'In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
While all the night, through fog-smoke
white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.'

'God save thee, ancient mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?' 'With my cross-
bow
I shot the albatross.

PART II.

'The sun now rose upon the right,
Out of the sea came he;
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

'And the good south-wind still blew
behind,
But no sweet bird did follow;
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's hollo!

'And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
"Ah, wretch," said they, "the bird to
slay
That made the breeze to blow!"

'Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist;
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
"Twas right," said they, 'such birds to
slay
That bring the fog and mist."

'The fair breeze blew, the white foam
flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

'Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt
[down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

'All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

'Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

'Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

'The very deep did rot; O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

'About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

'And some in dreams assuaged were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathoms deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

very tongue, through utter 'Alas, thought I, and my heart beat loud,
 ured at the root; How fast she nears and nears;
 not speak, no more than if Are those her sails that glance in the sun
 een choked with soot. Like restless gossameres?

a-day! what evil looks Did those her ribs through which the sun
 in old and young! Did peer, as through a grate;
 the cross, the albatross And is that woman all her crew?
 neck was hung. Is that a death, and are there two?
 Is death that woman's mate?

PART III.

ssed a weary time. Each throat 'Her lips were red, her looks were free,
 ed, and glazed each eye. Her locks were yellow as gold;
 ime! a weary time! Her skin was as white as leprosy,
 d each weary eye! The nightmare Life-in-death was she,
 ing westward I beheld Who thickens man's blood with cold.

seemed a little speck, 'The naked hulk alongside came,
 it seemed a mist; And the twain were casting dice;
 and moved, and took at last "The game is done! I've won, I've
 shape, I wist. won!"
 Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

a mist, a shape, I wist! 'The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
 t neared and neared: At one stride comes the dark;
 dged a water-sprite, With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea
 l, and tacked, and veered. Off shot the spectre-bark.

roats unslaked, with black lips 'We listened and looked sideways up;
 ed, Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
 nor laugh nor wail; My life-blood seemed to sip.
 utter drought all dumb we stood; The stars were dim, and thick the night.
 rm, I sucked the blood, The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed
 : "A sail! a sail!" white;

roats unslaked, with black lips From the sails the dew did drip—
 ed, Till clomb above the eastern bar
 y heard me call; The horned moon, with one bright star
 they for joy did grin, Within the nether tip.

once their breath drew in, 'One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
 ere drinking all. Too quick for groan or sigh,
 Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
 And cursed me with his eye.

ee!" I cried, "she tacks no 'Four times fifty living men—
 e, And I heard nor sigh nor groan—
 work us weal; With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
 . breeze, without a tide, They dropped down one by one.

tern wave was all a-flame, 'The souls did from their bodies fly—
 as well-nigh done, They fled to bliss or woe!
 on the western wave And every soul it passed me by
 e broad bright sun; Like the whizz of my cross-bow.'
 t strange shape drove suddenly
 s and the sun.

PART IV.

ight the sun was flecked with I fear thee, ancient mariner,
 I fear thy skinny hand!
 urther send us grace!— And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
 igh a dungeon grate he peered As is the ribbed sea-sand.
 and burning face.

'I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown.'
'Fear not, fear not, thou wedding guest,
This body dropped not down.

'Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

'The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on, and so did I.

'I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

'I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gushed,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

'I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and
the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

'The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they;
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

'An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that
curse,
And yet I could not die.

'The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

'Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like April hoarfrost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay
The charmed water burnt away
A still and awful red.

'Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes;
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

'Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

'O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

'The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

'Oh, sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

'The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke it rained.

'My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

'I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

'And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

'The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flashes shewn;
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

'And the coming wind did roar more
loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one
black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

'The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

'The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

'They groaned, they stirred, they all up-
rose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

'The helmsman steered, the ship moved
on,
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

'The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled, at one rope,
But he said nought to me.'

'I fear thee, ancient mariner!
'Be calm, thou wedding guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their courses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest;

'For when it dawned, they dropped their
arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their
mouths
And from their bodies passed.

'Around, around flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

'Sometimes, a-dropping from the sky,
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air,
With their sweet jargoning!

'And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute.

'It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook

In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.'

[The ship is driven onward, but at length
the curse is finally exalted. A wind
springs up;

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

The mariner sees his native country. The
angelic spirits leave the dead bodies, and
appear in their own forms of light, each
waving his hand to the shore. A boat
with a pilot and hermit on board ap-
proaches the ship, which suddenly sinks.
The mariner is rescued; he entreats the
hermit to shrieve him, and the penance of
life falls on him.]

'Forthwith this frame of mine was
With a woful agony, [wrenched
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

'Since then, at an uncertain hour
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

'I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

'What loud uproar bursts from that
door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bridesmaids singing are:
And hark! the little vesper-bell
Which biddeth me to prayer.

'O wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

'O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!

'To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

'Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest:
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

'He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The mariner whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the wedding-guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

From the 'Ode to the Departing Year' (1795).

Spirit who sweepst the wild harp of time!
It is most hard, with an untroubled ear
Thy dark intwoven harmonies to hear!
Yet, mine eye fixed on heaven's unchanging clime
Long ere I listened, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness, and submitted mind:
When lo! its folds far waving on the wind,
I saw the train of the departing year!
Starting from my silent sadness,
Then with no unholy madness,
Ere yet the entered cloud foreclosed my sight,
I raised the impetuous song and solemnised his flight

Hither, from the recent tomb,
From the prison's direr gloom,
From Distemper's midnight anguish,
And thence, where Poverty doth waste and languish;
Or where, his two bright torches blending,
Love illumines manhood's maze;
Or where, o'er cradled infants bending,
Hope has fixed her wishful gaze,
Hither, in perplexed dance,
Ye Woes! ye young-eyed Joys! advance!
By Time's wild harp, and by the hand
Whose indefatigable sweep
Raises its fateful strings from sleep,
I bid you haste, a mixed tumultuous band!

From every private bower,
And each domestic hearth,
Haste for one solemn hour;
And with a loud and yet a louder voice,
O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth
Weep and rejoice!
Still echoes the dread name that o'er the earth
Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of hell:
And now advance in saintly jubilee
Justice and Truth! They, too, have heard thy spell:
They, too, obey thy name, divinest Liberty!

I marked ambition in his war-array!
I heard the mailed monarch's troublous cry—
'Ah! wherefore does the northern conquerer stay!
Groans not her chariot on its onward way?'
Fly, mailed monarch, fly!
Stunned by Death's twice mortal mace,
No more on Murder's lurid face
The insatiate hag shall gloat with drunken eye
Manes of the unnumbered slain!
Ye that gasped on Warsaw's plain!
Ye that erst at Ismail's towers,

When human ruin choked the streams,
 Fell in omnipotence's glutted hour,
 'Mid women's shrieks and infants' screams!
 Spirits of the unconfined slain,
 Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,
 Off, at night, in misty train,
 Rush around her narrow dwelling!
 The exterminating fiend is fled—
 Foul her life, and dark her doom—
 Mighty armies of the dead
 Dance like death-fires round her tomb!
 Then with prophetic song relate
 Each some tyrant-murderer's fate!

Departing year! 'twas on no earthly shore
 My soul beheld thy vision! Where alone,
 Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,
 Aye Memory sits; thy robe inscribed with gore,
 With many an imaginable groan
 Thou storied'st thy sad hours! Silence ensued,
 Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude.
 Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with glories shone.
 Then, his eye wild ardours glancing,
 From the choicèd gods advancing,
 The Spirit of the earth made reverence meet,
 And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
 O Albion! O my mother isle!
 Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
 Glitter green with sunny showers;
 Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
 Echo to the bleat of flocks
 (Those grassy hills, those glittering dells
 Proudly ramparted with rocks);
 And Ocean, 'mid his uproar wild,
 Speaks safely to his island-child!
 Hence, for many a fearless age
 Has social Quiet loved thy shore!
 Nor ever proud invader's rage
 Or sacked thy towers, or stained thy fields with gore.

Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
 In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
 The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
 Riest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently! Around thee and above,
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
 An æbon mass; methinks thou piercest it,
 As with a wedge! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity!
 O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody
 So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,

Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
 Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy;
 Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing—there,
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
 Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy. Awake,
 Voice of sweet song! awake, my heart, awake!
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
 Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
 And visited all night by troops of stars,
 Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink!
 Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
 Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
 Co-herald; wake, O wake, and utter praise!
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth!
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
 Who called you forth from night and utter death,
 From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
 For ever shattered, and the same for ever?
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
 And who commanded—and the silence came—
 Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
 Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
 Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest blue spread garlands at your feet?
 'God!' let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, 'God!'
 'God!' sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
 And they too have a voice, ye piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, 'God!'

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
 Ye eagle's playmates of the mountain storm!
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
 Ye signs and wonders of the element!
 Utter forth 'God,' and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure screens,
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
 Thou too, again, stupendous mountain! thou,
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low

In adoration, upward from thy base
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
 Solemnly seemest like a vapoury cloud
 To rise before me—Rise, oh, ever rise;
 Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth!
 Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
 Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

Love.

its, all passions, all delights,
 stirs this mortal frame,
 t ministers of love,
 sed his sacred flame.

waking dreams do I
 gain that happy hour,
 lway on the mount I lay,
 the ruined tower.

shine, stealing o'er the scene,
 led with the lights of eve;
 as there, my hope, my joy,
 vn dear Genevieve!

l against the armed man,
 of the armed knight;
 and listened to my lay
 the lingering light.

ws hath she of her own,
 my joy, my Genevieve!
 me best when'er I sing
 ongs that make her grieve.

soft and doleful air,
 old and moving story—
 de song that suited well
 ruin wild and hoary.

ed with a flitting blush,
 ncast eyes and modest grace;
 he knew I could not choose
 aze upon her face.

of the knight that wore
 shield a burning brand;
 for ten long years he wooed
 ady of the land.

how he pined; and ah!
 the low, the pleading tone
 ch I sang another's love,
 reted my own.

ed with a flitting blush,
 ncast eyes and modest grace;
 vgrave me that I gazed
 idly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
 That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
 And that he crossed the mountain-woods.
 Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
 And sometimes from the darksome shade
 And sometimes starting up at once,
 In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
 An angel beautiful and bright;
 And that he knew it was a fiend,
 This miserable knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
 He leaped amid a murderous band,
 And saved from outrage worse than death
 The lady of the land;

And how she wept and clasped his knees
 And how she tended him in vain—
 And ever strove to expiate
 The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave;
 And how his madness went away,
 When on the yellow forest leaves
 A dying man he lay!

His dying words—but when I reached
 That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
 My faltering voice and pausing harp
 Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
 Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve—
 The music and the doleful tale,
 The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
 An undistinguishable throng;
 And gentle wishes long subdued,
 Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
 She blushed with love and virgin shame.
 And like the murmur of a dream
 I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, she slept aside ;
As conscious of my look she slept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace.
And bending back her head, looked up
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears ; and she w
And told her love with virgin
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous !

From ' Frost at Midnight.'

Dear babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought !
My babe so beautiful ! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes ! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloister dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But thou, my babe, shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags : so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher ! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and, by giving, make it ask.
Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw ; whether the evedrops fall,
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

Love, Hope, and Patience in Education.

O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces ;
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it, so
Do these upbear the little world ! slow
Of education—Patience, Love, and Hope.
Methinks I see them grouped in ecemly show,
The straitened arms upraised, the palms aslope,
And robes that touching as adown they flow,
Distinctly blend, like snow embossed in snow.
O part them never ! If Hope prostrate lie,
Love too will sink and die.
But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive
From her own life that Hope is yet alive :
And bending o'er, with soul-transfusing eyes,

And the soft murmurs of the mother-dove,
 Woos back the fleeting spirit, and hcl supplies;
 Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love.
 Yet haply there will come a weary day,

When overtasked at length,
 Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.
 Then will a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
 Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,
 And both supporting, does the work of both.

Youth and Age.

breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
 Hope clung feeding like a bee—
 'Tis mine! Life went a-maying
 Ere Hope, and Poesy,

When I was young!
 Was young? Ah, woful when!
 The change 'twixt Now and

Then!
 Aathing house not built with
 Hands,

ly that does me grievous wrong,
 / cliffs and glittering sands,
 atly then it flashed along:

se trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
 ing lakes and rivers wide,
 : no aid of sail or oar,

r no spite of wind or tide!
 cared this body for wind or
 ather,

outh and I lived in 't together.

are lovely; Love is flower-like;
 lip is a sheltering tree;

rs that came down shower-like,
 dship, Love, and Liberty,

Ere I was old!
 s old? Ah woful Ere,

Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
 O Youth! for years so many and sweet.

'Tis known that thou and I were one;

I'll think it but a fond conceit—

It cannot be that thou art gone!

Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled,

And thou wert aye a masker ball!

What strange disguise hast now put on,

To make-believe that thou art gone?

I see these locks in silvery slips,

This drooping gait, this altered size;

But springtide blossoms on thy lips,

And tears take sunshine from thine eyes

Life is but thought: so think I will

That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dewdrops are the gems of morning,

But the tears of mournful eve!

Where no hope is, life's a warning

That only serves to make us grieve

When we are old:

That only serves to make us grieve

With oft and tedious taking leave;

Like some poor nigh-related guest,

That may not rudely be dismissed,

Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,

And tells the jest without the smile.

ng the day-dreams of Coleridge, as we have already men-
 was the hope of producing a great philosophical work, which
 ceived would ultimately effect a revolution in what has been
 philosophy or metaphysics in England and France. The only
 te philosophical attempt of the poet was a slight introduction

Encyclopædia 'Metropolitana,' a preliminary treatise on
 id,' from which we subjoin an extract.

Importance of Method.

habit of method should always be present and effective; but in order to
 : so, a certain training or education of the mind is indispensably necessary.
 and images, the lively and spirit-stirring machinery of the external world,
 light, and air, and moisture to the seed of the mind, which would else rot
 ish. In all processes of mental a tion the objects of the senses must
 e the mind; and the mind must in n assimilate and digest the food which
 ceives from without. Method, therefore, must result from the due mean
 ce between our passive impressions and the mind's reaction on them. So
 ealthful state of the human body, waking and sleeping, rest and labour,
 ily succeed each other, and mutually contribute to liveliness, and activity,
 gth. There are certain stores proper, and, as it were, indigenous to the

mind—such as the ideas of number and figure, and the logical forms and combinations of conception or thought. The mind that is rich and exuberant in this intellectual wealth is not, like a bird, to dwell upon the vain contemplation of its riches, is disposed to generalize and methodize to excess, ever philosophizing, and never descending to action, spreading its wings high in the air above some beloved spot, but never flying far and wide over earth and sea, to seek food, or to enjoy the endless beauties of nature; the fresh morning, and the warm noon, and the dewy eve. On the other hand, still less is to be expected, towards the methodizing of science, from the man who flutters about in blindness like the bat; or is carried hither and thither, like the turtle sleeping on the wave, and fancying, because he moves, that he is in progress.

It is not solely in the formation of the human understanding, and in the constructions of science and literature, that the employment of method is indispensably necessary; but its importance is equally felt, and equally acknowledged, in the whole business and economy of active and domestic life. From the cottager's hearth or the workshop of the artisan, to the palace or the arsenal, the first merit—that which admits neither substitute nor equivalent—is, that *everything is in its place*. Where this charm is wanting, every other merit either loses its name, or becomes an additional ground of accusation and regret. Of one by whom it is eminently possessed we say, proverbially, that he is like clock-work. The resemblance extends beyond the point of regularity, and yet falls far short of the truth. Both do, indeed, announce and wide and announce the silent and otherwise indistinguishable lapse of time; but the man of methodical industry and honourable pursuits does more; he realises its ideal divisions, and gives a character and individuality to its moments. If the former is described as killing time, he may be justly said to call it into life and moral being, while he makes it the distinct object not only of the consciousness, but of the conscience. He organizes the hours, and gives them a soul; and to that, the very essence of which is to fleet and to have been, he communicates an imperishable and a spiritual nature. Of the good and faithful servant, whose energies, thus directed, are truly methodised, it is less truly affirmed that he lives in time, than that time lives in him. His days, months, and years, as the stops and punctual marks in the records of duties performed, will survive the wreck of worlds, and remain extant when time itself shall be no more.

REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

THE REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES (1762–1850) enjoys the distinction of having ‘delighted and inspired’ the genius of Coleridge. His first publication was a small volume of sonnets published in 1789, to which additions were made from time to time, and in 1805 the collection had reached a ninth edition. Various other poetical works proceeded from the pen of Mr. Bowles: ‘Coombe Ellen and St. Michael’s Mount,’ 1798; ‘Battle of the Nile,’ 1799; ‘Sorrows of Switzerland,’ 1801; ‘Spirit of Discovery,’ 1805; ‘The Missionary of the Andes,’ 1815; ‘Days Departed,’ 1828; ‘St. John in Patmos,’ 1833; &c. None of these works can be said to have been popular, though all of them contain passages of fine descriptive and meditative verse. Mr. Bowles had the true poetical feeling and imagination, refined by classical taste and acquirements. Coleridge was one of his earliest and most devoted admirers. A volume of Mr. Bowles’s sonnets falling into the hands of the enthusiastic young poet, converted him from some ‘perilous errors’ to the love of a style of poetry at once tender and manly. The pupil outstripped his master in richness and luxuriance, though not in elegance or correctness. Mr. Bowles, in 1806, edited an edition of Pope’s works, which, being attacked by Campbell in his *Specimens of the Poets*, led to a literary controversy,

in which Lord Byron and others took a part. Bowles insisted strongly on descriptive poetry forming an indispensable part of the poetical character; 'every rock, every leaf, every diversity of hue in nature's variety.' Campbell, on the other hand, objected to this Dutch minuteness and perspicacity of colouring, and claimed for the poet (what Bowles never could have denied) nature, moral as well as external, the poetry of the passions, and the lights and shades of human manners. In reality, Pope occupied a middle position, inclining to the artificial side of life. Mr. Bowles was born at King's-Sutton, Northamptonshire, and was educated first at Winchester School, under Joseph Warton, and subsequently at Trinity College, Oxford. He long held the rectory of Bremhill, in Wiltshire (of which George Herbert and Norris of Bemerton had also been incumbents), and from 1828 till his death he was a canon residentiary of Salisbury Cathedral. He is described by his neighbour, Moore the poet, as a simple, amiable, absent-minded scholar, poet, and musician.

Sonnets.

To Time.

O Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence—
Lulling to sad repose the weary sense—
The faint pang steal'st, unperceived away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam of the transient shower,
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:
Yet, ah! how much must that poor heart endure
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

Winter Evening at Home.

Fair Moon! that at the chilly day's decline
Of sharp December, through my cottage pane
Dost lovely look, smiling, though in thy wane;
In thought, to scenes serene and still as thine,
Wanders my heart; whilst I by turns survey
Thee slowly wheeling on thy evening way;
And this my fire, whose dim, unequal light
Just glimmering, bids each shadowy image fall
Sombre and strange upon the darkening wall,
Ere the clear tapers chase the deepening night!
Yet thy still orb, seen through the freezing haze,
Shines calm and clear without; and whilst I gaze,
I think around me in this twilight gloom,
I but remark mortality's sad doom;
Whilst hope and joy, cloudless and soft appear
In the sweet beam that lights thy distant sphere.

Hope.

As one who, long by wasting sickness worn,
Weary has watched the lingering night, and heard,
Heartless, the carol of the matin bird

Salute his lonely porch, now first at morn
 Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed;
 He the green slope and level meadow views,
 Delightful bathed in slow ascending dews;
 Or marks the clouds that o'er the mountain's head,
 In varying forms, fantastic wander white;
 Or turns his ear to every random song
 Heard the green river's winding marge along,
 The whilst each sense is steeped in still delight:
 With such delight o'er all my heart I feel,
 Sweet Hope! thy fragrance pure and healing incense steal.

Bamborough Castle.

Ye holy towers that shade the wave-worn steep,
 Long may ye rear your aged brows sublime,
 Though hurrying silent by, relentless time
 Assail you, and the wintry whirlwind sweep.
 For, far from blazing grandeur's crowded halls,
 Here Charity has fixed her chosen seat;
 Oft listening tearful when the wild winds beat
 With hollow bodings round your ancient walls;
 And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
 Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,
 Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tower,
 And turns her ear to each expiring cry.
 Blest if her aid some fainting wretch might save,
 And snatch him cold and speechless from the grave.

South American Scenery.

Beneath aerial cliffs and glittering snows,
 The rush-roof of an aged warrior rose,
 Chief of the mountain tribes; high overhead,
 The Andes, wild and desolate, were spread,
 Where cold Sierras shot their icy spires,
 And Chillan trailed its smoke and smouldering fires.
 A glen beneath—a lonely spot of rest—
 Hung, scarce discovered, like an eagle's nest.
 Summer was in its prime: the parrot flocks
 Darkened the passing sunshine on the rocks;
 The chrysomel and purple butterfly,
 Amid the clear blue light, are wandering by;
 The humming-bird, along the myrtle bowers,
 With twinkling wing is spinning o'er the flowers;
 The woodpecker is heard with busy bill,
 The mock-bird sings—and all beside is still.
 And look! the cataract that bursts so high,
 As not to mar the deep tranquillity,
 The tumult of its dashing fall suspends,
 And, stealing drop by drop, in mist descends;
 Through whose illumined spray and sprinkling dews,
 Shine to the adverse sun the broken rainbow hues.
 Checkering, with partial shade, the beams of noon,
 And arching the gray rock with wild festoon,
 Here, its gay network and fantastic twine
 The purple cogul threads from pine to pine,
 And oft, as the fresh airs of morning breathe,
 Dips its long tendrils in the stream beneath.
 There, through the trunks, with moss and lichens white
 The sunshine darts, its interrupted light,
 And 'mid the cedar's darksome bough, illumed,
 With instant touch, the lori's scarlet plume.

Sun-dial in a Churchyard.

So passes, silent o'er the dead, thy shade,
Brief Time! and hour by hour, and day by day,
The pleasing pictures of the present fade,
And like a summer vapour steal away.

And have not they, who here forgotten lie—
Say, hoary chronicler of ages past—
Once marked thy shadow with delighted eye,
Nor thought it fled—how certain and how fast?

Since thou hast stood, and thus thy vigil kept,
Noting each hour, o'er mouldering stones beneath
The pastor and his flock alike have slept,
And 'dust to dust' proclaimed the stride of death.

Another race succeeds, and counts the hour,
Careless alike; the hour still seems to smile,
As hope, and youth, and life were in our power;
So smiling, and so perishing the while.

I heard the village-bells, with gladsome sound—
When to these scenes a stranger I drew near—
Proclaim the tidings of the village round,
While memory wept upon the good man's bier.

Even so, when I am dead, shall the same bells
Ring merrily when my brief days are gone;
While still the lapse of time thy shadow tells,
And strangers gaze upon my humble stone!

Enough, if we may wait in calm content
The hour that bears us to the silent sod;
Blameless improve the time that heaven has lent,
And leave the issue to thy will, O God.

· BLANCO WHITE.

ingular circumstance in literary history, that what many
he finest sonnet in the English language should be one
y a Spaniard. The REV. JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE (1775—
a native of Seville, son of an Irish Roman Catholic mer-
led in Spain. He was author of 'Letters from Spain by
adoin Doblado' (1822), 'Internal Evidence against Catho-
325), and other works both in English and Spanish. A
esting memoir of this remarkable man, with portions of
pondence, &c. was published by J. H. Thom (London, 3
):

Sonnet on Night.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name.
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came:
And lo! Creation widened in man's view!
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,

Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

One of the most voluminous and learned authors of this period was ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL. D., the poet-laureate. A poet, scholar, antiquary, critic, and historian, Southey wrote more than even Scott, and he is said to have burned more verses between his twentieth and thirtieth year than he published during his whole life. His time was entirely devoted to literature. Every day and hour had its appropriate and select task; his library was his world within which he was content to range, and his books were his most cherished and constant companions. In one of his poems, he says:

My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-falling friends are they,
With whom I converse night and day.

It is melancholy to reflect, that for nearly three years preceding death, Mr. Southey sat among his books in hopeless vacuity of mind the victim of disease. This distinguished author was a native of Bristol, the son of a respectable linen-draper of the same name, and was born on the 12th of August 1774. He was indebted to a maternal uncle for most of his education. In his fourteenth year he was placed at Westminster School, where he remained between three and four years, but having in conjunction with several of his school associates set on foot a periodical entitled 'The Flagellant,' in which a sarcastic article on corporal punishment appeared, the head-master, Dr. Vincent, commenced a prosecution against the publisher, and Southey was compelled to leave the school. This harsh exercise of authority probably had considerable effect in disgusting the young enthusiast with the institutions of his country.

In November 1792 he was entered of Balliol College, Oxford. He had then distinguished himself by poetical productions, and formed literary plans enough for many years or many lives. In political opinions he was a democrat; in religion, a Unitarian; consequently he could not take orders in the church, or look for any official appointment. He fell in with Coleridge, as already related, and joined in the plan of emigration. His academic career was abruptly closed in 1794. The same year, he published a volume of poems in conjunction with Mr. Robert Lovell, under the names of Moscovitch and Bion. About the same time he composed his drama of 'The Rival Tyrants,' a revolutionary brochure, which was long afterwards published surreptitiously by a knavish bookseller to annoy its author. 'In my youth,' he says, 'when my stock of knowledge consisted such an acquaintance with Greek and Roman history as is acq-

the course of a scholastic education—when my heart was full of try and romance, and Lucan and Akenside were at my tongue's—I fell into the political opinions which the French revolution then scattering throughout Europe; and following these opinions in ardour wherever they led, I soon perceived that inequalities of rank were a light evil compared to the inequalities of property, and more fearful distinctions which the want of moral and intellectual culture occasions between man and man. At that time, and with these opinions, or rather feelings (for their root was in the heart, and not in the understanding), I wrote 'Wat Tyler,' as one who was impatient of all the oppressions that are done under the sun. The subject was injudiciously chosen, and it was treated as might be expected by a youth of twenty at such times, who regarded only one side of the question.' The poem, indeed, is a miserable production, but was harmless from its very inanity. Full of the same political sentiments and ardour, Southey, in 1793, had composed his 'Joan of Arc,' an epic poem, displaying fertility of language and boldness of imagination, but at the same time diffuse in style, and in many parts confused and incoherent. In imitation of Dante, the young poet conducted his heroine in a dream to the abodes of departed spirits, and let her very freely with the 'murderers of mankind,' from Nimrod the mighty hunter, down to the hero conqueror of Agincourt:

A huge and massy pile—
Massy it seemed, and yet with every blast
As to its ruin shook. There, porter fit,
Remorse for ever his sad vigils kept.
Pale, hollow-eyed, emaciate, sleepless wretch,
Inly he groaned, or, starting, wildly shrieked,
Aye as the fabric, tottering from its base,
Threatened its fall—and so, expectant still,
Lived in the dread of danger still delayed.
They entered there a large and lofty dome,
O'er whose black marble sides a dim drear light
Struggled with darkness from the unfrequent lamp.
Enthroned around, the Murderers of Mankind—
Monarchs, the great! the glorious! the august!
Each bearing on his brow a crown of fire—
Sat stern and silent. Nimrod, he was there,
First king, the mighty hunter; and that chief
Who did belie his mother's fame, that so
He might be called young Ammon. In this court
Cæsar was crowned—accused liberticide;
And he who murdered Tully, that cold villain
Octavius—though the courtly minion's lyre
Hath hymned his praise, though Maro sung to him,
And when death levelled to original clay
The royal carcass, Flattery, fawning low,
Fell at his feet and worshipped the new god.
Titus was here, the conqueror of the Jews,
He, the delight of humankind misnamed;
Cæsars and Soldans, emperors and kings,
Here were they all, all who for glory fought,
Here in the Court of Glory, reaping now
The meed, they merited.

As gazing round,
 The Virgin marked the miserable train,
 A deep and hollow voice from one went forth:
 'Thou who art come to view our punishment,
 Maiden of Orleans! hither turn thine eyes;
 For I am he whose bloody victories
 Thy power hath rendered vain. Lo! I am here,
 The hero conqueror of Agincourt,
 Henry of England!'

In the second edition of the poem, published in 1798, the vision of the Maid of Orleans, and everything miraculous, was omitted. When the poem first appeared, its author was on his way to Lisbon, in company with his uncle, Dr. Herbert, chaplain to the factory at Lisbon. Previous to his departure in November 1795, Southey had married Miss Edith Fricker of Bristol, sister of the lady with whom Coleridge united himself; and immediately after the ceremony they parted. 'My mother,' says the poet's son and biographer, 'wore her wedding-ring hung round her neck, and preserved her maiden name until the report of the marriage had spread abroad.' Cottle, the generous Bristol bookseller, had given Southey money to purchase the ring. The poet was six months with his uncle in Lisbon, during which time he had applied himself to the study of the Spanish and Portuguese languages, in which he afterwards became a proficient. The death of his brother-in-law and brother-poet, Lovell, occurred during his absence abroad, and Southey on his return set about raising something for his young friend's widow. She afterwards found a home with Southey—one of the many generous and affectionate acts of his busy life. In 1797 he published his 'Letters from Spain and Portugal,' and took up his residence in London, in order to commence the study of the law. A college-friend, Mr. C. W. W. Wynn, gave him an annuity of £160, which he continued to receive until 1807, when he relinquished it on obtaining a pension from the crown of £200.

The study of the law was never a congenial pursuit with Southey; he kept his terms at Gray's Inn, but his health failed, and in the spring of 1800 he again visited Portugal. After a twelve-month's residence in that fine climate, he returned to England, lived in Bristol a short time, and then made a journey into Cumberland, for the double purpose of seeing the lakes and visiting Coleridge, who was at that time residing at Greta Hall, Keswick—the house in which Southey himself was henceforth to spend the greater portion of his life. A short trial of official life also awaited him. He was offered and accepted the appointment of private secretary to Mr. Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland; the terms, prudently limited to one year, being a salary of about £350, English currency. His official duties were more nominal than real, but Southey soon got tired of the light bondage, and before half of the stipulated period of twelve months was over, he had got, as he said, *unserried*, and entered on that course of professional authorship which

once his business and delight. In the autumn of 1808, he was at Greta Hall, Keswick. While in Portugal, Southey had a second epic poem, 'Thalaba, the Destroyer,' an Arabian of great beauty and magnificence. For the copyright of this he received a hundred guineas, and it was published in 1801. It was not rapid, but three hundred copies being sold by the first year, its reception, considering the peculiar style of the work, was not discouraging. The form of verse adopted by the poet is irregular, without rhyme; and it possesses a peculiar and rhythmical harmony, though, like the redundant diction in the work, it becomes wearisome in so long a poem. The stanzas convey an exquisite picture of a widowed mother gazing over the sands of the East during the silence of night;

Night in the Desert.

I.

How beautiful is night !
A dewy freshness fills the silent air ;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven :
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky
How beautiful is night !

II.

Who, at this untimely hour,
Wanders o'er the desert sands ?
No station is in view,
Nor palm-grove islanded amid the waste.
The mother and her child,
The widowed mother and the fatherless boy,
They, at this untimely hour,
Wander o'er the desert sands.

III.

Alas ! the setting sun
Saw Zeinab in her bliss,
Hodeirah's wife beloved,
The fruitful mother late,
Whom, when the daughters of Arabia named,
They wished their lot like hers ;
She wanders o'er the desert sands
A wretched widow now,
The fruitful mother of so fair a race ;
With only one preserved,
She wanders o'er the wilderness.

IV.

No tear relieved the burden of her heart ;
Stunned with the heavy woe, she felt like one
Half-wakened from a midnight dream of blood.
But sometimes, when the boy
Would wet her hand with tears,
And, looking up to her fixed countenance,

Sob out the name of Mother, then did she
 Utter a feeble groan.
 At length, collecting, Zeluab turned her eyes
 To heaven, exclaiming: 'Praise be the Lord!
 He gave, he takes away!
 The Lord our God is good!'

The metre of 'Thalaba,' as may be seen from this specimen, is of great power, as well as harmony, in skilful hands. It is in accordance with the subject of the poem, and is, as the author himself remarks, 'the Arabesque ornament of an Arabian tale.' Southey had now cast off his revolutionary opinions, and his future works were all marked by a somewhat intolerant attachment to church and state. He established himself on the banks of the river Great Ouse, subsisting by his pen and a pension which he had received from government. In 1804, he published a volume of 'Thalaba,' and in 1805, 'Madoc,' an epic poem, founded on a story, but inferior to its predecessors. In 1810, appeared his best poetical work, 'The Curse of Kehama,' a poem of the same class and structure as 'Thalaba,' but in rhyme. With characteristic egotism, Southey prefixed to 'The Curse of Kehama' a dedication in which he would not change a syllable or measure for any

Pedants shall not tie my strains
 To our antique poets' veins.

Kehama is a Hindu rajah, who, like Dr. Faustus, obtains and wields supernatural power. His adventures are sufficiently strange and afford room for the author's striking amplitude of description. 'The story is founded,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'upon the Hindoo mythology, the most gigantic, cumbrous, and extravagant system of idolatry to which temples were ever erected. The scene is alternately laid in the terrestrial paradise—under the sea—in the heaven of heaven—and in hell itself. The principal actors are, a man who approaches almost to omnipotence; another labouring under a strange and fearful malediction, which exempts him from the ordinary laws of nature; a good genius, a sorceress, and a ghost, with several Hindu deities of different ranks. The only being that retains the tribute of humanity is a female, who is gifted with immortality at the close of the piece.' Some of the scenes in this strangely interesting and horrible work are described with the power of Milton. Scott has said that the following account of the approach of the spirits to Padalon, or the Indian Hades is equal in grandeur to the description of the descent of the hero into the underworld which he ever perused:

Far other light than that of day there shone
 Upon the travellers, entering Padalon.
 They, too, in darkness entering on their way,
 But far before the car
 A glow, as of a fiery furnace light,
 Filled all before them. 'Twas a light that made
 Darkness itself appear
 A thing of comfort; and the sight, dismayed,

Shrank inward from the molten atmosphere.
 Their way was through the adamant rock
 Which girt the world of woe . on either side
 Its massive walls arose and overhead
 Arched the long passage ; onward as they ride,
 With stronger glare the light around them spread—
 And, lo ! the regions dread—
 The world of woe before them opening wide,
 There rolls the fiery flood,
 Girding the realms of Padalon around.
 A sea of flame, it seemed to be
 Sea without bound :
 For neither mortal nor immortal sight
 Could pierce across through that intensest light.

When the curse is removed from the sufferer, *Ladurlad*, and he is transported to his family in the Bower of Bliss, the poet breaks out into that apostrophe to Love which is so often quoted, but never can be read without emotion :

Love.

They sin who tell us Love can die.
 With Life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity.
 In heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell :
 Earthly these passions of the earth,
 They perish where they had their birth.
 But Love is indestructible :
 Its holy flame for ever burneth,
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,

At times deceived, at times oppressed,
 It here is tried and purified,
 Then hath in heaven its perfect rest :
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest-time of Love is there.
 Oh ! when a mother meets on high
 The babe she lost in infancy,
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
 The day of woe, the watchful night,
 For all her sorrows, all her tears,
 An over-payment of delight ?

Besides its wonderful display of imagination and invention, and its vivid scene-painting, 'The Curse of Kehama' possesses the recommendation of being in manners, sentiments, scenery, and costume, distinctively and exclusively Hindu. Its author was too diligent a student to omit whatever was characteristic in the landscape or the people. Passing over his prose-works, we next find Southey appear in a native poetical dress in blank verse. In 1814 he published 'Roderick, the Last of the Goths,' a noble and pathetic poem, though liable also to the charge of redundant description. The style of the versification may be seen from the following account of the grief and confusion of the aged monarch, when he finds his throne occupied by the Moors after his long absence :

The sound, the sight
 Of turban, girdle, robe, and scimitar,
 And tawny skins, awoke contending thoughts
 Of anger, shame, and anguish in the Goth ;
 The unaccustomed face of humankind
 Confused him now—and through the streets he went
 With haggard mien, and countenance like one
 Crazed or bewildered. All who met him turned,
 And wondered as he passed. One stopped him short,
 Put arms into his hand, and then desired,
 In broken Gothic speech, the moon-struck man
 To bless him. With a look of vacancy,

Roderick received the alms; his wandering eye
 Fell on the money, and the fallen king,
 Seeing his royal impress on the piece,
 Broke out into a quick convulsive voice,
 That seemed like laughter first, but ended soon
 In hollow groan suppressed: the Mussulman
 Shrunk at the ghastly sound, and magnified
 The name of Allah as he hastened on.
 A Christian woman, spinning at her door,
 Beheld him—and with sudden pity touched,
 She laid her spindle by, and running in,
 Took bread, and following after, called him back—
 And, placing in his passive hands the loaf,
 She said, 'Christ Jesus for his Mother's sake
 Have mercy on thee!' With a look that seemed
 Like idiocy, he heard her, and stood still,
 Staring a while; then bursting into tears,
 Wept like a child.

Or the following description:

A Moonlight Scene in Spain.

How calmly, gliding through the dark-blue sky,
 The midnight moon ascends! Her placid beams,
 Through thinly scattered leaves, and boughs grotesque,
 Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope;
 Here o'er the chestnut's fretted foliage, gray
 And massy, motionless they spread; here shine
 Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night
 Their chasms; and there the glittering argentry
 Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.
 A lovelier, purer light than that of day
 Rests on the hills; and oh, how awfully,
 Into that deep and tranquil firmament,
 The summits of Auseva rise serene!
 The watchman on the battlements partakes
 The stillness of the solemn hour; he feels
 The silence of the earth; the endless sound
 Of flowing water soothes him; and the stars
 Which in that brightest moonlight well-nigh quenched,
 Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
 Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,
 Draw on with elevating influence
 Towards eternity the attempered mind.
 Musing on worlds beyond the grave, he stands,
 And to the Virgin Mother silently
 Breathes forth her hymn of praise.

Southey having in 1813, accepted the office of poet-laureate posed some courtly strains that tended little to advance his reputation. His 'Carmen Triumphale' (1814) and 'The Vision of merit' (1821) provoked much ridicule at the time, and would have passed into utter oblivion, if Lord Byron had not published a 'Vision of Judgment'—one of the most powerful, though wholly profane, of his productions, in which the laureate received a less and witty castigation, that even his admirers admitted to be *unmerited*. The latest of our author's poetical works was a *of narrative verse*, 'All for Love,' and 'The Pilgrim of Com (1829). He continued his ceaseless round of study and cor

ting on all subjects, and filling ream after ream of paper with his ubations on morals, philosophy, poetry, and politics. He was ared a baronetcy and a seat in parliament, both of which he prudly declined. His fame and his fortune, he knew, could only be served by adhering to his solitary studies; but these were too stant and uninterrupted. The poet forgot one of his own maxims, t 'frequent change of air is of all things that which most con-es to joyous health and long life.'

rom the year 1833 to 1837 he was chiefly engaged in editing works of Cowper, published in fifteen volumes. About year 1834, his wife, the early partner of his affections, sank into ate of mental imbecility, 'a pitiable state of existence,' in which continued for about three years, and though he bore up wonder-y during this period of affliction, his health was irretrievably tered. In about a year and a half afterwards, however, he ried a second time, the object of his choice being Miss Caroline les, the poetess. 'My spirits,' he says, 'would hardly recover r habitual and healthful cheerfulness, if I had not prevailed upon s Bowles to share my lot for the remainder of our lives. There ist such a disparity of age as is fitting; we have been well ac-ainted with each other more than twenty years, and a more perfect formity of disposition could not exist.' Some members of the 's grown-up family seem to have been averse to this union, but devoted attentions of the lady, and her exemplary domestic ues, soothed the few remaining years of the poet's existence. se attentions were soon painfully requisite. Southey's intellect me clouded, his accustomed labours were suspended, and though continued his habit of reading, the power of comprehension was e. 'His dearly prized books,' says his son, 'were a pleasure to almost to the end, and he would walk slowly round his library ing at them, and taking them down mechanically.'

Wordsworth, writing to Lady Frederick Bentinck in July 1840, says, on visiting his early friend, he did not recognise him till he was

'Then his eyes flashed for a moment with their former bright- s, but he sank into the state in which I had found him, patting a both hands his books affectionately like a child.' Three years e passed in this deplorable condition, and it was a matter of satis- ion rather than regret that death at length stepped into shroud painful spectacle from the eyes of affection as well as from the e of vulgar curiosity. He died in his house at Greta on the 21st March 1843. He left at his death a sum of about £12,000, to be ded among his children, and one of the most valuable private aries in the kingdom. The life and correspondence of Southey e been published by his son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey, x volumes. His son-in-law, the Rev. J. Wood Warter, published 'Commonplace Book,' 4 vols., and 'Selections from his Letters,' 4

In these works the amiable private life of Southey—his inde-

fatigable application, his habitual cheerfulness and lively fancy, and his steady friendships and true generosity, are strikingly displayed. The only drawback is the poet's egotism, which was inordinate, and his hasty uncharitable judgments sometimes passed on his contemporaries, the result partly of temperament and partly of his seclusion from general society. Southey was interred in the churchyard of Crosthwaite, and in the church is a marble monument to his memory, a full-length recumbent figure, with the following inscription by Wordsworth on the base of the monument:

Wordsworth's Epitaph on Southey.

Ye vales and hills, whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you
His eyes have closed: and ye, loved books, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,
Adding immortal labours of his own;
Whether he traced historic truth with zeal
For the state's guidance, or the church's weal;
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious Art,
Informed his pen, or Wisdom of the heart,
Or Judgments sanctioned in the patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
Large were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings find a holier nest.
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but he to heaven was vowed
Through a life long and pure, and steadfast faith
Calmed in his soul the fear of change and death.

Few authors have written so much and so well, with so little real popularity, as Southey. Of all his prose works, admirable as they are in purity of style, the 'Life of Nelson' alone is a general favourite. The magnificent creations of his poetry—piled up like clouds at sunset, in the calm serenity of his capacious intellect—have always been duly appreciated by poetical students and critical readers; but by the public at large they are neglected. An attempt to revive them by the publication of the whole poetical works in ten uniform and cheap volumes, has only shewn that they are unsuited to the taste of the present generation. The reason of this may be found both in the subjects of Southey's poetry, and in his manner of treating them. His fictions are wild and supernatural, and have no hold on human affections. Gorgeous and sublime as some of his images and descriptions are, they 'come like shadows, so depart.' They are too remote, too fanciful, and often too learned. The Grecian mythology is graceful and familiar; but Southey's Hindu superstitions are extravagant and strange. To relish them requires considerable previous reading and research, and this is a task which few will undertake. The dramatic art or power of vivid delineation is also comparatively unknown to Southey, and hence the dialogues in 'Madoc' and 'Roderick' are generally flat and uninteresting. His observation was of books, not nature. Some affectations of style and expression

warred the effect of his conceptions, and the copious flow of
 rification, unrelieved by bursts of passion or elegant senti-
 sometimes becomes heavy and monotonous in its uniform
 ness and dignity.

The Battle of Blenheim.

summer evening,
 aspar's work was done,
 before his cottage-door
 sitting in the sun:
 him sported on the green
 ; grandchild Wilhelmine.

her brother Peterkin
 smething large and round
 e beside the rivulet,
 ring there had found;
 to ask what he had found,
 us so large, and smooth, and
 und.

par took it from the boy,
 too expectant by;
 the old man shook his head,
 ith a natural sigh,
 ne poor fellow's skull,' said he,
 ll in the great victory.

hem in the garden,
 ere's many here about;
 m, when I go to plough,
 oughshare turns them out
 y thousand men,' said he,
 ain in that great victory.'

ll us what 'twas all about,'
 : Peterkin he cries:
 tle Wilhelmine looks up,
 vonder-waiting eyes;
 ll us all about the war,
 at they kill each other for.'

the English,' Kaspar cried,
 put the French to rout;
 f they killed each other for,

I could not well make out.
 But everybody said,' quoth he,
 'That 'twas a famous victory.

'My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by;
 They burned his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly;
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head.

'With fire and sword, the country round
 Was wasted far and wide;
 And many a childing mother then,
 And new-born baby, died;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory.

'They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won;
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory.

'Great praise the Duke of Marlbro'
 won,
 And our good prince, Eugene.'
 'Why 'twas a very wicked thing I'
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 'Nay—nay—my little girl,' quoth he,
 'It was a famous victory,

'And everybody praised the duke,
 Who this great fight did win.'
 'And what good came of it at last?'
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he,
 'But 'twas a famous victory.'

The Holly Tree.

O reader! hast thou ever stood to see

The holly tree?

The eye that contemplates it, well perceives

Its glossy leaves

Ordered by an intelligence so wise

As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen

Wrinkled and keen;

No grazing cattle through their prickly round

Can reach to wound;

But as they grow where nothing is to fear,

Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
 And moralise;
 And in this wisdom of the holly tree
 Can emblems see
 Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
 One which may profit in the after-time.
 Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
 Harsh and austere,
 To those who on my leisure would intrude
 Reserved and rude,
 Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be
 Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.
 And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
 Some harshness shew,
 All vain asperities I day by day
 Would wear away,
 Till the smooth temper of my age should be
 Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.
 And as, when all the summer trees are seen
 So bright and green,
 The holly leaves a sober hue display
 Less bright than they,
 But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
 What then so cheerful as the holly tree?
 So serious should my youth appear among
 The thoughtless throng,
 So would I seem amid the young and gay
 More grave than they,
 That in my age as cheerful I might be
 As the green winter of the holly tree.

Some of the youthful ballads of Southey were extremely popular. His 'Lord William,' 'Mary the Maid of the Inn,' 'The Wandering Jew,' 'St. Keyne,' and 'The Old Woman of Berkeley,' were the delight of most young readers seventy years since. He loved to sport with subjects of diablerie; and one satirical piece of this kind, 'The Idle Thoughts,' the joint production of Southey and Coleridge, has the honour of being ascribed to various persons. The conception of it was Southey's, who led off with the following opening stanza:

From his brimstone bed at break of day
 A-walking the devil is gone,
 To visit his snug little farm the earth,
 And see how his stock goes on.
 Over the hill and over the dale,
 And he went over the plain,
 Backward and forward he switched his long tail,
 As a gentleman switches his cane.

But the best and most piquant verses are by Coleridge: of these *has* passed into a proverb:

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
 A cottage of gentility;
 And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
 Is pride that aces humility.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

is gentleman, the representative of an ancient family, was born at Sley Court, Warwickshire, on the 30th of January 1775. He was educated at Rugby School, whence he was transferred to Trinity College, Oxford. His first publication was a small volume of poems, dated as far back as 1795. The poet was intended for the law, but, like Southey, he imbibed republican sentiments, and for a while declined engaging in the profession of arms. His father offered him an allowance of £400 per annum, on condition that he should study the law, with this alternative, if he refused, his income should be restricted to one-third of the sum. The independent poet preferred the smaller income with literature as his companion. He must soon, however, have succeeded to the family estate, for in 1806, exasperated by the bad conduct of some of his tenants, he is said to have sold possessions in Warwickshire and Warwickshire, and pulled down a handsome house he had built. His rash impulsiveness will be found pervading his literature as well as his life.

In 1808, Mr. Landor joined the Spaniards in their first insurrectionary movement, raising a troop at his own expense, and contributing his own efforts to aid in the struggle. In 1815, he took up his residence in Bath, having purchased a villa near Florence. There he lived for many years, cultivating art and literature, but he again returned to England and settled in Bath. The early poetical works of Landor were collected and republished in 1831. They consist of 'Gebir,' a series of epic poems, originally written in Latin ('Gebirus,' 1802), and 'De Quincey' said had for some time 'the sublime distinction of being enjoyed only two readers—Southey and himself.' 'Count Julian,' a tragedy, highly praised by Southey; and various miscellaneous poems, to which he continued almost every year to make additions.

He also 'cultivated private renown,' as Byron said, in the composition of Latin verses and essays, for which the noble poet styled him 'deep-mouthed Boetian, Savage Landor.' This satire, however, was pointless; for as a ripe scholar, imbued with the spirit of independence, Mr. Landor transcended most of his contemporaries. His talents and genius were afterwards fully displayed in his 'Conversations,' a series of dialogues published at intervals between 1824 and 1846, by which time they had amounted to one hundred and twenty-five in number, ranging over all history, all science, and almost all subjects. Mr. Landor's poetry is inferior to his prose. In 'Gebir' there is a fine passage, amplified by Wordsworth in 'Excursion,' which describes the sound which sea-shells seem to make when placed close to the ear:

*But I have stinnous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave!*

Shake one and it awakens, then apply
 Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
 And it remembers its angust abodes,
 And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

In 'Count Julian,' Mr Landor adduces the following beautiful illustration of grief:

Wakeful he sits, and lonely and unmoved,
 Beyond the arrows, views, or shouts of men;
 As oftentimes an eagle, when the sun
 Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray,
 Stands solitary, stands immovable,
 Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye,
 Clear, constant, unobscured, unabased,
 In the cold light.

His smaller poems are mostly of the same meditative and intellectual character. An English scene is thus described:

Clifton, in vain thy varied scenes invite—
 The mossy bank, dim glade, and dizzy height;
 The sheep that starting from the tufted thyme,
 Untune the distant churches' mellow chime;
 As o'er each limb a gentle horror creeps,
 And shake above our heads the craggy steeps,
 Pleasant I've thought it to pursue the rover,
 While light and darkness seize the changeable oar,
 The frolic Naiads drawing from below
 A net of silver round the black canoe.
 Now the last lonely solace must it be
 To watch pale evening brood o'er land and sea,
 Then join my friends, and let those friends believe
 My cheeks are moistened by the dews of eve.

'The Maid's Lament' is a short lyrical flow of picturesque expression and pathos, resembling the effusions of Barry Cornwall:

I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone,
 I feel I am alone.
 I checked him while he spoke; yet could he speak,
 Alas! I would not check.
 For reasons not to love him once I sought,
 And wearied all my thought
 To vex myself and him: I now would give
 My love could he but live
 Who lately lived for me, and when he found
 'Twas vain, in holy ground
 He hid his face amid the shades of death!
 I waste for him my breath.
 Who wasted his for me; but mine returns,
 And this lone bosom burns
 With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
 And waking me to weep
 Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years
 Wept he as bitter tears!
 'Merciful God!' such was his latest prayer,
 'These may she never share!'
 Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
 Than daisies in the mould.

Where children spell athwart the churchyard gate
 His name and life's brief date.
 Pray for him, gentle souls, whose'er ye be,
 And oh! pray, too, for me!

He quote one more chaste and graceful fancy:

Sixteen.

In Clementina's artless mien
 Lucilla asks me what I see,
 And are the roses of sixteen
 Enough for me?

Lucilla asks if that be all,
 Have I not culled as sweet before?
 Ah yes, Lucilla! and their fall
 I still deplore.

I now behold another scene,
 Where pleasure beams with heaven's own light,
 More pure, more constant, more serene,
 And not less bright.

Faith, on whose breast the loves repose,
 Whose chain of flowers no force can sever,
 And Modesty, who, when she goes,
 Is gone for ever.

Landor continued to write far beyond his eightieth year. In 1853 he published a pamphlet entitled 'Popery, British and Foreign,' about this time he contributed largely to the columns of the 'Examiner' weekly journal. Though living the life of a recluse, he was a curious observer of public events, and an eager though inconsistent impracticable politician. In 1853, he issued a volume of essays poetical pieces, entitled 'The Last Fruit off an Old Tree;' and in another volume of the same kind, called 'Dry Sticks fagoted 'alter Savage Landor.' For certain grossly indecent verses and errors in this work, directed against a lady in Bath, the author underwent the indignity of a trial for defamation, was convicted, and sentenced in damages to the amount of £1000.

Shortly before this, Mr. Landor had published a declaration that of fortune he had but a small sum left, with which he proposed to reward the widow of any person who would assassinate the Emperor of France! Thus poor, old, and dishonoured, Mr. Landor again left behind—a spectacle more pitiable, considering his high intellectual attainments, his early friendships, and his once noble aspirations, any other calamity recorded in our literary annals, 'After some years of wretchedness at Fiesole,' says a memoir of Landor in the English Cyclopædia, 'his friends came to his rescue. A plain but comfortable lodging was found for him at Florence, his surviving friends undertook to supply an annuity of £200, which Robert Brown-venously saw duly employed as long as he remained in Flor-

And thus one more gleam of sunshine seemed to settle on the *man eloquent*." Though deaf and ailing, he continued to find in his pen. He wrote and published occasional verses, and

two or three more "Imaginary Conversations," in which the old fire burned not dimly; collected some earlier scraps, which appeared as "Heroic Idylls," and was still working in his 90th year at new Conversations, when, on the 17th of September 1864, death ended his labours and sorrows.' A biography of Landor by John Forster, was published in 1868.

The writings of Walter Savage Landor have been said to 'bear the stamp of the old mocking paganism.' A moody egotistic nature, ill at ease with the common things of life, had flourished up in his case into a most portentous crop of crotchets and prejudices, which, regardless of the reprobation of his fellow-men, he issued forth in prodigious confusion, often in language offensive in the last degree to good taste. Eager to contradict whatever is generally received, he never stops to consider how far his own professed opinions may be consistent with each other: hence he contradicts himself almost as often as he does others. Jeffrey, in one of his most brilliant papers, has characterised in happy terms the class of minds to which Mr. Landor belongs. 'The work before us,' says he, 'is an edifying example of the spirit of literary Jacobinism—flying at all game, running a-muck at all opinions, and at continual cross-purposes with its own. This spirit admits neither of equal nor superior, follower nor precursor: "It travels in a road so narrow, where but one goes abreast." It claims a monopoly of sense, wit, and wisdom. All their ambition, all their endeavour is, to seem wiser than the whole world besides. They hate whatever falls short of, whatever goes beyond, their favourite theories. In the one case, they hurry on before to get the start of you; in the other, they suddenly turn back to hinder you, and defeat themselves. An inordinate, restless, incorrigible self-love is the key to all their actions and opinions, extravagances and meannesses, servility and arrogance. Whatever soothes and pampers this, they applaud; whatever wounds or interferes with it, they utterly and vindictively abhor. A general is with them a hero, if he is unsuccessful or a traitor; if he is a conqueror in the cause of liberty, or a martyr to it, he is a poltroon. Whatever is doubtful, remote, visionary in philosophy or wild and dangerous in politics, they fasten upon eagerly, "recommending and insisting on nothing less;" reduce the one to demonstration, the other to practice, and they turn their backs upon their own most darling schemes, and leave them in the lurch immediately.'

When the reader learns that Mr. Landor justifies Tiberius and Nero, speaks of Pitt as a poor creature, and Fox as a charlatan, declares Alfieri to have been the greatest man in Europe, and recommends the Greeks, in their struggles with the Turks, to discard firearms, and return to the use of the bow, he will not deem this general description far from inapplicable in the case of Landor. And yet his 'Imaginary Conversations' and other writings are amongst the most remarkable prose productions of our age, written in pure nervous

English, and full of thoughts which fasten themselves on the mind and are 'a joy forever.' It would require many specimens from these works to make good what is here said for and against their author; we subjoin a few passages affording both an example of his love of paradox, and of the extraordinary beauties of thought and expression by which he leads us captive.

Conversation between Lords Chatham and Chesterfield.

CHESTERFIELD. It is true, my lord, we have not always been of the same opinion, or, to use a better, truer, and more significant expression, of the same *side* in politics; yet I never heard a sentence from your lordship which I did not listen to with deep attention. I understand that you have written some pieces of admonition and advice to a young relative; they are mentioned as being truly excellent; I wish I could have profited by them when I was composing mine on a similar occasion.

CHATHAM. My lord, you certainly would not have done it, even supposing they contained, which I am far from believing, any topics that could have escaped your penetrating view of manners and morals; for your lordship and I set out diversely from the very threshold. Let us, then, rather hope that what we have written, with an equally good intention, may produce its due effect; which indeed, I am afraid, may be almost as doubtful, if we consider how ineffectual were the cares and exhortations, and even the daily example and high renown, of the most zealous and prudent men on the life and conduct of their children and disciples. Let us, however, hope the best rather than fear the worst, and believe that there never was a right thing done or a wise one spoken in vain, although the fruit of them may not spring up in the place designated or at the time expected.

CHESTERFIELD. Pray, if I am not taking too great a freedom, give me the outline of your plan.

CHATHAM. Willingly, my lord; but since a greater man than either of us has laid down a more comprehensive one, containing all I could bring forward, would it not be preferable to consult it? I differ in nothing from Locke, unless it be that I would recommend the lighter as well as the graver part of the ancient classics, and the constant practice of imitating them in early youth. This is no change in the system, and no larger in addition than a woodbine to a sacred grove.

CHESTERFIELD. I do not admire Mr. Locke.

CHATHAM. Nor I—he is too simply grand for admiration—I contemplate and revere him. Equally deep and clear, he is both philosophically and grammatically the most elegant of English writers.

CHESTERFIELD. If I expressed by any motion of limb or feature my surprise at this remark, your lordship, I hope, will pardon me a slight and involuntary transgression of my own precept. I must entreat you, before we move a step further in our inquiry, to inform me whether I am really to consider him in style the most elegant of our prose authors.

CHATHAM. Your lordship is capable of forming an opinion on this point certainly no less correct than mine.

CHESTERFIELD. Pray assist me.

CHATHAM. Education and grammar are surely the two driest of all subjects on which a conversation can turn; yet if the ground is not promiscuously sown, if what ought to be clear is not covered, if what ought to be covered is not bare, and, above all, if the plants are choice ones, we may spend a few moments on it not unpleasantly. It appears then to me, that elegance in prose composition is mainly this: a just admission of topics and of words; neither too many nor too few of either; enough of sweetness in the sound to induce us to enter and sit still; enough of illustration and reflection to change the posture of our minds when they would fidget; and enough of sound matter in the complex to repay us for our attendance. I could perhaps be more logical in my definition and more concise; but am I at all erroneous?

CHESTERFIELD. I see not that you are.

CHATHAM. My ear is well satisfied with Locke: I find nothing idle or redundant in him.

CHESTERFIELD. But in the opinion of you graver men would not some of his principles lead too far?

CHATHAM. The danger is, that few will be led by them far enough: most who begin with him stop short, and, pretending to find pebbles in their shoes, throw themselves down upon the ground, and complain of their guide.

CHESTERFIELD. What, then, can be the reason why Plato, so much less intelligible, is so much more quoted and applauded?

CHATHAM. The difficulties we never try are no difficulties to us. Those who are upon the summit of a mountain know in some measure its altitude, by comparing it with all objects around: but those who stand at the bottom, and never mounted it, can compare it with few only, and with those imperfectly. Until a short time ago, I could have conversed more fluently about Plato than I can at present; I had read all the titles to his dialogues, and several scraps of commentary; these I have now forgotten, and am indebted to long attacks of the gout for what I have acquired instead.

CHESTERFIELD. A very severe schoolmaster! I hope he allows a long vacation. **CHATHAM.** Severe he is indeed, and although he sets no example of regularity, he exacts few observances, and teaches many things. Without him I should have had less patience, less learning, less reflection, less leisure; it short, less of everything but of sleep.

CHESTERFIELD. Locke, from a deficiency of fancy, is not likely to attract so many listeners as Plato.

CHATHAM. And yet occasionally his language is both metaphorical and rich in images. In fact all our great philosophers have also this property in a wonderful degree. Not to speak of the devotional, in whose writings one might expect it, we find it abundantly in Bacon, not sparingly in Hobbes, the next to him in range of inquiry and potency of intellect. And what would you think, my lord, if you discovered in the records of Newton a sentence in the spirit of Shakespeare?

CHESTERFIELD. I should look upon it as upon a wonder, not to say a miracle. Newton, like Barrow, had no feeling or respect for poetry.

CHATHAM. His words are these: 'I don't know what I may seem to the world; but as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of Truth lay all undiscovered before me.'

CHESTERFIELD. Surely nature, who had given him the volumes of her greater mysteries to unseal; who had bent over him and taken his hand, and taught him to decipher the characters of her sacred language; who had lifted up before him her glorious veil, higher than ever yet for mortal, that she might impress her features and her fondness on his heart, threw it back wholly at these words, and gazed upon him with as much admiration as ever he had gazed upon her.

Conversation between William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

PETERBOROUGH. The worst objection I myself could ever find against the theatre, that I lose in it my original idea of such men as Cæsar and Coriolanus, and, where the loss affects me more deeply, of Juliet and Desdemona. Alexander was a fool to wish for a second world to conquer; but no man is a fool who wishes for the enjoyment of two; the real and the ideal; nor is it anything short of a misfortune, I had almost said of a calamity, to confound them. This is done by the stage: it is likewise done by engravings in books, which have a great effect in weakening the imagination, and are serviceable only to those who have none, and who read negligently and idly. I should be sorry if the most ingenious print in the world were to cover the first impression left on my mind of such characters as Don Quixote and Sancho: yet probably a very indifferent one might do it; for we cannot master our fancies, nor give them at will a greater or less tenacity, a greater or less promptitude in coming and recurring.

You Friends are no less adverse to representation by painting than by acting.

PENN. We do not educate our youth to such professions and practices. Thou, I conceive, art unconcerned and disinterested in this matter.

PETERBOROUGH. Nearly, but not quite, I am ignorant of the art, and prefer that branch of it which to many seems the lowest; I mean portraiture. I can find flowers in my garden, landscapes in my rides, the works of saints in the Bible, &

great statesmen and captains in the historians, and of those who with equal advantages had been the same, in the Newgate Calendar. The best representation of them can only give me a high opinion of the painter's abilities fixed on a point of time. But when I look on a family picture by Vandyke; when I contemplate the elegant and happy father in the midst of his blooming progeny, and the partner of his fortunes and his joy beside him, I am affected very differently, and much more. He who there stands meditating for them some delightful scheme of pleasure or aggrandisement, has bowed his head to calamity, perhaps even to the block. Those roses gathered from the parterre behind, those taper fingers negligently holding them, that hair, the softness of which seems unable to support the riot of its ringlets, are moved away from earth, amid the tears and aching hearts of the very boys and girls who again are looking at me with such unconcern.

Faithfullest recorder of domestic bliss, perpetuator of youth and beauty, vanquisher of time leading in triumph the Hours and Seasons, the painter here bestows on me the richest treasures of his enchanting art.

Grandiloquent Writing.

Magnificent words, and the pomp and procession of stately sentences, may accompany genius, but are not always nor frequently called out by it. The voice ought not to be perpetually, nor much, elevated in the ethic and didactic, nor to roll sonorously, as if it issued from a mask in the theatre. The horses in the plain under Troy are not always kicking and neighing; nor is the dust always raised in whirlwinds on the banks of Simois and Scamander; nor are the rampires always in a blaze. Hector has lowered his helmet to the infant of Andromache, and Achilles to the embraces of Briseis. I do not blame the prose-writer who opens his bosom occasionally to a breath of poetry; neither, on the contrary, can I praise the gait of that pedestrian who lifts up his legs as high on a bare heath as in a corn-field.

Milton.

As the needle turns away from the rising sun, from the meridian, from the occidental, from regions of fragrancy and gold and gems, and moves with unerring impulse to the frosts and deserts of the North, so Milton and some few others, in politics, philosophy, and religion, walk through the busy multitude, wave aside the importunate trader, and, after a momentary oscillation from external agency, are found in the twilight and in the storm, pointing with certain index to the pole-star of immutable truth. . . . I have often been amused at thinking in what estimation the greatest of mankind were held by their contemporaries. Not even the most sagacious and prudent one could discover much of them, or could prognosticate their future course in the infinity of space! Men like ourselves are permitted to stand near, and indeed in the very presence of Milton: what do they see? dark clothes, gray hair, and sightless eyes! Other men have better things: other men, therefore, are nobler! The stars themselves are only bright by distance; go close, and all is earthy. But vapours illuminate these; from the breath and from the countenance of God comes light on worlds higher than they; worlds to which he has given the forms and names of Shakespeare and Milton.

EDWIN ATHERSTONE.

EDWIN ATHERSTONE (1788-1872) was author of 'The Last Days of Herculaneum' (1831), and 'The Fall of Nineveh' (1838), both poems in blank verse, and remarkable for splendour of diction and copiousness of description. The first is founded on the well-known

* A very few of Mr. Landor's aphorisms and remarks may be added: He says of fame: 'Fame, they tell you, is air; but without air there is no life for any; without fame there is none for the best.' 'The happy man,' he says, 'is he who distinguishes the boundary between desire and delight, and stands firmly on the higher ground: he who knows that pleasure is not only not possession, but is often to be lost, and always to be endangered by it.' Of light wit or sarcasm, he observes: 'Quickness is amongst the least of the mind's properties. I would persuade you that banter, pun, and quibble are the properties of light men and shallow capacities; that genuine humour and true wit require a sound and capacious mind, which is always a grave one.'

destruction of the city of Herculaneum by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius in the first year of the emperor Titus, or the 79th of the Christian era. Mr. Atherstone has followed the account of this awful occurrence given by the younger Pliny in his letters to Tacitus, and has drawn some powerful pictures of the desolating fire and its attendant circumstances. There is perhaps too much of terrible and gloomy painting, yet it enchains the attention of the reader, and impresses the imagination with something like dramatic force. Mr. Atherstone's second subject is of the same elevated cast: the downfall of an Asiatic empire afforded ample room for his love of strong and magnificent description, and he has availed himself of this license so fully as to border in many passages on extravagance and bombast.

The following passage, descriptive of the splendour of Sardanapalus's state, may be cited as a happy specimen of Mr. Atherstone's style:

Banquet in Sardanapalus's Palace.

The moon is clear—the stars are coming forth—
The evening breeze fans pleasantly. Retired
Within his gorgeous hall, Assyria's king
Sits at the banquet, and in love and wine
Revels delighted. On the gilded roof
A thousand golden lamps their lustre fling,
And on the marble walls, and on the throne
Gem-bossed, that high on jasper-steps upraised,
Like to one solid diamond quivering stands,
Sun-splendours flashing round. In woman's garb
The sensual king is clad, and with him sit
A crowd of beauteous concubines. They sing,
And roll the wanton eye, and laugh, and sigh,
And feed his ear with honeyed flatteries,
And laud him as a god. . . .

Like a mountain stream,
Amid the silence of the dewy eve
Heard by the lonely traveller through the vale,
With dream-like murmuring melodious,
In diamond showers a crystal fountain falls.
Sylph-like girls, and blooming boys,
Flower-crowned, and in apparel bright as spring,
Attend upon their bidding. At the sign,
From bands unseen, voluptuous music breathes,
Harp, dulcimer, and, sweetest far of all,
Woman's mellifluous voice.

Through all the city sounds the voice of joy
And tipsy merriment. On the spacious walls,
That, like huge sea-cliffs, gird the city in,
Myriads of wanton feet go to and fro:
Gay garments rustle in the scented breeze,
Crimson, and azure, purple, green, and gold;
Laugh, jest, and passing whisper are heard there;
Timbrel, and lute, and dulcimer, and song;
And many feet that tread the dance are seen,
And arms upflung, and swaying heads plume-crowned.
So is that city steeped in revelry. . . .

Then went the king,
Flushed with the wine, and in his pride of power
Glorying; and with his own strong arm upraised

From out its rest the Assyrian banner broad,
 Purple and edged with gold; and, standing then
 Upon the utmost summit of the mount—
 Round, and yet round—for two strong men a task
 Sufficient deemed—he waved the splendid flag,
 Bright as a meteor streaming.

At that sight
 The plain was in a stir: the helms of brass
 Were lifted up, and glittering spear-points waved,
 And banners shaken, and wide trumpet mouths
 Upturned; and myriads of bright-harnessed steeds
 Were seen uprearing, shaking their proud heads;
 And brazen chariots in a moment sprang,
 And clashed together. In a moment more
 Up came the monstrous universal shout,
 Like a volcano's burst. Up, up to heaven
 The multitudinous tempest tore its way,
 Rocking the clouds: from all the swarming plain
 And from the city rose the mingled cry,
 'Long live Sardanapalus, king of kings!
 May the king live for ever!' Thrice the flag
 The monarch waved; and thrice the shouts arose
 Enormous, that the soil's walls were shook,
 And the firm ground made tremble.

CHARLES LAMB.

LES LAMB, a poet and a delightful essayist, of quaint peculiarity and fancy, was born in London on the 10th February. His father was in humble circumstances, servant and friend of the benchers of the Inner Temple; but Charles was preceptor of the school of Christ's Hospital, and from his seventh to his fourteenth year he was an inmate of that ancient and munificent

Lamb was a nervous, timid, and thoughtful boy: 'while there were all fire and play, he stole along with all the self-concentration of a monk.' He would have obtained an exhibition at school, to send him to college, but these exhibitions were given under the condition of entering into holy orders, and that was an impediment in his speech, which proved an insuperable obstacle. In 1792 he obtained an appointment in the accounting office of the East India Company, residing with his parents; but at their death,' says Serjeant Talfourd, 'he felt himself called to duty to repay to his sister the solicitude with which she had laboured over his infancy, and well, indeed, he performed it. To her, at the age of twenty-one, he devoted his existence, seeking thence a connection which could interfere with her supremacy in his life, or impair his ability to sustain and to comfort her.' A sad story was connected with the early history of this devoted pair. There was a taint of hereditary madness in the family; Charles himself, at the close of the year 1795, been six weeks confined in a madhouse at Hoxton, and in September of the following year, Mary, in a paroxysm of insanity, stabbed her mother to death with a knife, and was snatched from the dinner-table. A verdict of lunacy was given by the jury who sat on the coroner's inquest, and the un-

happy young lady was placed in a private asylum at Islington. Reason was speedily restored. 'My poor dear, dearest sister,' writes Charles Lamb to his bosom-friend Coleridge, 'the unhappy and unconscious instrument of the Almighty's judgments on our house, is restored to her senses; to a dreadful sense and recollection of what has passed, awful to her mind and impressive, as it must be, to the end of life, but tempered with religious resignation and the reasonings of a sound judgment, which, in this early stage, knows how to distinguish between a deed committed in a transient fit of frenzy, and the terrible guilt of a mother's murder.' In confinement, however, Mary Lamb continued until the death of her father, an imbecile old man; and then Charles came to her deliverance. He satisfied all parties who had power to oppose her release, by his solemn engagement that he would take her under his care for life, and he kept his word. 'For her sake he abandoned all thoughts of love and marriage; and with an income of scarcely more than £100 a year, derived from his clerkship, aided for a little while by the old aunt's small annuity, set out on the journey of life at twenty-two years of age, cheerfully, with his beloved companion, endeared to him the more by her strange calamity, and the constant apprehension of the recurrence of the malady which caused it.* The malady did again recur at intervals, rendering restraint necessary, but Charles, though at times wayward and prone to habits of excess—or rather to over-sociality with a few tried friends—seems never again to have relapsed into aberration of mind. He bore his trials meekly, manfully, and with prudence as well as fortitude. The first compositions of Lamb were in verse, prompted, probably, by the poetry of his friend Coleridge. A warm admiration of the Elizabethan dramatists led him to imitate their style and manner in a tragedy named 'John Woodvil,' which was published in 1801, and mercilessly ridiculed in the 'Edinburgh Review' as a specimen of the rudest state of the drama. There is much that is exquisite both in sentiment and expression in Lamb's play, but the plot is certainly meagre, and the style had then an appearance of affectation. The following description of the sports in the forest has a truly antique air, like a passage in Heywood or Shirley:

Forest Scenes.

To see the sun to bed, and to arise,
Like some hot amourest with glowing eyes,
Bursting the lazy bonds of sleep that bound him,
With all his fires and travelling glories round him.
Sometimes the moon on soft night-clouds to rest,
Like beauty nestling in a young man's breast,
And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep
Admiring silence while these lovers sleep.
Sometimes outstretched, in very idleness,
Nought doing, saying little, thinking less,
To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go eddying round; and small birds how they fare.

* *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb*, by T. N. Talford.

When mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn,
 Filched from the careless Amalthæa's horn;
 And how the woods berries and worms provide,
 Without their pains, when earth has nought beside
 To answer their small wants.
 To view the graceful deer come tripping by,
 Then stop and gaze, then turn, they know not why,
 Like bashful youngers in society.
 To mark the structure of a plaut or tree,
 And all fair things of earth, how fair they be.

In 1802 Lamb paid a visit to Coleridge at Keswick, and clambered up to the top of Skiddaw. Notwithstanding his partiality for a London life, he was deeply struck with the solitary grandeur and beauty of the lakes. 'Fleet Street and the Strand,' he says, 'are better places to live in for good and all than amidst Skiddaw. Still, I turn back to those great places where I wandered about participating in their greatness.' I could spend a year, two, three years among them, but I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away.' A second dramatic attempt was made by Lamb in 1804. This was a farce entitled 'Mr. H.,' which was accepted by the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre, and acted for one night; but so indifferently received, that it was never brought forward afterwards. 'Lamb saw that the case was hopeless, and consoled his friends with a century of puns for the wreck of his dramatic hopes.' In 1807 he published a series of tales founded on the plays of Shakespeare, which he had written in conjunction with his sister, and in the following year appeared his 'Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakespeare,' a work evincing a thorough appreciation of the spirit of the old dramatists, and a fine critical taste in analysing their genius. Some of his poetical pieces were also composed about this time; but in these efforts Lamb barely indicated his powers, which were not fully displayed till the publication of his essays signed 'Elia,' originally printed in the 'London Magazine.' In these his curious reading, nice observation, and poetical conceptions found a genial and befitting field.

'They are all,' says his biographer, Serjeant Talfourd, 'carefully elaborated; yet never were books written in a higher defiance to the conventional pomp of style. A sly hit, a happy pun, a humorous combination, lets the light into the intricacies of the subject, and supplies the place of ponderous sentences. Seeking his materials for the most part in the common paths of life—often in the humblest—he gives an importance to everything, and sheds a grace over all.' In 1825 Lamb was emancipated from the drudgery of his situation as clerk in the India House, retiring with a handsome pension, which enabled him to enjoy the comforts, and many of the luxuries of life. In a letter to Wordsworth, he thus describes his sensations after his release: 'I come home for EVER on Tuesday week. The incomprehensibility of my condition overwhelmed me. It was like pass

from life into eternity. Every year to be as long as three; that is, to have three times as much real time—time that is my own—in it! I wandered about thinking I was happy, but feeling I was not. But that tumultuousness is passing off, and I begin to understand the nature of the gift. Holidays, even the annual month, were always uneasy joys, with their conscious fugitiveness, the craving after making the most of them. Now, when all is holiday, there are no holidays. I can sit at home, in rain or shine, without a restless impulse for walking. I am daily steadying, and shall soon find it as natural to me to be my own master, as it has been irksome to have had a master.' He removed to a cottage near Islington, and in the following summer, went with his faithful sister and companion on a long visit to Enfield, which ultimately led to his giving up his cottage, and becoming a constant resident at that place. There he lived for about five years, delighting his friends with his correspondence and occasional visits to London, displaying his social racy humour and active benevolence.

In 1830 he committed to the press a small volume of poems, entitled 'Album Verses,' the gleanings of several years, and he occasionally sent a contribution to some literary periodical. In December 1834, whilst taking his daily walk on the London Road, he stumbled against a stone, fell, and slightly injured his face. The accident appeared trifling, but erysipelas in the face came on, and proved fatal on the 27th December 1834. He was buried in the churchyard at Edmonton, amidst the tears and regrets of a circle of warmly attached friends, and his memory was consecrated by a tribute from the muse of Wordsworth. His sister survived till May 20, 1847. A complete edition of Lamb's works was published by his friend Mr. Moxon, and his reputation is still on the increase. For this he is mainly indebted to his essays. We cannot class him among the favoured sons of Apollo, though in heart and feeling he might sit with the proudest. The peculiarities of his style were doubtless grafted upon him by his constant study and lifelong admiration of the old English writers. Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Jeremy Taylor, Browne, Fuller, and others of the elder worthies (down to Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle), were his chosen companions. He knew all their fine sayings and noble thoughts; and, consulting his own heart after his hard day's plodding at the India House, at his quiet fireside (ere his reputation was established, and he came to be 'over-companied' by social visitors), he invested his original thoughts and fancies, and drew up his curious analogies and speculations in a garb similar to that which his favourites wore. Then Lamb was essentially a *town-man*—a true Londoner—fond as Johnson of Fleet Street and the Strand—a frequenter of the theatre, and attached to social habits, courtesies, and observances. His acute powers of observation were constantly called into play, and his warm sympathies excited by the shifting scenes around him. His kindness of nature, his whims

puns, and prejudices, give a strong individuality to his writings; while in playful humour, critical taste, and choice expression, Charles Lamb may be considered among English essayists a genuine and original master. Mr Proctor (Barry Cornwall), who wrote a slight 'Memoir' of his friend in 1866, said he saw the essence of Lamb's genius in the facts that he wrote from his feelings, and that he loved old books and old times.

To Hester.

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavour.

A month or more she hath been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call: if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was trained in Nature's school;
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning.

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning?

The Old Familiar Faces.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom-cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me. I must not see her;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me: all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

A Farewell to Tobacco.

May the Babylonish curse
 Straight confound my stammering verse,
 If I can a passage see
 In this word-perplexity,
 Or a fit expression find,
 Or a language to my mind—
 Still the phrase is wide or scant—
 To take leave of thee, Great Plant!
 Or in many terms relate
 Half my love, or half my hate:
 For I hate, yet love thee so,
 That, whichever thing I shew,
 The plain truth will seem to be
 A constrained hyperbole,
 And the passion to proceed
 More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
 Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;
 Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon
 Thy begrimed complexion,
 And, for thy pernicious sake,
 More and greater oaths to break
 Than reclaimed lovers take
 'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay
 Much too in the female way,
 While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
 Faster than kisses or than death.

Thou in such a cloud doth bind us,
 That our worst foes cannot find us,
 And ill-fortune, that would thwart us,
 Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
 While each man, through thy height'ning
 steam,
 Does like a smoking Etna seem,
 And all about us does express—
 Fancy and wit in richest dress—
 A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost shew us
 That our best friends do not know us,
 And, for those allowed features,
 Due to reasonable creatures,
 Liken'st us to fell Chimeras,
 Monsters that, who see us, fear us;
 Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
 Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.
 Bacchus, we know, and we allow
 His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
 That but by reflex canst shew
 What his deity can do.
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapours thou mayst raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze.
But to the reins and nobler heart,
Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
 The old world was sure forlorn
 Wanting thee, that aidest more
 The god's victories than before
 All his panthers, and the brawls
 Of his piping Bacchanals.
 These, as stale, we disallow,
 Or judge of *thee* meant; only thou
 His true Indian conquest art;
 And, for ivy round his dart,
 The reformed god now weaves
 A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
 Chemic art did ne'er presume;
 Through her quaint alembic strain,
 None so sov'reign to the brain:
 Nature, that did in thee excel,
 Framed again no second smell.
 Roses, violets, but toys
 For the smaller sort of boys,
 Or for greener damsels meant;
 Thou art the only man y scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
 Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
 Africa, that brags her foison,
 Breeds no such prodigious poison;
 Henbane, nightshade, both together,
 Hemlock, aconite—

Nay, rather,
 Plant divine, of rarest virtue;
 Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
 'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee;
 None e'er prospered who defamed thee;
 Irony all, and feigned abuse,
 Such as perplexed lovers use
 At a need, when, in despair
 To paint forth their fairest fair,
 Or in part but to express
 That exceeding comeliness
 Which their fancies doth so strike,
 They borrow language of dislike;
 And, instead of Dearest Miss,
 Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
 And those forms of old admiring,
 Call her Cockatrice and Siren,
 Basilisk, and all that's evil,
 Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,
 Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,
 Monkey, Ape, and twenty more;
 Friendly Trait'ress, loving Foe
 Not that she is truly so,
 But no other way they know
 A contentment to express,
 Borders so upon excess,
 That they do not rightly wot
 Whether it be pain or not.

Or, as men, constrained to part
 With what's nearest to their heart,
 While their sorrow's at the height,
 Loosè discrimination quite,
 And their hasty wrath let fall,
 To appease their frantic gall,
 On the darling thing whatever,
 Whence they feel it death to sever,
 Though it be, as they, perforce,
 Guiltless of the sad divorce.
 For I must—nor let it grieve thee,
 Friendliest of plants, that I must—leave
 thee;
 For thy sake, Tobacco, I
 Would do anything but die,
 And but seek to extend my days,
 Long enough to extend thy praise.
 But as she, who once hath been
 A king's consort, is a queen

Ever after, nor will bate
 Any title of her state,
 Though a widow, or divorced,
 So I, from thy converse forced,
 The old name and style retain,
 A right Katherine of Spain;
 And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
 Of the blest Tobacco Boys;
 Where though I, by sour physician,
 Am debarred the full fruition
 Of thy favours, I may catch
 Some collateral sweets, and snatch
 Sidelong odours, that give life
 Like glances from a neighbour's wife;
 And still live in the by-places
 And the suburbs of thy graces;
 And in thy borders take delight,
 An unconquered Canaanite.

The following are selections from Lamb's 'Essays,' some of which, amidst their quaint fancies, contain more of the exquisite materials of poetry than his short occasional verses.

Dream-children—A Reverie.

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditional great-uncle, or grand-dame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk—a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived—which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it—and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too—committed to her by the owner who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county! and still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, 'That would be foolish indeed.' And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to shew their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good, indeed, that she knew all the Psalter by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was, and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer. Here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer. I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told

how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lame house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept; but she said 'those innocents would do her no harm;' and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows, and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I, in particular, used to spend many hours by myself in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars that had been emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then, and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at; or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me; or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening, too, along with the oranges and the limes, in that grateful warmth; or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fishpond at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impudent friskings. I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of napping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out; and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries; and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain; and how, in after-life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always, I fear, make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how, when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is between life and death; and how I bore his death, as I thought, pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take to heart some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him—for we quarrelled sometimes—rather than not have him again; and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for Uncle John; and they looked up and prayed me not to go about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how, for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens; when suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out of her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood thus

both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: 'We are not of Alice, nor of thee; nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartram father. We are nothing, less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence and a name;' and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

Poor Relations.

A poor relation is the most irrelevant thing in nature, a piece of impertinent correspondence, an odious approximation, a haunting conscience, a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of your prosperity, an unwelcome remembrancer, a perpetually recurring mortification, a drain on your purse, a more intolerable dun upon your pride, a drawback upon success, a rebuke to your rising, a stain in your blood, a blot on your scutcheon, a rent in your garment, a death's-head at your banquet, Agathocles' pot, a Mordecai in your gate, a Lazarus at your door, a lion in your path, a frog in your chamber, a fly in your ointment, a mote in your eye, a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends, the one thing not needful, the hail in harvest, the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you, 'That is Mr —.' A rap between familiarity and respect, that demands, and at the same time seems to despair of entertainment. He entereth smiling and embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and draweth back again. He casually looketh in about dinner-time, when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company, but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side-table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with some complacency: 'My dear, perhaps Mr — will drop in to-day.' He remembereth birthdays, and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small, yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port, yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret, if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough to him. The guests think 'they have seen him before.' Every one speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be a tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity, he might pass for a casual dependant; with more boldness he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent; yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanour, that your guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist-table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach, and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean and quite unimportant anecdote of the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as 'he is blest in seeing it now.' He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation he will inquire the price of your furniture; and insult you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape; but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle, which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know till lately that such and such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable, his compliments perverse, his talk a trouble, his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is a female poor relation. You may do something with the other; you may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent *she-relative* is hopeless. 'He is an old humorist,' you may say, and affects to go

threadbare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a character at your table, and truly he is one.' But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. 'She is plainly related to the I—s, or what does she at their house?' She is, in all probability, your wife's cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aliquando sufflaminandus erat*—but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped after the gentlemen. Mr.— requests the honor of taking wine with her; she hesitates between port and Madeira, and chooses the former because he does. She calls the servant *sir*; and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronises her. The children's governess takes upon her to correct her when she has mistaken the piano for a harpischord.

The Origin of Roast Pig.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd Ho-li, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*cracking!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking ratters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

'You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?'

'O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats.'

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the maw of Ho-ti, still shouting out, 'Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord!'—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what our mouths he would for pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little too tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and a verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handed it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole, court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision: and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance-offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the vast science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burned*, as they call it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROASTING.

Of all the delicacies in the whole mundus edibilis, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps abominorum*.

WILLIAM SOTHEY.

WILLIAM SOTHEY, an accomplished scholar and translator, was born in London on the 9th of November 1757. He was of good family, and educated at Harrow School. At the age of seventeen he entered the army as an officer in the 10th Dragoons. He quitted the army in the year 1780, and purchased Bevis Mount, near Southampton, where he continued to reside for the next ten years. Here Mr. Sotheby cultivated his taste for literature, and translated some of the minor Greek and Latin poets. In 1788, he made a pedestrian tour through Wales, of which he wrote a poetical description, published, together with some odes and sonnets, in 1789. In 1798, he published a translation from the 'Oberon' of Wieland, which greatly extended his reputation, and procured him the thanks and friendship of the German poet. He now became a frequent competitor for poetical fame. In 1799, he wrote a poem commemorative of the battle of the Nile; in 1800, appeared his translation of the 'Georgics' of Virgil; in 1801, he produced a 'Poetical Epistle on the Encouragement of the British School of Painting;' and in 1802, a tragedy on the model of the ancient Greek drama, entitled 'Orestes.' He next devoted himself to the composition of an original sacred poem, in blank verse, under the title of 'Saul,' which appeared in 1807. The fame of Scott induced him to attempt the romantic metrical style of narrative and description; and in 1810, he published 'Constance de Castille,' a poem in ten cantos. In 1814, he republished his 'Orestes,' together with four other tragedies; and in 1815, a second corrected edition of the 'Georgics.' This translation is one of the best of a classic poet in our language. A tour on the continent gave occasion to another poetical work, 'Italy.' He next began a labour which he had long contemplated, the translation of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' though he was upwards of seventy years of age before he entered upon the Herculean task. The summer and autumn of 1829 were spent in a tour to Scotland: and the following verses, written in a steam-boat during an excursion to Staffa and Iona, shew the undiminished powers of the veteran poet:

Staffa, I scaled thy summit hoar,
 I passed beneath thy arch gigantic;
 Whose pillared cavern swells the roar,
 When thunders on thy rocky shore
 The roll of the Atlantic.
 That hour the wind began to rave,
 The surge forgot its motion,
 And every pillar in thy cave
 Slept in its shadow on the wave,
 Unrippled by the ocean.
 Then the past age before me came,
 When 'mid the lightning's sweep,
 Thy Isle with its basaltic frame,
 And every column wreathed with flame,
 Burst from the boiling deep.

When 'mid Iona's wrecks meanwhile
 O'er sculptured graves I trod,
 Where Time had strewn each mouldering aisle
 O'er saints and kings that reared the pile,
 I hailed the eternal God :
 Yet, Staffa, more I felt His presence in thy cave
 Than where Iona's cross rose o'er the western wave.

Sotheby's translation of the 'Iliad' was published in 1831, and generally esteemed spirited and faithful. The 'Odyssey' he completed in the following year. He died on the 30th of December.

The original poetical productions of Mr. Sotheby have not been reprinted; his translations are the chief source of his reputation. and, it is said, was charmed with the genius of his translator; the rich beauty of diction in the 'Oberon,' and its facility of imitation, notwithstanding the restraints imposed by a difficult metre, were eulogised by the critics. In his tragedies, Mr. Sotheby displays considerable warmth of passion and figurative language, but his plots are ill constructed. Byron said of Mr. Sotheby, that he delighted everybody, and occasionally surpassed his models.

Approach of Saul and his Guards against the Philistines

Hark ! hark ! the clash and clang
 Of shaken cymbals cadencing the pace
 Of marshal movement regular ; the swell
 Sonorous of the brazen trump of war ;
 Shrill twang of harps, soothed by melodious chime
 Of beat on silver bars ; and sweet, in pause
 Of harsher instrument, continuous flow
 Of breath, through flutes, in symphony with song,
 Choirs, whose matched voices filled the air afar
 With jubilee and chant of triumph hymn ;
 And ever and anon irregular burst
 Of loudest acclamation to each host
 Saul's stately advance proclaimed. Before him youths
 In robes succinct for swiftness ; oft they struck
 Their staves against the ground, and warned the throng
 Backward to distant homage. Next, his strength
 Of chariot-rolls with each an armed band ;
 Earth groaned afar beneath their iron wheels :
 Part armed with scythe for battle, part adorned
 For triumph. Nor there wanting a led train
 Of steeds in rich caparison, for show
 Of solemn entry. Round about the king,
 Warriors, his watch and ward, from every tribe
 Drawn out. Of these a thousand each selects
 Of size and comeliness above their peers,
 Pride of their race. Radiant their armour : some
 In silver cased, scale over scale, that played
 All pliant to the litherness of the limb :
 Some mailed in twisted gold, link within link
 Flexibly ringed and fitted, that the eye
 Beneath the yielding panoply pursued,
 When act of war the strength of man provoked,
 The motion of the muscles, as they worked
 In rise and fall. On each left thigh a sword
 Swung in the brodered baldric ; each right hand
 Grasped a long-shadowing spear. Like them, their chiefs

Arrayed : save on their shields of solid ore,
 And on their helm, the graver's toil had wrought
 Its subtlety in rich device of war ;
 And o'er their mail, a robe, Punicean dye,
 Gracefully played ; where the winged shuttle, shot
 By cunning of Sidonian virgins, wove
 Broidure of many-coloured figures rare.
 Bright glowed the sun, and bright the burnished mail
 Of thousands, ranged, whose pace to song kept time ;
 And bright the glare of spears, and gleam of crests,
 And flaunt of banners flashing to and fro
 The noonday beam. Beneath their coming, earth
 Wide glittered. Seen afar, amidst the pomp,
 Gorgeously mailed, but more by pride of port
 Known, and superior stature, than rich trim
 Of war and regal ornament, the king,
 Throned in triumphal car, with trophies graced,
 Stood eminent. The lifting of his lance
 Shone like a sunbeam. O'er his armour flowed
 A robe, imperial mantle, thickly starred
 With blaze of orient gems ; the clasp that bound
 Its gathered folds his ample chest athwart,
 Sapphire ; and o'er his casque where rubies burned,
 A cherub flamed and waved his wings in gold.

EDWARD, LORD THURLOW.

EDWARD HOVELL THURLOW, Lord Thurlow (1781-1839), published several small volumes of poetry: 'Select Poems' (1821); 'Poems on Several Occasions'; 'Angelica, or the Fate of Proteus'; 'Arcita and Palamon, after Chaucer'; &c. Amidst much affectation and bad taste, there is real poetry in the works of this nobleman. He was a source of ridicule and sarcasm to wits and reviewers—including Moore and Byron—and not undeservedly; yet in pieces like the following, there is a freshness of fancy and feeling, and a richness of expression, that resembles Herrick or Moore:

Song to May.

May ! queen of blossoms,
 And fulfilling flowers,
 With what pretty music
 Shall we charm the hours ?
 Wilt thou have pipe and reed,
 Blown in the open mead ?
 Or to the lute give heed
 In the green bowers ?

Thou hast no need of us,
 Or pipe or wire,
 That hast the golden bee
 Ripened with fire ;
 And many thousand more
 Songsters that thee adore,
 Filling earth's grassy floor
 With new desire.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,
 Tame, and free livers ;
 Doubt not, thy music too
 In the deep rivers ;
 And the whole plumed flight,
 Warbling the day and night—
 Up at the gates of light,
 See, the lark quivers !

When with the jacinth
 Coy fountains are tressed ;
 And for the mournful bird
 Greenwoods are dressed,
 That did for Tereus pine,
 Then shall our songs be thine,
 To whom our hearts incline :
 May, be thou blest !

Sonnets.

The Summer, the divinest Summer burns,
 The skies are bright with azure and with gold ;

The mavis, and the nightingale, by turns,
 Amid the woods a soft enchantment hold :
 The flowering woods, with glory and delight,
 Their tender leaves unto the air have spread ;
 The wanton air, amid their alleys bright,
 Doth softly fly, and a light fragrance shed :
 The nymphs within the silver fountains play,
 The angels on the golden banks recline,
 Wherein great Flora, in her bright array,
 Hath sprinkled her ambrosial sweets divine •
 Or, else, I gazed upon that beauteous face
 O Amoret ! and think these sweets have place.

O Moon, that shinest on this heathy wild,
 And light'st the hill of Hastings with thy ray,
 How am I with thy sad delight beguiled,
 How hold with fond imagination play !
 By thy broad taper I call up the time
 When Harold on the bleeding verdure lay,
 Though great in glory, overstained with crime,
 And fallen by his fate from kingly sway !
 On bleeding knights, and on war-broken arms,
 Torn banners and the dying steeds you shone,
 When this fair England, and her peerless charms,
 And all, but honour, to the foe were gone !
 Here died the king, whom his brave subjects chose,
 But, dying, lay amid his Norman foes !

les Lamb, in a communication to the 'London Magazine,'
 Lord Thurlow: 'A profusion of verbal dainties, with a dis-
 ionate lack of matter and circumstance, is, I think one
 of the coldness with which the public has received the poetry
 bleman now living; which, upon the score of exquisite dic-
 ne, is entitled to something better than neglect. I will ven-
 copy one of his sonnets in this place, which for quiet sweet-
 id unaffected morality, has scarcely its parallel in our lan-

'o a Bird that haunted the Waters of Lacken in the Winter

O melancholy bird, a winter's day
 Thou standest by the margin of the pool,
 And, taught by God, dost thy whole being school
 To patience, which all evil can allay,
 God has appointed thee the fish thy prey ;
 And given thyself a lesson to the fool
 Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,
 And his unthinking course by thee to weigh."
 There need not schools, nor the professor's chair,
 Though these be good, true wisdom to impart.
 He who has not enough, for these, to spare
 Of time, or gold, may yet amend his heart,
 And teach his soul, by brooks and rivers fair :
 Nature is always wise in every part.

THOMAS MOORE.

e union of wit and sensibility, of brilliant fancy and of varied
 rent study, is exemplified in the poetical works of THOMAS

MOORE. Mr. Moore was a native of Dublin, born on the 28th of May 1779. He early began to rhyme, and a sonnet to his schoolmaster, Mr. Samuel Whyte, written in his fourteenth year, was published in a Dublin magazine,* to which he contributed other pieces. The parents of our poet were Roman Catholics, a body then proscribed and depressed by penal enactments, and they seem to have been of the number who, to use his own words, 'hailed the first dazzling outbreak of the French Revolution as a signal to the slave, wherever suffering, that the day of his deliverance was near at hand.' The poet states that in 1792 he was taken by his father to one of the dinners given in honour of that great event, and sat upon the knee of the chairman while the following toast was enthusiastically sent round: 'May the breezes from France fan our Irish Oak into verdure.' Parliament having, in 1793, opened the university to Catholics, young Moore was sent to college, and distinguished himself by his classical acquirements. In 1799, he proceeded to London to study law in the Middle Temple, and publish by subscription a translation of Anacreon. The latter appeared in the following year, dedicated to the Prince of Wales. At a subsequent period Mr. Moore was among the keenest satirists of this prince, for which he has been accused of ingratitude; but he states himself that the whole amount of his obligations to his royal highness was the honour of dining twice at Carlton House, and being admitted to a great fete given by the prince in 1811 on his being made regent. In 1801, Moore ventured on a volume of original verse, put forth under the assumed name of 'Thomas Little'—an allusion to his diminutive stature. In these pieces the warmth of the young poet's feelings and imagination led him to trespass on delicacy and decorum. He had the good sense to be ashamed of these amatory *juvenilia*, and genius enough to redeem the fault. His offence did not stand in the way of his preferment. In 1803 Mr. Moore obtained an official situation at Bermuda, the duties of which were discharged by a deputy; and this subordinate proving unfaithful, the poet suffered pecuniary losses and great embarrassment. Its first effect however, was two volumes of poetry, a series of 'Odes and Epistles,' published in 1806, and written during an absence of fourteen months from Europe, while the author visited Bermuda. The descriptive sketches in this work are remarkable for their fidelity, no less than their poetical beauty. The style of Moore was now formed, and in all his writings there was nothing finer than the opening epistle to Lord Strangford, written on board ship by moonlight:

* Mr. Whyte was also the teacher of Sheridan, and it is curious to learn that after about a year's trial, *Sherry* was pronounced, both by tutor and parent, to be an 'incredible dancer.' At the time, says Mr. Moore, 'when I first began to attend his school, Mr. Whyte still continued to the small alarm of many parents, to encourage a taste for acting among his pupils. In this line I was long his favourite scholar; and among the play-bills introduced in his volume, to illustrate the occasions of his own prologues and epilogues, there is one of a play got up in the year 1790, at Lady Burrowes's private theatre in Dublin, where, among the items of the evening's entertainment, is an Epilogue, *A Squeeze to St. Paul's*, Master Moore.'

A Moonlight Scene at Sea.

Sweet moon! if, like Crotona's sage,
 By any spell my hand could dare
 To make thy disk its ample page,
 And write my thoughts, my wishes
 there;
 How many a friend, whose careless eye
 Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
 Should smile, upon thy orb to meet
 The recollection kind and sweet,
 The reveries of fond regret,
 The promise never to forget,
 And all my heart and soul would send
 To many a dear-loved, distant friend. . . .
 Even now, delusive hope will steal
 Amid the dark regrets I feel,
 Soothing, as yonder placid beam
 Pursues the murmurers of the deep,

And lights them with consoling gleam,
 And smiles them into tranquil sleep.
 Oh! such a blessed night as this
 I often think, if friends were near,
 How should we feel, and gaze with bliss
 Upon the moon-bright scenery here!
 The sea is like a silvery lake,
 And o'er its calm the vessel glides
 Gently, as if it feared to wake
 The slumber of the silent tides!
 The only envious cloud that lowers,
 Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,
 Where dimly 'mid the dusk he towers,
 And, scowling at this heaven of light,
 Exults to see the infant storm
 Cling darkly round his giant form!

The following was also produced during the voyage:

Canadian Boat Song.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
 Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time;
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn.
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast;
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
 But when the wind blows off the shore,
 Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon:
 Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
 Oh! grant us cool heavens, and favouring airs!
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Mr. Moore now became a satirist, attempting first the grave serious style, in which he failed, but succeeding beyond almost any other poet in light satire, verses on the topics of the day, lively and pungent, with abundance of humorous and witty illustration. The man of the world, the scholar, and the poetical artist are happily blended in his satirical productions, with a rich and playful fancy. His 'Twopenny Postbag,' 'The Fudge Family in Paris,' 'Fables for the Holy Alliance,' and numerous small pieces written for the newspapers, to serve the cause of the Whig or Liberal party, are not excelled in their own peculiar walk by any satirical composition in the language. It is difficult to select a specimen of these; but the following contains a proportion of the wit and poignancy distributed over all. It appeared at a time when an abundance of marvellous reminiscences and memoirs had been showered from the press.

Literary Advertisement.

Wanted—Authors of all work to job for the season,
No matter which party, so faithful to neither;
Good hacks, who, if posed for a rhyme or a reason,
Can manage, like . . . [Southey], to do without either.

If in jail, all the better for out-of-door topics;
Your jail is for travellers a charming retreat;
They can take a day's rule for a trip to the Tropics,
And sail round the world, at their ease, in the Fleet.

For a dramatist, too, the most useful of schools—
He can study high life in the King's Bench community;
Aristotle could scarce keep him more *within rules*,
And of *place* he, at least, must adhere to the *unity*.

Any lady or gentleman come to an age
To have good 'Reminiscences' (threescore or higher),
Will meet with encouragement—so much *per page*,
And the spelling and grammar both found by the buyer.

No matter with what their remembrance is stocked,
So they'll only remember the *quantum* desired;
Enough to fill handsomely Two Volumes *oct.*,
Price twenty-four shillings, is all that's required.

They may treat us, like Kelly, with old *jeu d'esprit*,
Like Diddin, may tell of each fanciful frolic;
Or kindly inform us, like Madam Genlis,
That ginger-beer cakes always give them the colic.

Funds, Physic, Corn, Poetry, Boxing, Romance,
All excellent subjects for turning a penny;
To write upon all, is an author's sole chance
For attaining at last the least knowledge of any.

Nine times out of ten, if his title is good,
The material within of small consequence is;
Let him only write fine, and, if not understood,
Why—that's the concern of the reader, not his.

Nota Bene—an Essay, now printing, to shew
That Horace, as clearly as words could express it,
Was for taxing the Fundholders, ages ago,
When he wrote thus—'Quodcumque in Fund is, assess it.'*

As early as 1806, Mr. Moore entered upon his noble poetical patriotic task—writing lyrics for the ancient music of his n country. His 'Irish Songs' displayed a fervour and pathos found in his earlier works, with the most exquisite melody and p of diction. An accomplished musician himself, it was the effor relates, to translate into language the emotions and passions w music appeared to him to express, that first led to his writing poetry worthy of the name. 'Dryden,' he adds, 'has happil scribed music as being "inarticulate poetry;" and I have always in adapting words to an expressive air, that I was bestowing up

* According to the common reading, 'Quodcumque infundis, assessit.' (A v travesty of a maxim, Ep. ii., b. i., which Francis renders—'For tainted vessels w hey contain.')

gift of articulation, and thus enabling it to speak to others all that was conveyed, in its wordless eloquence, to myself.' Part of the inspiration must also be attributed to national feelings. The old airs were consecrated to recollections of the ancient glories, the valour, duty, or sufferings of Ireland, and became inseparably connected with such associations. Of the 'Irish Melodies,' in connection with Moore's songs, ten parts were published. Without detracting from the merits of the rest, it appears to us very forcibly, that the secular ditties in which he hints at the woes of his native country, transmute into verse the breathings of its unfortunate patriots, the most real in feeling, and therefore the best. This particularly lies to 'When he who adores thee;' 'Oh, blame not the bard;' 'Oh, breathe not his name;' the first of which, referring evidently to the fate of Mr. Emmet, is as follows:

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh, say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?
Yes, weep! and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee!

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh, blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give,
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

Next to the patriotic songs stand those in which a moral reflection is conveyed in that metaphorical form which only Moore has been able to realise in lyrics for music—as in the following example:

Irish Melody—'I saw from the Beach.'

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining—
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
Each wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to Love's exquisite flame!

In 1817 Mr. Moore produced his most elaborate poem, 'Lalla Rookh,' an oriental romance, the accuracy of which, as regards topographical, antiquarian, and characteristic details, has been vouched by numerous competent authorities. The poetry is brilliant and gorgeous—rich to excess with imagery and ornament—and oppressive from its very sweetness and splendour. Of the four tales which, connected by a slight narrative, like the ballad stories in Hogg's 'Queen's Wake,' constitute the entire poem, the most simple is 'Paradise and the Peri,' and it is the one most frequently read and remembered. Still, the first—'The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan'—though improbable and extravagant as a fiction, is a poem of great energy and power. The genius of the poet moves with grace and freedom under his load of Eastern magnificence, and the reader is fascinated by his prolific fancy, and the scenes of loveliness and splendour which are depicted with such vividness and truth. Hazlitt says that Moore should not have written 'Lalla Rookh,' even for three thousand guineas—the price understood to be paid by the booksellers for the copyright. But if not a great poem, it is a marvellous work of art, and contains paintings of local scenery and manners, unsurpassed for fidelity and picturesque effect. The patient research and extensive reading required to gather the materials, would have damped the spirit and extinguished the fancy of almost any other poet. It was amidst the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters, he says, while living in a lone cottage among the fields, that he was enabled, by that concentration of thought which retirement alone gives, to call up around him some of the sunniest of those Eastern scenes which have since been welcomed in India itself as almost native to its clime. The poet was a diligent student, and his oriental reading was 'as good as riding on the back of a camel.' The romance of 'Vathek' alone equals 'Lalla Rookh,' among English fictions, in local fidelity and completeness as an Eastern tale. Some touches of sentiment and description have the grace and polish of ancient cameos. Thus, of retired beauty:

Beauty.

Oh, what a pure and sacred thing
Is Beauty, curtained from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light!
Unseen by man's disturbing eye—
The flower that blooms beneath the sea,
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity. . . .
A soul, too, more than half divine,

Where through some shades of earthly
feeling,
Religion's softened glories shine,
Like light through summer foliage
stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere.

Or this picture of nature after a summer storm, closing with a rich voluptuous simile:

Nature after a Storm.

*How calm, how beautiful, comes on
The stilly hour when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away,*

*And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity—*

Fresh as if Day again were born,
 Again upon the lap of Morn!
 When the light blossoms, rudely torn
 And scattered at the whirlwind's will,
 Hang floating in the pure air still,
 Filling it all with precious balm,
 In gratitude for this sweet calm—
 And every drop the thunder-showers
 Have left upon the grass and flowers
 Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gein',
 Whose liquid flame is born of them!
 When 'stead of one unchanging breeze,

There blow a thousand gentle airs,
 And each a different perfume bears—
 As if the loveliest plants and trees
 Had vassal breezes of their own
 To watch and wait on them alone,
 And waft no other breath than theirs!
 When the blue waters rise and fall,
 In sleepy sunshine mantling all;
 And even that swell the tempest leaves!
 Is like the full and silent heavens
 Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
 Too newly to be quite at rest.

As true and picturesque, and more profound in feeling, is the poet's allusion to the fickleness of love:

Alas—how light a cause may move
 Dissension between hearts that love!
 Hearts that the world in vain has tried,
 And sorrow but more closely tied;
 That stood the storm when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
 Like ships that have gone down at sea,
 When heaven was all tranquillity!
 A something light as air—a look,
 A word unkind or wrongly taken—
 Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
 A breath, a touch like this has shaken—
 And ruder words will soon rush in
 To spread the breach that words begin;
 And eyes forget the gentle ray
 They wore in courtship's smiling day;
 And voices lose the tone that shed
 A tenderness round all they said!
 Till fast declining, one by one,
 The sweetnesses of love are gone.

After the publication of his work, the poet set off with Rogers on a visit to Paris. The 'groups of ridiculous English who were at that time swarming in all directions throughout France,' supplied the materials for his satire, entitled 'The Fudge Family in Paris' (1818), which in popularity, and the run of successive editions, kept pace with 'Lalla Rookh.' In 1819 Mr. Moore made another journey to the continent in company with Lord John Russell, and this furnished his 'Rhymes on the Road,' a series of trifles often graceful and pleasing, but so conversational and unstudied, as to be little better—to use his own words—than 'prose fringed with rhyme.' From Paris the poet and his companion proceeded by the Simplon to Italy. Lord John took the route to Genoa, and Mr. Moore went on a visit to Lord Byron at Venice. On his return from this memorable tour, the poet took up his abode in Paris, where he resided till about the close of the year 1822.

He had become involved in pecuniary difficulties by the conduct of the person who acted as his deputy at Bermuda. His friends pressed forward with eager kindness to help to release him—one offering to place £500 at his disposal; but he came to the resolution of 'gratefully

declining their offers, and endeavouring to work out his deliverance by his own efforts.' In September 1822 he was informed that an arrangement had been made, and that he might with safety return to England. The amount of the claims of the American merchants had been reduced to the sum of one thousand guineas, and towards the payment of this the uncle of his deputy—a rich London merchant—had been brought to contribute £300. The Marquis of Lansdowne immediately deposited in the hands of a banker the remaining portion (£750), which was soon repaid by the grateful bard, who, in the June following, on receiving his publisher's account, found £1000 placed to his credit from the sale of the 'Loves of the Angels,' and £500 from the 'Fables of the Holy Alliance.' The latter were partly written while Mr Moore was at Venice with Lord Byron, and were published under the *nom de guerre* of Thomas Brown. The 'Loves of the Angels' (1823) was written in Paris. The poem is founded on 'the Eastern story of the angels Harut and Marut, and the Rabbinical fictions of the loves of Uzziel and Shamchazai,' with which Mr Moore shadowed out 'the fall of the soul from its original purity—the loss of light and happiness which it suffers in the pursuit of this world's perishable pleasures—and the punishments both from conscience and divine justice with which impurity, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of heaven are sure to be visited.' The stories of the three angels are related with graceful tenderness and passion, but with too little of 'the angelic air' about them.

He afterwards contributed a great number of political squibs to the 'Times' newspaper—witty sarcastical effusions, for which he was paid at the rate of about £400 per annum! His latest imaginative work was 'The Epicurean,' an Eastern tale, in prose, but full of the spirit and material of poetry; and forming, perhaps, his highest and best sustained flight in the regions of pure romance. Thus, remarkable for industry, genius, and acquirements, Mr. Moore's career was one of high honour and success. No poet was more universally read, or more courted in society by individuals distinguished for rank, literature, or public service. His political friends, when in office, rewarded him with a pension of £300 per annum, and as his writings were profitable as well as popular, his latter days might have been spent in comfort, without the anxieties of protracted authorship. He resided in a cottage in Wiltshire, but was too often in London, in those gay and brilliant circles which he enriched with his wit and genius. In 1841–42 he gave to the world a complete collection of his poetical works in ten volumes, to which are prefixed some interesting literary and personal details. Latterly, the poet's mind gave way, and he sank into a state of imbecility, from which he was released by death, February 26, 1852.

Moore left behind him copious memoirs, journal, and correspondence, which, by the poet's request, were after his death placed for

publication in the hands of his illustrious friend, Lord John Russell. By this posthumous work (which extended to eight vols. 1852-6) a sum of £3000 was realised for Moore's widow. The journal disappointed the public. Slight personal details, brief anecdotes and witticisms, with records of dinner-parties, visits, and fashionable routs, fill the bulk of eight printed volumes. His friends were affectionate and faithful, always ready to help him in his difficulties, and his publishers appear to have treated him with great liberality. He was constantly drawing upon them to meet emergencies, and his drafts were always honoured. Money was offered to him on all hands, but his independent spirit and joyous temperament, combined with fits of close application, and the brilliant success of all his works, poetical and prosaic, enabled him to work his way out of every difficulty. Goldsmith was not more potent in raising money, and melting the hearts of booksellers. Lord John Russell admits that the defect of Moore's journal is, that while he is at great pains to put in writing the stories and the jokes he hears, he seldom records a serious discussion, or notices the instructive portions of the conversations in which he bore a part. To do this would have required great time and constant attention. Instead of an admired and applauded talker, the poet must have become a silent and patient listener, and have possessed Boswell's servility of spirit and complete devotion to his hero and subject. Moore said that it was in high-life one met the best society. His friend Rogers disputed the position: and we suspect it will be found that, however agreeable such company may be occasionally, literary men only find real society among their equals. Moore loved high-life, sought after it, and from his genius, fame, and musical talents, was courted by the titled and the great. Too much of his time was frittered away in fashionable parties. Such a glittering career is dangerous. The noble and masculine mind of Burns was injured by similar patronage; and in recent times a man of great powers, Theodore Hook, was ruined by it.

Another feature in Moore's journal is his undisguised vanity, which overflows on all occasions. He is never tired of recording the compliments paid to his talents. But Lord John Russell has justly characterised this weakness in Moore as being wholly free from envy. It never took the shape of depreciating others that his own superiority might become conspicuous. 'His love of praise was joined with the most generous and liberal dispensation of praise to others—he relished the works of Byron and Scott as if he had been himself no competitor for fame with them.' Ill success might have tinctured the poet's egotism with bitterness, but this he never knew; and such a feeling could not have remained long with a man so constitutionally genial and light-hearted.

When time shall have destroyed the remembrance of Moore's personal qualities, and removed his works to a distance, to be judged of by their fruit alone, the want most deeply felt will be that of

simplicity and genuine passion. He has worked little in the durable and permanent materials of poetry, but has spent his prime in enriching the stately structure with exquisite ornaments, foliage, flowers, and gems. Yet he often throws into his gay and festive verses, and his fanciful descriptions, touches of pensive and mournful reflection, which strike by their truth and beauty, and by the force of contrast. Indeed, one effect of the genius of Moore has been, to elevate the feelings and occurrences of ordinary life into poetry, rather than dealing with the lofty abstract elements of the art. The combinations of his wit are wonderful. Quick, subtle, and varied, ever suggesting new thoughts or images, or unexpected turns of expression—now drawing resources from classical literature or the ancient fathers—now diving into the human heart, and now skimming the fields of fancy—the wit or imagination of Moore (for they are compounded together) is a true Ariel, ‘a creature of the elements,’ that is ever buoyant and full of life and spirit. His very satires ‘give delight and hurt not.’ They are never coarse, and always witty. When stung by an act of oppression or intolerance, he could be bitter or sarcastic enough; but some lively thought or sportive image soon crossed his path, and he instantly followed it into the open and genial region where he loved most to indulge. He never dipped his pen in malignity.

For an author who has written so much as Moore on the subject of love and the gay delights of good fellowship, it was scarcely possible to be always natural and original. Some of his lyrics and occasional poems, accordingly, present far-fetched metaphors and conceits, with which they often conclude, like the final flourish or pirouette of a stage-dancer. He exhausted the vocabulary of rosy lips and sparkling eyes, forgetting that true passion is ever direct and simple—ever concentrated and intense, whether bright or melancholy. This defect, however, pervades only part of his songs, and those mostly written in his youth. The ‘Irish Melodies’ are full of true feeling and delicacy. By universal consent, and by the sure test of memory, these national strains are the most popular and the most likely to be immortal of all Moore’s works. They are musical almost beyond parallel in words—graceful in thought and sentiment—often tender, pathetic, and heroic—and they blend poetical and romantic feelings with the objects and sympathies of common life in language chastened and refined, yet apparently so simple that every trace of art has disappeared. The songs are read and remembered by all. They are equally the delight of the cottage and the saloon, and, in the poet’s own country, are sung with an enthusiasm that will long be felt in the hour of festivity, as well as in periods of suffering and solemnity; *by that imaginative and warm-hearted people.*

’Tis the Last Rose of Summer.

*’Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;*

*All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;*

No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one !
To pine on the stem ;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,

Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away !
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh ! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?

The Turf shall be my Fragrant Shrine.

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine ;
My temple, Lord ! that arch of thine ;
My censers' breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves.
When murmuring homeward to their
caves.

Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee !

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy Throne !
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,

Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track ;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness breaking through !

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that
glow.

But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again !

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

In 1817, Mr. Murray published a small poetical volume under the eccentric title of 'Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work, by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket in Suffolk, Harness and Collar Makers. Intended to comprise the most interesting Particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table.' The world was surprised to find, under this odd disguise, a happy imitation of the Pulci and Casti school of the Italian poets. The brothers Whistlecraft formed, it was quickly seen, but the mask of some elegant and scholarly wit belonging to the higher circles of society, who had chosen to amuse himself in comic verse, without incurring the responsibilities of declared authorship. To two cantos published in the above year, a third and fourth were soon after added. The poem opens with a feast held by King Arthur at Carlisle amidst his knights, who are thus introduced:

They looked a manly generous generation ;
Beards, shoulders, eyebrows, broad, and square, and thick,
Their accents firm and loud in conversation,
Their eyes and gestures eager, sharp, and quick,
Shewed them prepared, on proper provocation,
To give the lie, pull noses, stab and kick ;
And for that very reason, it is said,
They were so very courteous and well-bred.

In a valley near Carlisle lived a race of giants, and this place is finely described:

Huge mountains of immeasurable height
 Encompassed all the level valley round
 With mighty slabs of rock that sloped upright,
 An insurmountable and enormous mound.
 The very river vanished out of sight,
 Absorbed in secret channels under ground;
 That vale was so sequestered and secluded,
 All search for ages past it had eluded.
 A rock was in the centre, like a cone,
 Abruptly rising from a miry pool,
 Where they beheld a pile of massy stone,
 Which masons of the rude primeval school
 Had reared by help of giant hands alone,
 With rocky fragments unreduced by rule:
 Irregular, like nature more than art,
 Huge, rugged, and compact in every part.
 A wild tumultuous torrent raged around,
 Of fragments tumbling from the mountain's height;
 The whistling clouds of dust, the deafening sound,
 The hurried motion that amazed the sight,
 The constant quaking of the solid ground,
 Environed them with phantoms of affright;
 Yet with heroic hearts they held right on,
 Till the last point of their ascent was won.

The giants having attacked and carried off some ladies on their journey to court, the knights deem it their duty to set out in pursuit; and in due time they overcome those grim personages, and relieve the captives from the castle in which they had been immured:

The ladies?—They were tolerably well,
 At least as well as could have been expected:
 Many details I must forbear to tell;
 Their toilet had been very much neglected;
 But by supreme good-luck it so befell,
 That when the castle's capture was effected,
 When those vile cannibals were overpowered,
 Only two fat duennas were devoured.

This closes the second canto. The third opens in the following playful strain.

I've a proposal here for Mr. Murray,
 He offers handsomely—the money down;
 My dear, you might recover from your flurry,
 In a nice airy lodging out of town,
 At Croydon, Epsom, anywhere in Surrey;
 If every stanza brings us in a crown,
 I think that I might venture to bespeak
 A bedroom and front-parlour for next week.
 Tell me, my dear Thalia, what you think:
 Your nerves have undergone a sudden shock;
 Your poor dear spirits have begun to sink;
 On Banstead Downs you'd muster a new stock,
 And I'd be sure to keep away from drink,
 And always go to bed by twelve o'clock.
 We'll travel down there in the morning stages;
 Our verses shall go down to distant ages.

And here in town we'll breakfast on hot rolls,
 And you shall have a better shawl to wear:
 These pantaloons of mine are chafed in holes:
 By Monday next I'll compass a new pair:
 Come now, fling up the cinders; fetch the coals,
 And take away the things you hung to air;
 Set out the tea-things, and bid Phoebe bring
 The kettle up. *Arms and the Monks I sing.*

'the valley of the giants was an abbey, containing fifty friars, d good,' who keep for a long time on good terms with their ours. Being fond of music, the giants would sometimes ap- the sacred pile, attracted by the sweet sounds that issued from here occurs a beautiful piece of description :

Off that wild untutored race would draw,
 Led by the solemn sound and sacred light,
 Beyond the bank, beneath a lonely shaw,
 To listen all the livelong summer night,
 Till deep, serene, and reverential awe
 Environed them with silent calm delight,
 Contemplating the minster's midnight gleam,
 Reflected from the clear and glassy stream.

But chiefly, when the shadowy moon hath shed
 O'er woods and waters her mysterious hue,
 Their passive hearts and vacant fancies fed
 With thoughts and aspirations strange and new,
 Till their brute souls with inward working bred
 Dark hints that in the depths of instinct grew
 Subjective—not from Locke's associations,
 Nor David Hartley's doctrine of vibrations.
 Each was ashamed to mention to the others
 One half of all the feelings that he felt,
 Yet thus for each would venture: 'Listen, brothers,
 It seems as if one heard Heaven's thunders melt
 In music!

unately, this happy state of things ... broken up by the intro- of a ring of bells into the abbey, a kind of music to which ats had an insurmountable aversion.

The solemn mountains that surrounded
 The silent valley where the convent lay,
 With tintinnabular uproar were astounded
 When the first peal burst forth at break of day:
 Feeling their granite ears severely wounded,
 They scarce knew what to think or what to say;
 And—though large mountains commonly conceal
 Their sentiments, dissembling what they feel,

Yet—Cader-Gibbrish from his cloudy throne
 To huge Loblommon gave an intimation
 Of this strange rumour, with an awful tone,
 Thundering his deep surprise and indignation;
 The lesser hills, in language of their own,
 Discussed the topic by reverberation;
 Discoursing with their echoes all day long,
 Their only conversation was, 'ding-dong.'

These giant mountains inwardly were moved,
 But never made an outward change of place;
 Not so the mountain giants (as beloved
 A more-alert and locomotive race);
 Hearing a clatter which they disapproved,
 They ran straight forward to besiege the place,
 With a discordant universal yell,
 Like house-dogs howling at a dinner-bell.

This is evidently meant as a good-humoured satire against violent personifications in poetry. Meanwhile a monk, Brother John by name, who had opposed the introduction of the bells, has gone, in a fit of disgust with his brethren, to amuse himself with the rod at a neighbouring stream. Here occurs another beautiful descriptive passage:

A mighty current, unconfined and free,
 Ran wheeling round beneath the mountain's shade,
 Battering its wave-worn base; but you might see
 On the near margin many a watery glade,
 Becalmed beneath some little island's lee,
 All tranquil and transparent, close embayed;
 Reflecting in the deep serene and even
 Each flower and herb, and every cloud of heaven;

The painted kingfisher, the branch above her,
 Stand in the steadfast mirror fixed and true;
 Anon the fitful breezes brood and hover,
 Freshening the surface with a rougher hue;
 Spreading, withdrawing, pausing, passing over
 Again returning to retire anew:
 So rest and motion in a narrow range,
 Feasted the sight with joyous interchange.

Brother John, placed here by mere chance, is apprised of the approach of the giants in time to run home and give the alarm. Amidst the preparations for defence, to which he exhorts his brethren, the abbot dies, and John is elected to succeed him. A stout resistance is made by the monks, whom their new superior takes care to feed well by way of keeping them in heart, and the giants at length withdraw from the scene of action. It finally appears that the pagans have retired in order to make the attack upon the ladies, which had formerly been described—no bad burlesque of the endless episodes of the Italian romantic poets.

It was soon discovered that the author of this clever *jeu d'esprit* was the Right Honourable John Hookham Frere, a person of high political consequence, who had been employed a few years before by the British government to take charge of diplomatic transactions in Spain in connection with the army under General Sir John Moore. The Whittlecraft poetry was carried no further; but the peculiar stanza (the *ottava rima* of Italy), and the sarcastic pleasantry, formed the immediate exemplar which guided Byron when he wrote his 'Beppo' and 'Don Juan;' and one couplet—

Adown thy slope, romantic Ashbourn, glides
 The Derby dilly, carrying six insides—

became at a subsequent period the basis of an allusion almost hist-

cal in importance, with reference to a small party in the House of Commons. Thus the national poem attained a place of some consequence in our modern literature. It is only to be regretted that the poet, captivated by indolence or the elegances of a luxurious taste, gave no further specimen of his talents to the world.

For many years Mr. Frere resided in Malta, in the enjoyment of a handsome pension, conferred for diplomatic services, of £1516 per annum, and at Malta he died on the 7th of January, 1846, aged seventy-seven. In the 'Life of Sir Walter Scott,' there are some particulars respecting the meeting of the declining novelist with his friend, the author of 'Whistlecraft.' We there learn from Scott, that the remarkable war-song upon the victory at Brunnenburg, which appears in Mr. Ellis's 'Specimens of Ancient English Poetry,' and might pass in a court of critics as a genuine composition of the fourteenth century, was written by Mr. Frere while an Eton school-boy, as an illustration on one side of the celebrated Rowley controversy. We are also informed by Mrs. John Davy, in her diary, quoted by Mr. Lockhart, that Sir Walter on this occasion, 'repeated a pretty long passage from his version of one of the romances of the Cid—published in the appendix to Southey's quarto—and seemed to enjoy a spirited charge of the knights therein described as much as he could have done in his best days, placing his walking-stick in rest as a lance, "to suit the action to the word." We may here redeem from comparative obscurity a piece of poetry so much admired by Scott :

The gates were then thrown open,
and forth at once they rushed,
The outposts of the Moorish hosts
back to the camp were pushed ;
The camp was all in tumult,
and there was such a thunder
Of cymbals and of drums,
as if earth would cleave in sunder.
There you might see the Moors
arming themselves in haste,
And the two main battles
how they were forming fast ;
Horsemen and footmen mixt,
a countless troop and vast.
The Moors are moving forward,
the battle soon must join,
'My men, stand here in order,
ranged upon a line !
Let not a man move from his rank
before I give the sign.'
Pero Bermuez heard the word,
but he could not refrain,
He held the banner in his hand,
he gave the horse the rein ;
'You see yon foremost squadron there,
the thickest of the foes,
Noble Cid, God be your aid,
for there your banner goes !

ident institution, aided by his industrious wife, who received house as boarders young men attending college. Thomas a good education, and was distinguished at the university, rily for his translations from the Greek. The Greek pro-ohn Young, pronounced his translation of part of the of Aristophanes the best version that had ever been given y student. He had previously received a prize for an poem, an 'Essay on the Origin of Evil,' modelled on the 'ope. Other poetical pieces, written between his fourteenth enth year, evince Campbell's peculiar delicacy of taste and etical diction. He became tutor in a family resident in the

Mull, and about this time met with his 'Caroline of the e daughter of a minister of Inveraray. The winter of 1795 again in Glasgow, attending college, and supporting him-ri-ate tuition. Next year he was sometime tutor in the

Mr. Downie of Appin, also in the Highlands; and this ent completed, he repaired to Edinburgh, hesitated between h and the law as a profession, but soon abandoning all hopes he employed himself in private teaching and in literary e booksellers. Poetry was not neglected, and in April eared his 'Pleasures of Hope.' The copyright was sold but for some years the publishers gave the poet £50 new edition of two thousand copies, and allowed him, in publish a quarto subscription copy, by which he realized 000. It was in a 'dusky lodging' in Alison Square, Edin-at the 'Pleasures of Hope' was composed; and the fine simile was suggested by the scenery of the Firth of Forth as r the Calton Hill. The poem was instantly successful. The rent through four editions in a twelvemonth. After the pub-f the first edition, 154 lines were added to the poem. It d all readers by its varying and exquisite melody, its polished and the vein of generous and lofty sentiment which seemed m and sanctify the entire poem. The touching and beauti-des with which it abounds constituted also a source of deep and in picturing the horrors of war, and the infamous parti-oland, the poet kindled up into a strain of noble indignant prophet-like inspiration.

Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time!
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career.
Hope, for a season, bade the word farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciuszko fell!

*The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there;
Tumultuous Murder shook the midnight air—*

On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
 His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
 The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
 Bursts the wild cry of horror and di-may!
 Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall
 A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
 Earth shook, red meteors flashed along the sky,
 And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

Traces of juvenility may be found in the 'Pleasures of Hope'—a want of connection between the different parts of the poem, some florid lines and imperfect metaphors; but such a series of beautiful and dazzling pictures, so pure and elevated a tone of moral feeling, and such terse, vigorous, and polished versification, were never perhaps before found united in a poem written at the age of twenty-one. Shortly after its publication, Campbell visited the continent. He sailed from Leith for Hamburg on the 1st of June 1800; and proceeding from thence to Ratisbon, witnessed the decisive action which gave Ratisbon to the French. The poet stood with the monks of the Scottish college of St. James, on the ramparts near the monastery, while a charge of Klenau's cavalry was made upon the French. He saw no other scenes of actual warfare, but made various excursions into the interior, and was well received by General Moreau and the other French officers. It has been generally supposed that Campbell was present at the battle of Hohenlinden, but it was not fought until some weeks after he had left Bavaria. During his residence on the Danube and the Elbe, the poet wrote some of his exquisite minor poems, which were published in the 'Morning Chronicle' newspaper. The first of these was the 'Exile of Erin,' which was suggested by an incident like that which befell Smollett at Boulogne—namely, meeting with a party of political exiles who retained a strong love of their native country.

Campbell's 'Exile' was a person named Anthony M'Cann, who, with Hamilton Rowan and others, had been concerned in the Irish rebellion. So jealous was the British government of that day, that the poet was suspected of being a spy, and on his arrival in Edinburgh, was subjected to an examination by the sheriff, but which ended in a scene of mirth and conviviality. Shortly afterwards, Campbell was received by Lord Minto as a sort of secretary and literary companion—a situation which his temper and somewhat democratic independence of spirit rendered uncongenial, and which did not last long. In this year (1802) he composed 'Lochiel's Warning' and 'Hohenlinden'—the latter one of the grandest battle-pieces in miniature that ever was drawn. In a few verses, flowing like a choral melody, the poet brings before us the silent midnight scene of engagement wrapt in the snows of winter, the sudden arming for the battle, the press and shout of charging squadrons, the flashing of artillery, and the final scene of death. 'Lochiel's Warning' being read in manuscript to Sir Walter (then Mr.) Scott, he requested a perusal of it himself, and then repeated the whole from memory—

striking instance of the great minstrel's powers of recollection, which was related to us by Mr. Campbell himself. In 1803 the poet repaired to London, and devoted himself to literature as a profession. He resided for some time with his friend, Mr. Telford, the celebrated engineer. Telford continued his regard for the poet throughout a long life, and remembered him in his will by a legacy of £500.*

Mr. Campbell wrote several papers for the 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia'—of which Telford had some share—including poetical biographies, an account of the drama, &c. He also compiled 'Annals of Great Britain from the Accession of George III. to the Peace of Amiens,' in three volumes. Such compilations can only be considered in the light of mental drudgery; but Campbell, like Goldsmith, could sometimes impart grace and interest to task-work. In 1806, through the influence of Mr. Fox, the government granted a pension to the poet—a well-merited tribute to the author of those national strains, 'Ye Mariners of England,' and the 'Battle of the Baltic.' In 1809 was published his second great poem, 'Gertrude of Wyoming, a Pennsylvania Tale.' The subsequent literary labours of Mr. Campbell were only, as regards his poetical fame, subordinate efforts. The best of them were contributed to the 'New Monthly Magazine,' which he edited for ten years (from 1820 to 1830); and one of these minor poems, the 'Last Man,' may be ranked among his greatest conceptions: it is like a sketch by Michael Angelo or Rembrandt. Previous to this time the poet had visited Paris in company with Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, and enjoyed the sculpture and other works of art in the Louvre with such intensity that they seemed to give his mind a new sense of the harmony of art—a new visual power of enjoying beauty. 'Every step of approach,' he says, 'to the presence of the Apollo Belvidere, added to my sensations, and all recollections of his name in classic poetry swarmed on my mind as spontaneously as the associations that are conjured up by the sweetest music.' In 1818 he again visited Germany, and on his return the following year he published his 'Specimens of the British Poets,' with biographical and critical notices, in seven volumes. The justness and

* A similar amount was bequeathed to Mr. Southey, and, with a good luck which our world would wish to see always attend poets' legacies, the sums were more than doubled in consequence of the testator's estate far exceeding what he believed to be its value. Thomas Telford (1757-1834) was himself a rhymester in his youth. He was born on poetic ground, amidst the scenes of old Scottish song, green hills, and the other adjuncts of a land-cape of great sylvan and pastoral beauty. Ekedale, his native district—where he lived till nearly twenty, first as a shepherd, and afterwards as a stone-mason—was also the birthplace of Armstrong and Mickle. Telford wrote a poem descriptive of this classic dale, but it is only a feeble paraphrase of Goldsmith. He addressed an epistle to Burns, part of which is published by Currie. These boyish studies and predilections contrast strangely with the severer pursuits of his after-years as a mathematician and engineer. In his original occupation of a stone-mason, cutting names on tombstones (in which he excelled, as did also Hugh Miller), we can fancy him cherishing his solitary labours with visions of literary eminence; but it is difficult to conceive him at the same time dreaming of works like the Menai Bridge or the Pont-cy-ayle aqueduct in Wales. He had, however, received an early architectural or engineering bias by poring over the plates and descriptions in Rollin's history, which he read by his mother's fireside, or in the open air while herding sheep. Telford was a liberal-minded and benevolent man.

beauty of his critical dissertations have been universally admitted; some of them are perfect models of chaste yet animated criticism.

In 1820 Mr. Campbell delivered a course of lectures on poetry at the Surrey Institution; in 1824 he published 'Theodric and other Poems;' and, though busy in establishing the London University, he was, in 1827, honoured with the graceful compliment of being elected lord rector of the university of his native city. This distinction was continued and heightened by his re-election the following two years. He afterwards made a voyage to Algiers, of which he published an account; and in 1842 he appeared again as a poet. This work was a slight narrative poem, unworthy of his fame, entitled 'The Pilgrim of Glencoe.' Among the literary engagements of his later years, was a 'Life of Mrs. Siddons,' and a 'Life of Petrarch.' In the summer of 1843, he fixed his residence at Boulogne, but his health was by this time much impaired, and he died the following summer, June 15, 1844. He was interred in Westminster Abbey, his funeral being attended by some of the most eminent noblemen and statesmen of the day, with a numerous body of private friends. In 1849 a selection from his correspondence, with a life of the poet, was published by his affectionate friend and literary executor, Dr. Beattie, himself the author of various works, and of some pleasing and picturesque poetry.

In genius and taste Campbell resembles Gray. He displays the same delicacy and purity of sentiment, the same vivid perception of beauty and ideal loveliness, equal picturesqueness and elevation of imagery, and the same lyrical and concentrated power of expression. The diction of both is elaborately choice and select. Campbell has greater sweetness and gentleness of pathos, springing from deep moral feeling, and a refined sensitiveness of nature. Neither can be termed boldly original or inventive, but they both possess sublimity—Gray in his two magnificent odes, and Campbell in his war-songs or lyrics, which form the richest offering ever made by poetry at the shrine of patriotism. The general tone of his verse is calm, uniform, and mellifluous—a stream of mild harmony and delicious fancy flowing through the bosom-scenes of life, with images scattered separately like flowers on its surface, and beauties of expression interwoven with it—certain words and phrases of magical power—which never quit the memory. Campbell is secure, as one of his critics has said, in an 'immortality of quotation.' Some of his lines have become household words—*e. g.*:

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.

But, mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth?
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below;

"Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming event, cast their shadows before.

And many other short passages might be cited. With all his ob-

ais predilections, Campbell was not—as he has himself remarked of Crabbe—a *laudator temporis acti*, but a decided lover of later times. Age never quenched his zeal for public freedom or for the unchained exercise of the human intellect; and, with equal consistency in tastes as in opinions, he was to the last meditating a work on Greek literature, by which, fifty years before, as a scholar, he first achieved distinction.

Many can date their first love of poetry from their perusal of Campbell. In youth, the 'Pleasures of Hope' is generally preferred. In riper years, when the taste becomes matured, Gertrude of Wyoming rises in estimation. Its beautiful home-scenes go more closely to the heart, and its delineation of character and passion evinces a more luxuriant and perfect genius. The portrait of the savage chief Outalissi is finished with inimitable skill and effect:

Far differently the mute Oneyda took
His calumet of peace and cup of joy;
As monumental bronze unchanged his look;
A soul that pity touched, but never shook;
Trained from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier
The fierce extreme of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.

The loves of Gertrude and Waldegrave, the patriarchal Albert, and the sketches of rich sequestered Pennsylvanian scenery, also shew the finished art of the poet. The poem of 'O'Connor's Child' is another exquisitely finished and pathetic tale. The rugged and ferocious features of ancient feudal manners and family pride are there displayed in connection with female suffering, love, and beauty, and with the romantic and warlike colouring suited to the country and the times. It is full of antique grace and passionate energy—the mingled light and gloom of the wild Celtic character.

Elegy Written in Mull (June 1795).

The tempest blackens on the dusky moor,
And billows lash the long-resounding shore:
In pensive mood, I roam the desert ground.
And vainly sigh for scenes no longer found.
O whither fled the pleasurable hours
That chased each care and fired the Muse's powers?—
The classic haunts of youth, for ever gay,
Where mirth and friendship cheered the close of day;
The well-known valleys where I wont to roam
The native sports, the nameless joys of home?
Far different scenes allure my wondering eye—
The white wave foaming to the distant sky;
The cloudy heavens, unblest by summer's smile,
The sounding storm that sweeps the rugged isle—
The chill, bleak summit of eternal snow—
The wide, wild glen—the pathless plains below;
The dark-blue rocks in barren grandeur piled;
The cuckoo sighing to the pensive wild.
Far different these from all that charmed before,
The grassy banks of Clutha's winding shore:

Her sloping vales, with waving forests lined,
Her smooth blue lakes, unruffled by the wind.

Hail, happy Clutha! glad shall I survey
Thy gilded turrets from the distant way!
Thy sight shall cheer the weary traveller's toll,
And joy shall hail me to my native soil.

Picture of Domestic Love.—From the 'Pleasures of Hope.'

Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,
With peace embosom'd in Idalian bowers!
Remote from busy life's bewildered way.
O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway!
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit-steps to wander and adore!
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
And muse on nature with a poet's eye!
And when the sun's last splendour lights the deep,
The wood and waves, and murmuring winds asleep,
When fairy harps the Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell;
Where moulding piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green;
No circling hills his ravished eye to bound,
Heaven earth, and ocean blazing all around!

The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly burns—
And down the vale his sober step returns;
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away;
And oft he lingers from his home awhile,
To watch the dying notes—and start, and smile!
Let winter come! let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep!
Though boundless snows the withered heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day!
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chained waters slumbering on the shore,
How bright the fagots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall!
How blest he names, in love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend, by nature marked his own;
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since when her empire o'er his heart began—
Since first he called her his before the holy man!

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wintry paradise of home;
And let the half-uncurtained window hail
Some wayworn man benighted in the vale!
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,
While fiery hosts in heaven's wide circle play,
And bathe in lurid light the Milky-way,
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour!

With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile!

Death of Gertrude.

Past was the flight, and welcomed seemed the tower,
That like a giant standard-bearer frowned
Defiance on the roving Indian power.
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound
With embassage embossed and armour crowned,
And arrowy frise, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green;
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant scene,

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;
And for the business of destruction done,
Its requiem the war-horn seemed to blow:
There, sad spectatress of her country's woe!
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasped her hands of snow
On Waldgrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Inclosed, that felt her heart, and hushed its wild alarm!

But short that contemplation—sad and short
The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu!
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew;
Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near?—yet there, with lust of murderous deeds,
Gleamed like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambushed foeman's eye—his volley speeds,
And Albert, Albert falls! the dear old father bleeds!

And tranced in giddy horror, Gertrude swooned;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrowed from her father's wound,
These drops? Oh, God! the life-blood is her own!
And faltering, on her Waldgrave's bosom thrown—
'Weep not, O love!' she cries, 'to see me bleed;
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed
These wounds; yet thee to leave is death, is death indeed!

'Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh! think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust!

Hushed were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seemed to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.

Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt—
Of them that stood encircling his despair
He heard some friendly words; but knew not what they were.

For now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives
 A faithful band. With solemn rites between,
 'Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
 And in their deaths had not divided been.
 Touched by the music and the melting scene,
 Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd—
 Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
 To veil their eyes, as passed each much-loved shroud—
 While woman's softer soul in woe dissolved aound.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
 Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth:
 Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid
 His face on earth; him watched, in gloomy ruth,
 His woodland guide; but words had none to soothe
 The grief that knew not consolation's name;
 Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
 He watched, beneath its folds, each burst that came
 Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame!

'And I could weep,' the Oneyda chief
 His descant wildly thus begun;
 'But that I may not stain with grief
 The death-song of my father's son,
 Or bow this head in woe!
 For, by my wrongs, and by my wrath,
 To-morrow Areouki's breath,
 That fires yon heaven with storms of death,
 Shall light us to the foe:
 And we shall share, my Christian boy,
 The foe-man's blood, the avenger's joy!

'But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
 By milder genii o'er the deep,
 The spirits of the white man's heaven
 Forbid not thee to weep:
 Nor will the Christian host,
 Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,
 To see thee on the battle's eve,
 Lamenting, take a mournful leave
 Of her who loved thee most:
 She was the rainbow to thy sight!
 Thy sun—thy heaven of lost delight!

'To-morrow let us do or die.
 But when the bolt of death is hurled,
 Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
 Shall Outalissi roam the world?
 Seek we thy once-loved home?
 The hand is gone that cropt its flowers;
 Unheard their clock repeats its hours;
 Cold is the hearth within their bowers:
 And should we thither roam,
 Its echoes and its empty tread
 Would sound like voices from the dead!

'Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
 Whose streams my kindred nation quaffed,
 And by my side, in battle true,
 A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
 Ah! there, in desolation cold,
 The desert serpent dwells alone,
 Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,

And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp; for there
The silence dwells of my despair!

'But hark, the trump! to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
Even from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears,
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief!

Ye Mariners of England.

riners of England!
ward our native seas;
flag has braved a thousand years
tle and the breeze!
lorious standard launch again
tch another foe!
veep through the deep,
the stormy winds do blow;
the battle rages loud and long,
the stormy winds do blow.

Arts of your fathers
start from every wave!
e deck it was their field of fame,
cean was their grave;
Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
nantly hearts shall glow.
sweep through the deep,
the stormy winds do blow;
the battle rages loud and long,
the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow!

Battle of the Baltic.

son and the North,
e glorious day's renown,
to battle fierce came forth
ight of Denmark's crown,
er arms along the deep proudly
shone;
h gun the lighted brand,
old determined hand,
e prince of all the land
em on.

vathans afloat,
eir bulwarks on the brine;
the sign of battle flew
lofty British line;
ten of April morn by the chime;
y drifted on their path,

There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fletcher rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak!' our captains cried; when
each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,

When first printed (Nelson being then living), this line stood, 'Where Blake, the
freedom, fell.'

Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave;
'Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save;
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy feet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king.'

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the
day.

While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elainore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou;
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er the
grave!
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condole,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!†

Hohenlinden.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Isar, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Isar, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.†

* Captain Riou, styled by Lord Nelson the gallant and the good.—**CAMPBELL.**

† Originally this last line stood:

'Shall mark the soldier's cemet'ry.'

† The first draft of the above noble poem was sent to Scott in 1806, and consists of thirty stanzas—all published in Beattie's *Life of Campbell*. The piece was greatly improved by the condensation, but the following omitted verses on the English sailors are striking:

Not such a mind possessed
England's tar;
'Twas the love of noble game
Set his oaken heart on flame,
For to him 'twas all the same—
Sport and war.

All hands and eyes on watch
As they keep—
By their motion light as wings,
By each step that haughty swings,
You might know them for the king
Of the deep.

From 'The Last Man.'

shapes shall melt in gloom—
 himself must die,
 mortal shall assume
 salty !
 in my sleep,
 y spirit strength to sweep
 ; gulf of time!
 t of human mould
 eation's death behold,
 saw her prime!

e had a sickly glare,
 with age was wan ;
 is of nations were
 at lonely man !
 pired in fight—the brands
 a their bony hands—
 and famine some :
 ; had no sound nor tread ;
 ere drifting with the dead
 where all was dumb !

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood
 'With dauntless words and high,
 That shook the sere leaves from the
 wood,
 As if a storm passed by ;
 Saying : ' We are twins in death, proud
 sun ;
 Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
 'Tis mercy bids thee go.
 For thou, ten thousand thousand years,
 Hast seen the tide of human tears,
 That shall no longer flow. . . .

' This spirit shall return to Him
 That gave its heavenly spark
 Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,
 When thou thyself art dark !
 No ! it shall live again, and shine
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
 By him recalled to breath,
 Who captive led captivity,
 Who robbed the grave of victory,
 And took the sting from death !'

A Thought suggested by the New Year.

live, more brief appear.
 succeeding stages :
 dhood seems a year,
 like passing ages.

e current of our youth,
 yet disorders,
 ing like a river smooth
 rasy borders.

re-worn cheek grows wan,
 v's shafts fly thicker,
 measure life to man,
 your courses quicker ?

When joys have lost their bloom and
 breath,
 And life itself is vapid,
 Why, as we reach the falls of death
 Feel we its tide more rapid ?

It may be strange—yet who would change
 Time's course to slower speeding ;
 When one by one our friends have gone,
 And left our bosoms bleeding ?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
 Indemnifying fleetness ;
 And those of youth, a seeming length,
 Proportioned to their sweetness.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

Matthew Gregory Lewis, author of 'The Monk,' was born in the year 1775. His father was deputy-secretary in the , and owner of extensive West Indian possessions. Mat-
 educated at Westminster School, where he was more re-
 for his love of theatrical exhibitions than for his love of
 On leaving Westminster, he was entered of Christ Church
 Oxford, but remained only a short period, being sent to Ger-
 a view of acquiring a knowledge of the language of that
 When a child, Lewis had pored over Glanville on Witches,
 books of diablerie ; and in Germany he found abundant
 the same description. Romance and the drama were his
 studies ; and whilst resident abroad, he composed the story
 'The Monk,' a work more extravagant in its use of supernatural

machinery than any previous English tale of modern times, and disfigured with licentious passages. The novel was published in 1795, and attracted much attention. A prosecution, it is said, was threatened on account of the peccant scenes and descriptions; to avert which, Lewis pledged himself to recall the printed copies, and to recast the work in another edition. The author continued through life the same strain of marvellous and terrific composition—now clothing it in verse, now infusing it into the scenes of a drama, and at other times expanding it into regular tales. His ‘*Tales of Terror*,’ 1799; ‘*Tales of Wonder*’ (to which Sir Walter Scott contributed); ‘*Romantic Tales*,’ 1808; ‘*The Bravo of Venice*,’ 1804: and ‘*Feudal Tyrants*,’ 1806, both translated from the German, with numerous dramas, all bespeak the same parentage as ‘*The Monk*,’ and none of them excels it. His best poetry, as well as prose, is to be found in this novel; for, like Mrs. Radcliffe, Lewis introduced poetical compositions into his tales; and his ballads of ‘*Alonzo the Brave*,’ and ‘*Durandarte*’ were as attractive as any of the adventures of Ambrosio the monk. Flushed with the brilliant success of his romance, and fond of distinction and high society, Lewis procured a seat in parliament, and was returned for the borough of Hindon, but he never attempted to address the House.

The theatres offered a more attractive field for his genius; and his play of ‘*The Castle Spectre*,’ produced in 1797, was applauded as enthusiastically and more universally than his romance. Connected with his dramatic fame, a very interesting anecdote is related in the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Lewis*, published in 1839. It illustrates his native benevolence, which, amidst all the frivolities of fashionable life, and the excitement of misapplied talents, was a conspicuous feature in his character:

‘Being one autumn on his way to participate in the enjoyments of the season with the rest of the fashionable world at a celebrated watering-place, he passed through a small country town, in which chance occasioned his temporary sojourn: here also were located a company of strolling players, whose performance he one evening witnessed. Among them was a young actress, whose benefit was on the *tapis*, and who, on hearing of the arrival of a person so talked of as *Monk Lewis*, waited upon him at the inn, to request the *very* trifling favour of an original piece from his pen. The lady pleaded in terms that urged the spirit of benevolence to advocate her cause in a heart never closed to such appeal.

‘Lewis had by him at that time an unpublished trifle, called “*The Hindoo Bride*,” in which a widow was immolated on the funeral pile of her husband. The subject was one well suited to attract a country audience, and he determined thus to appropriate the drama. The delighted suppliant departed all joy and gratitude at being requested to call for the manuscript the next day. Lewis, however, soon discovered that he had been reckoning without his host, for, on searching the travelling-desk which contained many of his papers, “*The*

Bride" was nowhere to be found, having, in fact, been left behind in town. Exceedingly annoyed by this circumstance, which there was no time to remedy, the dramatist took a pondering stroll through the rural environs of B—. A sudden shower obliged him to take refuge within a huckster's shop, where the usual curtained half-glass door in the rear opened to an adjoining apartment; from this room he heard two voices in earnest conversation, and in one of them recognised that of his theatrical petitioner at the morning, apparently replying to the feebler tones of age and infirmity. "There, now, mother, always that old story—when I've just brought such good news too—after I've had the face to call on Mr. Monk Lewis, and found him so different to what I expected; so good-humoured, so affable, and willing to assist me. I did not say a word about you, mother; for though in some respects it might have done good, I thought it would seem so like a begging affair; so I merely represented my late ill-success, and he promised to give me an original drama, which he had with him, for my benefit. I hope he did not think me too bold!" "I hope not, Jane," replied the feeble voice; "only don't do these things again without consulting me; for you don't know the world, and it may be thought"—The sun just then gave a broad hint that the shower had ceased, and the sympathising author returned to his inn, and having penned the following letter, ordered post-horses, and despatched a porter to the young actress with the epistle:

"MADAM—I am truly sorry to acquaint you that my Hindoo Bride has behaved most improperly—in fact, whether the lady has cloped or not, it seems she does not choose to make her appearance, either for *your benefit* or mine: and to say the truth, I don't at this moment know where to find her. I take the liberty to jest upon the subject, because I really do not think you will have any cause to regret her non-appearance; having had an opportunity of witnessing your very admirable performance of a far superior character, in a style true to nature, and which reflects upon you the highest credit. I allude to a most interesting scene in which you lately sustained the character of 'The Daughter!' Brides of all denominations but too often prove their empire delusive; but the character *you* have chosen will improve upon every representation, both in the estimation of the public and the satisfaction of your own excellent heart. For the infinite gratification I have received, I must long consider myself in your debt. Trusting you will permit the inclosed (fifty pounds) in some measure to discharge the same I remain, madam—with sentiments of respect and admiration—your sincere well-wisher—M. G. LEWIS."

Scott met Lewis in Edinburgh in 1798, and so humble were then his own aspirations, and so brilliant the reputation of the 'Monk,' that he declared, thirty years afterwards, he never felt such elation as when Lewis asked him to dine with him at his hotel. Lewis schooled the great poet on his incorrect rhyme, and proved himself,

as Scott says, 'a martinet in the accuracy of rhymes and numbers.' Sir Walter has recorded that Lewis was fonder of great people than he ought to have been, either as a man of talent or as a man of fashion. 'He had always,' he says, 'dukes and duchesses in his mouth, and was pathetically fond of any one that had a title: you would have sworn he had been a *parvenu* of yesterday; yet he had lived all his life in good society.* Yet Scott regarded Lewis with no small affection. 'He was,' added he, 'one of the kindest and best creatures that ever lived. His father and mother lived separately. Mr. Lewis allowed his son a handsome income, but reduced it by more than one-half when he found that he paid his mother a moiety of it. Mat. restricted himself in all his expenses, and shared the diminished income with her as before. He did much good by stealth, and was a most generous creature.' The sterling worth of his character has been illustrated by the publication of his correspondence, which, slumbering twenty years after his death, first disclosed to the public the calm good sense, discretion, and right feeling which were concealed by the exaggerated romance of his writings, and his gay and frivolous appearance and manners. The death of Lewis's father made the poet a man of independent fortune. He succeeded to considerable plantations in the West Indies, besides a large sum of money; and in order to ascertain personally the condition of the slaves on his estate, he sailed for the West Indies in 1815. Of this voyage he wrote a narrative, and kept journals, forming the most interesting and valuable production of his pen. The manner in which the negroes received him on his arrival amongst them he thus describes:

'As soon as the carriage entered my gates, the uproar and confusion which ensued sets all description at defiance. The works were instantly all abandoned; everything that had life came flocking to the house from all quarters; and not only the men, and the women, and the children, but "by a bland assimilation," the hogs, and the dogs, and the geese and the fowls, and the turkeys, all came hurrying along by instinct, to see what could possibly be the matter, and seemed to be afraid of arriving too late. Whether the pleasure of the

* Of this weakness Byron records an amusing instance: 'Lewis, at Oatlands, was observed one morning to have his eyes red and his air sentimental; being asked why, he replied, that when people said anything kind to him it affected him deeply.' and just now the Duchess (of York) has said something so kind to me, that.'—Here tears began to flow. "Never mind, Lewis," said Colonel Armstrong to him—"never mind—don't cry—she could not mean it." Lewis was of extremely diminutive stature. 'I remember a picture of him,' says Scott, 'by Saunders, being handed round at Dalketh House. The artist had ingeniously flung a dark folding mantle around the form, under which was half hid a dagger, a dark lantern, or some such cut-throat apparition. With all this, the features were preserved and ennobled. It passed from hand to hand into that of Henry, Duke of Buckleuch, who, hearing the general voice affirm that it was very like—said aloud: "Like Mat. Lewis! Why that picture's like a Man!" He looked, and lo! Mat. Lewis's head was at his elbow. This boyishness went through life with him. He was a child, and a spoiled child—but a child of high imagination, and so he wasted himself on ghost-stories and German romances. He had the finest ear for the rhythm of verse I ever met with—finer than Byron's.'

was sincere, may be doubted; but, certainly, it was the loud-
I ever witnessed; they all talked together, sang, danced,
and, in the violence of their gesticulations, tumbled over
r, and rolled about upon the ground. Twenty voices at once
after uncles and aunts, and grandfathers and great-grand-
of mine, who had been buried long before I was in-
end whom, I verily believe, most of them only knew by

One woman held up her little naked black child
rinning from ear to ear—"Look massa, look here! him
neger for massa!" Another complained—"So long since
e see we, massa; good massa come at last." As for the old
ey were all in one and the same story: now they had lived
e massa, they were ready for dying to-morrow—"them no
he shouts, the gaiety, the wild laughter, their strange and
ursts of singing and dancing, and several old women,
up in large cloaks, their heads bound round with different-
handkerchiefs, leaning on a staff, and standing motionless
idle of the hubbub, with their eyes fixed upon the portico
occupied, formed an exact counterpart of the festivity of
as in Macbeth. Nothing could be more odd or more novel
whole scene; and yet there was something in it by which I
help being affected. Perhaps it was the consciousness
ese human beings were my slaves."

returned to England in 1816, but went back to Jamaica the
year. He found that his attorney had grossly mismanaged
ty, being generally absent on business of his own, and in-
he whole to an overseer, who was of a tyrannical disposi-
ving adjusted his affairs, the 'Monk' embarked on his re-
s. The climate, however, had impaired his health, and he
ver while the ship was passing through the Gulf of Florida
18. Lewis may thus be said to have fallen a martyr to his
stice and humanity, and the circumstance sheds a lustre on
ry far surpassing mere literary fame.

Durandarte and Belerma

ful is the story
evalles flight;
al plains of glory
ny a gallant knight.

urandarte; never
or chieftain named;
is lips for ever
ence, thus exclaimed:

a! oh, my dear one,
and pleasure born;
ears I served thee, fair one,
ars my fee was scorn.

'And when now thy heart, replying
To my wishes, burns like mine,
Cruel fate, my bliss denying,
Bids me every hope resign.

'Ah! though young I fall, believe me,
Death would never claim a sigh,
'Tis to lose thee, 'tis to leave thee.
Makes me think it hard to die!

'Oh! my cousin, Monteshnos,
By that friendship firm and dear,
Which from youth has lived between us,
Now my last petition hear.

When my soul, these limbs forsaking,
Eager seeks a purer air,
From my breast the cold heart taking,
Give it to Belerma's care.

'Say, I of my lands possessor
Named her with my dying breath;
Say, my lips I oped to bless her,
Ere they closed for aye in death:

'Twice a week, too, how sincerely
I adored her, cousin say;
Twice a week, for one who dearly
Loved her, cousin, bid her pray.

'Montesinos, now the hour
Marked by fate is near at hand;
Lo! my arm has lost its power;
Lo! I drop my trusty brand.

'Eyes, which forth beheld me going,
Homewards ne'er shall see me hic;
Cousin, stop those tears o'erflowing,
Let me on thy bosom die.

'Thy kind hand my eyelids closing,
Yet one favour I implore—
Pray thou for my soul's reposing,
When my heart shall throb no more.

'So shall Jesus, still attending,
Gracious to a Christian's vow,

Pleased accept my ghost ascending,
And a seat in heaven allow.'

Thus spoke gallant Durandarte;
Soon his brave heart broke in twain.
Greatly joyed the Moorish party
That the gallant knight was slain.

Bitter weeping, Montesinos
Took him from his helm and glaive;
Bitter weeping, Montesinos
Dug his gallant cousin's grave.

To perform his promise made, he
Cut the heart from out the breast
That Belerma, wretched lady!
Might receive the last bequest.

Sad was Montesinos' heart, he
Felt distress his bosom rend.
'Oh! my cousin, Durandarte,
Woe is me to view thy end!

'Sweet in manners, fair in favour,
Mild in temper, fierce in fight,
Warrior nobler, gentler, braver,
Never shall behold the light,

'Cousin, lo! my tears bedew thee'
How shall I thy loss survive?
Durandarte, he who slew thee,
Wherefore left he me alive?

Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene.

A warrior so bold, and a virgin so bright,
Conversed as they sat on the green;
They gazed on each other with tender delight:
Alonzo the brave was the name of the knight—
The maiden's the Fair Imogene.

'And, oh!' said the youth, 'since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand!'

'Oh! hush these suspicions,' Fair Imogene said,
'Offensive to love and to me;
For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogene be.

'If e'er I, by lust or by wealth led aside,
Forget my Alonzo the Brave,
God grant that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my side,
May tax me with perjury, claim me as a bride,
And bear me away to the grave!'

To Palestine hastened the hero so bold
His love she lamented him sore;

But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when, behold!
A baron, all covered with jewels and gold,
Arrived at Fair Imogine's door.

His treasures, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows;
He dazzled her eyes, he bewildered her brain;
He caught her affections, so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the priest;
The revelry now was begun;
The tables they groaned with the weight of the feast,
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
When the bell at the castle tolled—one.

Then first with amazement Fair Imogine found
A stranger was placed by her side:
His air was terrific; he uttered no sound—
He spake not, he moved not, he looked not around
But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His visor was closed, and gigantic his height,
His armour was sable to view;
All pleasure and laughter were hushed at his sight;
The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back in affright;
The lights in the chamber burned blue!

His presence all bosoms appeared to dismay;
The guests sat in silence and fear;
At length spake the bride—while she trembled: 'I pray
Sir knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer.'

The lady is silent; the stranger complies—
His visor he slowly unclosed;
O God! what a sight met Fair Imogine's eyes!
What words can express her dismay and surprise
When a skeleton's head was exposed!

All present then uttered a terrified shout,
All turned with disgust from the scene;
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre addressed Imogine:

'Behold me, thou false one, behold me!' he cried;
'Remember Alonzo the Brave!
God grants that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side;
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
And bear thee away to the grave!'

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While loudly she shrieked in dismay;
Then sunk with his prey through the wide-yawning ground,
Nor ever again was Fair Imogine found,
Or the spectre that bore her away.

Not long lived the baron; and none, since that time,
To inhabit the castle presume;
For chronicles tell that, by order sublime,
There Imogine suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight, four times in each year, does her sprite,
 When mortals in slumber are bound,
 Arrayed in her bridal apparel of white,
 Appear in the hall with the skeleton knight,
 And shriek as he whirls her around!

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
 Dancing round them the spectres are seen;
 Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
 They howl: 'To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
 And his consort, the Fair Imogene!'

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WALTER SCOTT was born in the city of Edinburgh—'mine own romantic town'—on the 15th of August 1771. His father was a respectable Writer to the Signet: his mother, Anne Rutherford, was daughter of a physician in extensive practice, and professor of medicine in the university of Edinburgh. By both parents the poet was remotely connected with some good ancient Scottish families—a circumstance gratifying to his feelings of nationality, and to his imagination. Delicate health, arising chiefly from lameness, led to his being placed under the charge of some relations in the country; and when a mere child, yet old enough to receive impressions from country life and Border stories, he resided with his grandfather at Sandy-Knowe, a romantic situation a few miles from Kelso. The ruined tower of Smailholm—the scene of Scott's ballad, 'The Eve of St. John'—was close to the farm, and beside it were the Eildon Hills, the river Tweed, Dryburgh Abbey, and other poetical and historical objects, all enshrined in the lonely contemplative boy's fancy and recollection. He afterwards resided with another relation at Kelso, and there, at the age of thirteen, he first read Percy's 'Reliques,' in an antique garden, under the shade of a huge platanus, or oriental plane-tree. This work had as great an effect in making him a poet as Spenser had on Cowley, but with Scott the seeds were long in germinating. Very early, however, he had tried his hand at verse. The following, among other lines, were discovered wrapped up in a cover inscribed by Dr. Adam of the High School, 'Walter Scott, July 1783.'

On the Setting Sun.

Those evening clouds, that setting ray,
 And beauteous tint, serve to display
 Their great Creator's praise;
 Then let the short-lived thing called man,
 Whose life's comprised within a span,
 To him his homage raise.

We often praise the evening clouds,
 And tints so gay and bold,
 But seldom think upon our God,
 Who tinged these clouds with gold.

The religious education of Scott may be seen in this effusion: his father was a rigid Presbyterian. The youthful poet passed through

he High School and university of Edinburgh, and made some proficiency in Latin, and in the classes of ethics, moral philosophy, and history. He had an aversion to Greek, and we may regret, with Lord Lytton, that he refused 'to enter into that chamber in the magic palace of literature in which the sublimest relics of antiquity are stored.' He knew generally, but not critically, the German, French, Italian, and Spanish languages. He was an insatiable reader, and during a long illness in his youth, stored his mind with vast variety of miscellaneous knowledge. Romances were among his chief favourites, and he had great facility in inventing and telling stories. He also collected ballads from his earliest years. Scott was apprenticed to his father as a writer, after which he studied for the bar, and put on his gown in his twenty-first year. His health was now vigorous and robust, and he made frequent excursions into the country, which he pleasantly denominated 'raids.' The knowledge of rural life, character, traditions, and anecdotes, which he picked up in these rambles, formed afterwards a valuable mine to him, both as a poet and novelist. His manners were easy and agreeable, and he was always a welcome guest. Scott joined the 'ory party; and when the dread of an invasion agitated the country, he became one of a band of volunteers, 'brothers true,' in which he held the rank of quarter-master. His exercises as a cavalry officer, and the jovialities of the mess-room, occupied much of his time; but he still pursued, though irregularly, his literary studies, and an attachment to a Perthshire lady—though ultimately unfortunate—ended still more strongly to prevent his sinking into idle frivolity or dissipation. Henry Mackenzie, the 'Man of Feeling,' had introduced a taste for German literature into the intellectual classes of his native city, and Scott was one of its most eager and ardent votaries. In 1796 he published translations of Burger's 'Lenore' and 'The Wild Huntsman,' ballads of singular wildness and power. Next year, while fresh from his first-love disappointment, he was prepared, like Romeo, to 'take some new infection to his eye,' and meeting at Inisland, a watering-place in Cumberland, with a young lady of French parentage, Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, he paid his addresses to her, was accepted, and married on the 24th of December. Miss Carpenter had some fortune, and the young couple retired to Cottage at Lasswade, where they seem to have enjoyed sincere and unalloyed happiness. The ambition of Scott was now fairly awakened—his lighter vanities blown away. His life henceforward was one of severe but cheerful study and application. In 1799, appeared a translation of Goethe's tragedy, 'Goetz von Berlichingen,' and the same year he obtained the appointment of sheriff of Selkirkshire, worth £300 per annum. Scott now paid a series of visits to Gladesdale, for the purpose of collecting the ballad poetry of the border, an object in which he was eminently successful. In 1802, a result appeared in his 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' which

contained upwards of forty pieces never before published, and a large quantity of prose illustration, in which might have been seen the germ of that power which he subsequently developed in his novels. A third volume was added next year, containing some imitations of the old minstrels by the poetical editor and his friends. It required little sagacity to foresee that Walter Scott was now to be a popular name in Scotland. His next task was editing the metrical romance of 'Sir Tristrem,' supposed to be written by Thomas the Rhymer, or Thomas of Ercildoune, who flourished about the year 1289. The antiquarian knowledge of Scott, and his poetical taste, were exhibited in the dissertations which accompanied this work, and the imitation of the original which was added to complete the romance. At length, in January 1805, appeared the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' which instantly stamped him as one of the greatest of the living poets. His legendary lore, his love of the chivalrous and supernatural, and his descriptive powers, were fully brought into play; and though he afterwards improved in versatility and freedom, he achieved nothing which might not have been predicted from this first performance. His conception of the Minstrel was inimitable, and won all hearts—even those who were indifferent to the supernatural part of the tale, and opposed to the irregularity of the ballad style. The unprecedented success of the poem inclined Scott to relax any exertions he had ever made to advance at the bar, although his cautious disposition made him at all times fear to depend over-much upon literature. He had altogether a clear income of about £1000 per annum; but his views stretched beyond this easy competence; he was ambitious of founding a family that might vie with the ancient Border names he venerated, and to attain this, it was necessary to become a landed proprietor, and to practise a liberal and graceful hospitality. Well was he fitted to adorn and dignify the character! But his ambition, though free from any tinge of sordid acquisition, proved a snare for his strong good sense and penetration. Scott and his family had gone to reside at Ashiestiel, a beautiful residence on the banks of the Tweed, as it was necessary for him, in his capacity of sheriff, to live part of the year in the county of Selkirk. Shortly after the publication of the 'Lay,' he entered into partnership with his old school-fellow, James Ballantyne, then rising into extensive business as a printer in Edinburgh. The copartnership was kept a secret, and few things in business that require secrecy are prosperous or beneficial. The establishment, upon which was afterwards ingrafted a publishing business, demanded large advances of money, and Scott's name became mixed up with pecuniary transactions and losses to a great amount. In 1806, the powerful friends of the poet procured him the appointment of one of the principal clerkships of the Court of Sessions, worth about £1300 per annum; but the emoluments were not received by Scott until six years after the date of his appointment, when his predecessor died. In his share of the printing

business, and the certainty of his clerkship, the poet seemed, however, to have laid up—in addition to his literary gains and his sheriffdom—an honourable and even opulent provision for his family. In 1808, appeared his great poem of ‘*Marmion*’ (for the copyright of which Constable paid one thousand guineas), the most magnificent of his chivalrous tales, and the same year he published his edition of Dryden. In 1810, appeared the ‘*Lady of the Lake*,’ which was still more popular than either of its predecessors; in 1811, ‘*The Vision of Don Roderick*,’ in 1813, ‘*Rokeby*,’ and ‘*The Bridal of Triermain*,’ in 1814, ‘*The Lord of the Isles*,’ in 1815, ‘*The Field of Waterloo*,’ and in 1817, ‘*Harold the Dauntless*.’ Some dramatic pieces, scarcely worthy of his genius, were also written during this busy period. It could not be concealed that the latter works of the Great Minstrel were inferior to his early ones. His style was now familiar, and the world had become tired of it. Byron had made his appearance, and the readers of poetry were bent on the new worship. Scott, however, was too dauntless and intrepid, and possessed of too great resources, to despond under this reverse. ‘As the old mine gave symptoms of exhaustion,’ says Bulwer-Lytton, ‘the new mine, ten times more affluent, at least in the precious metals, was discovered; and just as in “*Rokeby*” and “*Triermain*” the Genius of the Ring seemed to flag in its powers, came the more potent Genius of the Lamp in the shape of “*Waverley*.”’ The long and magnificent series of his prose fictions we shall afterwards advert to. They were poured forth even more prodigally than his verse, and for seventeen years—from 1814 to 1831—the world hung with delight on the varied creations of the potent enchanter. Scott had now removed from his pleasant cottage at Ashiestiel: the territorial dream was about to be realised. In 1811, he purchased a hundred acres of moorland on the banks of the Tweed, near Melrose. The neighbourhood was full of historical associations, but the spot itself was bleak and bare. Four thousand pounds were expended on this purchase; and the interesting and now immortal name of Abbotsford was substituted for the very ordinary one of ‘*Cartley Hole*.’ Other purchases of land followed, generally at prices considerably above their value—Kaeside, £4100; Outfield of Toftfield, £6000; Toftfield and parks, £10,000; Abbotslea, £3000; field at Langside, £5000; Shearing Flat, £3500; Broomilces, £4200; Short Acres and Scrabtree Park, £700, &c. From these farms and *pendicles* was formed the estate of Abbotsford. In planting and draining, about £500 were expended; and in erecting the mansion-house—that ‘romance of stone and lime,’ as it has been termed—and constructing the garden, &c., a sum not less than £20,000 was spent. In his baronial residence the poet received innumerable visitors—princes, peers, and poets—men of all ranks and grades. His mornings were devoted to composition—for he had long practised the invaluable habit of early rising—and the rest of the day to ridin’

among his plantations, thinning or lopping his trees, and in the evening entertaining his guests and family. The honour of the baronetcy was conferred upon him in 1820, by George IV., who had taste enough to appreciate his genius. Never, certainly, had literature done more for any of its countless votaries, ancient or modern. Shakspeare had retired early on an easy competency, and also become a rural squire; but his gains must have been chiefly those of the theatrical manager or actor, not of the poet. Scott's splendour was purely the result of his pen: to this he owed his acres, his castle, and his means of hospitality. His official income was but as a feather in the balance. Who does not wish that the dream had continued to the end of his life? It was suddenly and painfully dissolved. The commercial distresses of 1825-6 fell upon publishers as on other classes, and the bankruptcy of Constable and Company involved the poet in losses and engagements to a very large amount. His wealth, indeed, had been almost wholly illusory; for he had been paid for his works chiefly by bills, and these ultimately proved valueless. In the management of his publishing-house, Scott's sagacity seems to have forsaken him: unsaleable works were printed in thousands; and while these losses were yearly accumulating, the princely hospitalities of Abbotsford knew no check or pause. Heavy was the day of reckoning—terrible the reverse; for when the spell broke in January, 1826, it was found that, including the Constable engagements, Scott's commercial liabilities exceeded £120,000, and there was a private debt of £10,000. If this was a blot in the poet's scutcheon, never, it might be said, did man make nobler efforts to redeem the honour of his name. He would listen to no overtures of composition with his creditors—his only demand was for time. He ceased 'doing the honours for all Scotland,' sold off his Edinburgh house, and taking lodgings there, laboured incessantly at his literary tasks. 'The fountain was awakened from its inmost recesses, as if the spirit of affliction had troubled it in his passage.' Before his death the commercial debt was reduced to £54,000.

English literature presents two memorable and striking events which have never been paralleled in any other nation. The first is, Milton advanced in years, blind, and in misfortune, entering upon the composition of a great epic that was to determine his future fame, and hazard the glory of his country in competition with what had been achieved in the classic ages of antiquity. The counterpart to this noble picture is Walter Scott, at nearly the same age, his private affairs in ruin, undertaking to liquidate by intellectual labours alone, a debt of £120,000. Both tasks may be classed with the moral sublime of life. Glory, pure and unsullied, was the ruling aim and motive of Milton; honour and integrity formed the incentives to Scott. Neither shrunk from the steady prosecution of his gigantic self-imposed labour. But years rolled on, seasons returned and passed away, amidst public cares and private calamity, and the

pressure of increasing infirmities, ere the seed sown amidst clouds and storms was white in the field. In six years Milton had realized the object of his hopes and prayers by the completion of 'Paradise Lost.' His task was done; the field of glory was gained; he held in his hand his passport to immortality. In six years Scott had nearly reached the goal of his ambition. He had ranged the wide fields of romance, and the public had liberally rewarded their illustrious favourite. The ultimate prize was within view, and the world cheered him on, eagerly anticipating his triumph; but the victor sank exhausted on the course. He had spent his life in the struggle. The strong man was bowed down, and his living honour, genius, and integrity were extinguished by delirium and death.

In February 1830, Scott had an attack of paralysis. He continued, however, to write several hours every day. In April 1831, he suffered a still more severe attack; and he was prevailed upon, as a means of withdrawing him from mental labour, to undertake a foreign tour. The Admiralty furnished a ship of war, and the poet sailed for Malta and Naples. At the latter place he resided from the 17th of December 1831 to the 16th of April following. He still laboured at unfinished romances, but his mind was in ruins. From Naples the poet went to Rome. On the 11th of May, he began his return homewards, and reached London on the 13th of June. Another attack of apoplexy, combined with paralysis, had laid prostrate his powers, and he was conveyed to Abbotsford a helpless and almost unconscious wreck. He lingered on for some time, listening occasionally to passages read to him from the Bible, and from his favourite author Crabbe. Once he tried to write, but his fingers would not close upon the pen. He never spoke of his literary labours or success. At times his imagination was busy preparing for the reception of the Duke of Wellington at Abbotsford; at other times he was exercising the functions of Scottish judge, as if presiding at the trial of members of his own family. His mind never appeared to wander in its delirium towards these works which had filled all Europe with his fame. This fact is of interest in literary history. But the contest was soon to be over; 'the plough was nearing the end of the furrow.' 'About half-past one, P.M.,' says Mr. Lockhart, 'on the 21st of September 1832, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.'

Call it not vain; they do not err
Who say, that when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed bard make moan;

That mountains weep in crystal rill;
 That flowers in tears of balm distil;
 Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
 And oaks, in deeper groans, reply;
 And rivers teach their rushing wave
 To murmur dirges round his grave.

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

The novelty and originality of Scott's style of poetry, though exhausted by himself, and debased by imitators, formed his first passport to public favour and applause. The English reader had to go back to Spencer and Chaucer ere he could find so knightly and chivalrous a poet, or such paintings of antique manners and institutions. The works of the elder worthies were also obscured by a dim and obsolete phraseology; while Scott, in expression, sentiment, and description, could be read and understood by all. The perfect clearness and transparency of his style is one of his distinguishing features; and it was further aided by his peculiar versification. Coleridge had exemplified the fitness of the octosyllabic measure for romantic narrative poetry, and parts of his 'Christabel' having been recited to Scott, he adopted its wild rhythm and harmony, joining to it some of the abruptness and irregularity of the old ballad metre. In his hands it became a powerful and flexible instrument, whether for light narrative and pure description, or for scenes of tragic wildness and terror, such as the trial and death of Constance in 'Marmion,' or the swell and agitation of a battle-field. The knowledge and enthusiasm requisite for a chivalrous poet Scott possessed in an eminent degree. He was an early worshipper of 'hoar antiquity.' He was in the maturity of his powers—thirty-four years of age—when the 'Lay' was published, and was perhaps better informed on such subjects than any other man living. Border story and romance had been the study and the passion of his whole life. In writing 'Marmion' and 'Ivanhoe,' or in building Abbotsford, he was impelled by a natural and irresistible impulse. The baronial castle, the court and camp—the wild Highland chase, feud, and foray—the antique blazonry, and institutions of feudalism, were constantly present to his thoughts and imagination. Then, his powers of description were unequalled—certainly never surpassed. His landscapes, his characters and situations, were all real delineations; in general effect and individual details, they were equally perfect. None of his contemporaries had the same picturesqueness, fancy, or invention; none so graphic in depicting manners and customs; none so fertile in inventing incidents; none so fascinating in narrative, or so various and powerful in description. His diction was proverbially careless and incorrect. Neither in prose nor poetry was Scott a polished writer. He looked only at broad and general effects; his words had to make pictures, not melody. Whatever could be grouped and described, whatever was visible and tangible, lay within his reach. Below the surface

pass power. The language of the heart was not his familiar; the passions did not obey his call. The contrasted effects of mind and situation he could portray vividly and distinctly—the sinning of Constance, the remorse of Marmion and Bertram, the stic character of Wilfrid, the knightly grace of Fitz-James, rugged virtues and savage death of Roderick Dhu, are all immens of moral painting. Byron has nothing better, and in noble poet in some of his tales copied or paraphrased the assages of Scott. But even in these gloomy and powerful his genius, the force lies in the situation, not in the thoughts session. There are no talismanic words that pierce the heart the memory; none of the impassioned and reflective style, the melodious pathos of Campbell, or the profound symd philosophy of Wordsworth.

great strength of Scott undoubtedly lay in the prolific richness of his fancy, in his fine healthy moral feeling, and in the abundance of his memory, that could create, collect, and arrange multitude of scenes and adventures; that could find materials for the most minute and barren anti-romantic poetry in the most minute and barren anti-romantic details; and that could reanimate the past, and paint the in scenery and manners, with a vividness and energy un-une the period of Homer.

'Lay of the Last Minstrel' is a Border story of the sixteenth century related by a minstrel, the last of his race. The character of the minstrel, and that of Margaret of Branksome, are very good; Deloraine, a coarse Border chief or moss-trooper, is a vigorous portrait; and in the description of the march of the army, the personal combat with Musgrave, and the other accessories of the piece, we have finished pictures of the olden time. The goblin page is no favourite of ours, except in so far as it is a story more accordant with the times in which it is placed. The ductory lines to each canto form an exquisite setting to the tale, and tended greatly to cause the popularity of the The minstrel is thus described:

The Aged Minstrel.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, well-a-day! their date was fled;
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroled, light as lark at morn;

No longer, courted and carressed,
 High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
 He poured, to lord and lady gay,
 The unpremeditated lay :
 Old times were changed, old manners gone ;
 A stranger filled the Stuart's throne ;
 The bigots of the iron time
 Had called his harmless art a crime.
 A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
 He begged his bread from door to door,
 And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
 The harp a king had loved to hear.

Not less picturesque are the following passages, which instantly became popular:

Description of Melrose Abbey.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
 Go visit it by the pale moonlight :
 For the gay beams of lightsome day
 Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
 When the broken arches are black in night,
 And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;
 When the cold light's uncertain shower
 Streams on the ruined central tower ;
 When buttress and buttress, alternately,
 Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;
 When silver edges the imagery,
 And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;
 When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
 And the owl to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
 Then go—but go alone the while—
 Then view St. David's ruined pile ;
 And, home returning, soothly swear,
 Was never scene so sad and fair ! . . .
 The moon on the east oriel shone,
 Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
 By foliaged tracery combined ;
 Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
 Twixt poplars straight, the osier wand,
 In many a freakish knot, had twined ;
 Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
 And changed the willow wreaths to stone.
 The silver light, so pale and faint,
 Shewed many a prophet and many a saint,
 Whose image on the glass was dyed :
 Full in the midst, his cross of red
 Triumphant Michael brandished,
 And trampled the Apostate's pride.
 The moonbeams kissed the holy pane,
 And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

Love of Country

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land ! Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned, As home his footsteps he hath turned From wandering on a foreign strand ! If such there breathe, go, mark him well :	For him no minstrel raptures swell ; High though his titles, proud his name, Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ; Despite those titles, power, and pelf, The wretch, concentred all in self, Living, shall forfeit fair renown, And, doubly dying, shall go down To the vile dust, from whence he sprung, Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.
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nia ! stern and wild,
 for a poetic child !
 own heath and shaggy wood,
 e mountain and the flood,
 y sires ! what mortal hand
 tie the filial band
 me to thy rugged strand !
 ew each well-known scene,
 it is now, and what hath been,
 to me, of all bereft, left ;
 s thy woods and streams were

ion' is a tale of Flodden Field, the fate of the hero being
 d with that memorable engagement. The poem does not
 he unity and completeness of the 'Lay,' but if it has greater
 has also greater beauties. Nothing can be more strikingly
 que than the two opening stanzas of this romance :

Norham Castle at Sunset.

orham's castled steep,
 d's fair river, broad and deep,
 wot's mountains lone :
 d towers, the donjon keep,
 ole grates where captives weep,
 ng walls that round it sweep,
 v lustre shone.
 ors on the turrets high,
 hwart the evening sky,
 rms of giant height :
 or, as if caught the rays,
 ick again the western blaze,
 of dazzling light.

e minute painting of feudal times characterises both poems,
 strange oversight—soon seen and regretted by the author—
 is made to commit the crime of forgery, a crime unsuited to
 ous and half-civilised age. The battle of Flodden, and the
 Marmion, are among Scott's most spirited descriptions. The
 s related as seen from a neighbouring hill ; and the progress
 tion—the hurry, the impetuosity, and confusion of the fight
 s the different armies rally or are repulsed—is given with such
 n, that the whole scene is brought before the reader with the
 s of reality. The first tremendous onset is thus dashed off
 nitable power, by the mighty minstrel :

Battle of Flodden.

look up—on Flodden bent,
 ish foe has fired his tent.'
 den, as he spoke,
 sharp ridges of the hill,
 vard to the banks of Till,
 caded in sable smoke ;
 and fast, and rolling far,
 enveloped Scotland's war !
 i the hill they broke ;
 i about, nor minstrel tone,

And thus I love them better still,
 Even in extremity of ill.
 By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
 Though none should guide my feeble
 way ;
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
 Although it chill my withered cheek ;
 Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
 Though there forgotten and alone,
 The bard may draw his parting groan.

St. George's banner, broad and gay,
 Now faded, as the fading ray
 Less bright, and less, was flung ;
 The evening gale had scarce the power
 To wave it on the donjon tower,
 So heavily it hung.
 The scouts had parted on their search,
 The castle gates were barred ;
 Above the gloomy portal arch,
 Timing his footsteps to a march,
 The warder kept his guard,
 Low humming, as he paced along,
 Some ancient Border gathering-song.

Announced their march ; their tread
 alone,
 At times one warning trumpet blown,
 At times a stifled hum,
 Told England, from his mountain-throne
 King Jann's did rushing come.
 Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
 Until at weapon-point they close,
 They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
 With sword-sway and with lance's
 thrust ;

And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air. . . .
Long looked the anxious squires ; their
eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.
At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast ;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears ;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,

As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chivalrous brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave ;
But nought distinct they see :
Wide raged the battle on the plain ;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed
amain ;
Fell England's arrow-fight like rain ;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.

Evening fell on the deadly struggle, and the spectators were forced from the agitating scene.

But as they left the darkening heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death,
The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horses assailed ;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons
sweep,

To break the Scottish circle deep.
That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds
go,

Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring ;
The stubborn spearman still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight ;
In the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like
knight,

As fearlessly and well ;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king,
Then skillful Surrey's sage commands

Led back from strife his shattered bands ;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves from wasted lands
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know ;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest
low
They melted from the field of snow
When streams are swain and south winds
blow,

Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land ;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong :
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield !

The hero receives his death-wound, and is borne off the field. The description, detached from the context, loses much of its interest ; but the mingled effects of mental agony and physical suffering, of remorse and death, on a bad but brave spirit trained to war, is described with true sublimity :

Death of Marmion.

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare :
' Where 's Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace,
where ?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare !
Redeem my pennon—charge again !
Cry—"Marmion to the rescue !"—Vain !
Last of my race, on battle plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again !
Yet my last thought is England's :—fly ;
To Dacre bear my signet-ring ;

Tell him his squadrons up to bring.
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie :
Tunstall lies dead upon the field ;
His life-blood stains the spotless shield ;
Edmund is down—my life is left ;
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.
Must I bid twice ? Hence, varlets !

armon here alone—to die.
 rted, and alone he lay;
 w her from the sight away,
 wrung forth a lowly moan.
 e he murmured: "Is there none,
 my halls have nursed,
 ulre, or groom, one cup to bring
 d water from the spring,
 ke my dying thirst!"

al in our hours of ease,
 n, coy, and hard to please,
 able as the shade
 ght quivering aspen made;
 in and angulsh wring the brow,
 ering angel thou!—
 ere the piteous accents said,
 ith the baron's casque, the maid
 igh streamlet ran:
 ere hatred, wrongs, and fears;
 tive voice alone she hears,
 the dying man.
 ped her by the runnel's side,
 abhorrence backward drew;
 ing from the mountain side,
 ged the war, a dark red tide
 rldling in the streamlet blue.
 hall she turn?—behold her mark
 fountain-cell,
 ater, clear as diamond spark,
 one basin fell.
 ome half-worn letters say,

. weary . pilgrim . Atink
 . And . pray .
 ke . kind . soul . of . Sybil
 . Grey .
 built . this . cross , and
 . well .

l the helm, and back she hied,
 i surprise and joy eepled
 ik supporting Marmion's head;
 man, whom duty brought
 us verge of battle fought,
 feve the dying, bless the dead.
 unk Lord Marmion of the wave,
 she stooped his brow to lave—
 d hand of Clare,' he said.
 red Constance, bathes my head?'
 is remembrance rose—
 ot to me of shift or prayer!
 : redress her woes.

ly contrast with this the *silent* and appalling death-scene of
 ck Dhru, in the 'Lady of the Lake.' The savage chief expro-
 stening to a tale chanted by the bard or minstrel of his clan:

Short space, few words, are mine to
 spare;
 Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!
 'Alas!' she said, 'the while—
 O think of your immortal weal!
 In vain for Constance is your zeal;
 She—died at Holy Isle.'
 Lord Marmion started from the ground,
 As light as if he felt no wound;
 Though in the action burst the tide,
 In torrents, from his wounded side,
 'Then it was truth!'—he said—'I knew
 That the dark presage must be true.
 I would the Fiend to whom belongs
 The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
 Would spare me but a day!
 For wasting fire, and dying groan,
 And priests slain on the altar-stone,
 Might bribe him for delay.

It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
 Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
 And doubly cursed my falling brand!
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand.'
 Then fainting down on earth he sunk,
 Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labour Clara bound,
 And strove to stanch, the gushing wound:
 The monk, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the church's prayers;
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,
 A lady's voice was in his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear,
 For that she ever sung,
*'In the lost battle borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans of
 the dying!'*

So the notes rung;
 'Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
 O look, my son, upon you sign
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
 O think on faith and bliss!
 By many a death-bed I have been,
 And many a sinner's parting seen,
 But never aught like this.
 The war that for a space did fall,
 Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
 And 'Stanley!' was the cry;
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye:
 With dying hand, above his head
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted 'Victory!—
 Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley on!'
 Were the last words of Marmion.

At first, the chieftain to his chime,
 With lifted hand, kept feeble time;
 That motion ceased; yet feeling strong,
 Varied his look as changed the song:
 At length no more his deafened ear
 The minstrel's melody can hear:
 His face grows sharp; his hands are
 clenched,

As if some pang his heart-strings wrench-
 ed;
 Set are his teeth, his fading eye
 Is sternly fixed on vacancy.
 Thus, motionless and moanless, drew
 His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu.

The 'Lady of the Lake' is more richly picturesque than either of the former poems, and the plot is more regular and interesting. 'The subject,' says Sir John Mackintosh, 'is a common Highland irruption; but at a point where the neighbourhood of the Lowlands affords the best contrast of manners—where the scenery affords the noblest subject of description—and where the wild clan is so near to the court that their robberies can be connected with the romantic adventures of a disguised king, an exiled lord, and a high-born beauty. The whole narrative is very fine.' It was the most popular of the author's poems: in a few months twenty thousand copies were sold, and the district where the action of the poem lay was visited by countless thousands of tourists. With this work closed the great popularity of Scott as a poet. 'Rokeby,' a tale of the English Cavaliers and Roundheads, was considered a failure, though displaying the utmost art and talent in the delineation of character and passion. 'Don Roderick' is vastly inferior to 'Rokeby;' and 'Harold' and 'Triermain' are but faint copies of the Gothic epics, however finely finished in some of the tender passages. The 'Lord of the Isles' is of a higher mood. It is a Scottish story of the days of Bruce, and has the characteristic fire and animation of the minstrel, when, like Rob Roy, he has his foot on his native heath. Bannockburn may be compared with Flodden Field in energy of description, though the poet is sometimes lost in the chronicler and antiquary. The interest of the tale is not well sustained throughout, and its chief attraction consists in the descriptive powers of the author, who, besides his feudal halls and battles, has drawn the magnificent scenery of the West Highlands—the cave of Staffa, and the dark desolate grandeur of the Coriusk lakes and mountains—with equal truth and sublimity. The lyrical pieces of Scott are often very happy. The old ballad strains may be said to have been his original nutriment as a poet, and he is consequently often warlike and romantic in his songs. But he has also gaiety, archness, and tenderness, and if he does not touch deeply the heart, he never fails to paint to the eye and imagination.

The Sun upon the Weirclaw Hill.

*The sun upon the Weirclaw Hill,
 In Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;
 The westland wind is hush and still,
 The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
 Yet not the landscape to mine eye*

*Bears those bright hues that once it
 bore:
 Though evening, with her richest dye,
 Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's vale.*

As look along the plain,
 Veil'd silver current glide,
 I mark the holy fane
 O'er rise in ruined pride.
 Lake, the balmy air,
 I, the stream, the tower, the
 —
 Still such as once they were.
 A dreary change in me?

Alas, the warped and broken board,
 How can it bear the painter's dye?
 The harp of strained and tuneless chord,
 How to the minstrel's skill reply?
 To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
 To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;
 And Araby's or Eden's bowers
 Were barren as this moorland hill.

Coronach.—From the 'Lady of the Lake.'

On the mountain,
 Fast to the forest,
 Number-dried fountain,
 Our need was the sorest.
 Reappearing,
 The rain-drops shall borrow,
 Comes no cheering,
 Can no morrow!

The autumn winds rushing,
 Waft the leaves that are searest,
 But our flower was in flushing
 When blighting was nearest.

Of the reaper
 The ears that are hoary,
 The voice of the weeper
 Manhood in glory.

Fleet foot on the corral, (1)
 Sage counsel in cumber,
 Red hand in the foray,
 How sound is thy slumber!
 Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain,
 Thou art gone, and for ever!

Song from 'Quentin Durward.'

My Guy, the hour is nigh,
 Has left the lea,
 A flower perfumes the bower,
 As is on the sea.
 His lay who thrilled all day,
 Had his partner nigh,
 And flower confess the hour,
 He is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade
 Her shepherd's suit to bear;
 To beauty shy, by lattice high,
 Sings high-born cavalier.
 The star of Love, all stars above,
 Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
 And high and low the influence know—
 But where is County Guy?

Song from 'The Pirate.'

Wakes and weeps
 Beauty sleeps!
 'Tis softest numbers,
 A theme
 Duty's dream,
 A pillow of her slumbers!

While through the gloom
 Comes soft perfume,
 The distant beds of flowers revealing.

In groves of palm
 As of balm,
 On the air are wheeling;

O wake and live!
 No dreams can give
 A shadowed bliss the real excelling;
 No longer sleep,
 From lattice peep,
 And list the tale that love is telling!

Hymn of the Hebrew Maid.—From 'Ivanhoe.'

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her father's God before her moved,
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.
 By day along the astonished lands
 The cloudy pillar glided slow;
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
 Returned the fiery column's glow.

1 Of corral, the hollow side of the hill where game usually lies.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
 And trump and timbrel answered keen;
 And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
 With priest's and warrior's voice between.
 No portents now our foes amaze,
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
 Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
 And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen !
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,
 Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
 To temper the deceitful ray.
 And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
 In shade and storm the frequent nig
 Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
 No censor round our altar beams,
 And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
 But Thou hast said, 'The blood of goat,
 The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
 A contrite heart, a humble thought,
 Are mine accepted sacrifice.'

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

Scott retreated from poetry into the wide and open field of fiction as the genius of Byron began to display its strength and tility. A new, or at least a more finished, nervous, and lofty poetry was introduced by the noble author, who was as much a rival as Scott, but of a different school. He excelled in the strong and gloomy passions of our nature, contrasted with fine softness and delicacy. Scott, intent upon the development of his plot, and the chivalrous machinery of his Gothic tales, personally present to the reader. Byron delighted in self-portraiture. His philosophy of life was false and pernicious; but the spleen the artist concealed the deformity of his design. Parts were finished, that there was enough for admiration to rest upon, analysing the whole. He conducted his readers through surpassing beauty and splendour—by haunted streams and mountains enriched with the glories of ancient poetry and valour: but a dark shadow was ever by his side—the same scorn and mockery of human hope and ambition. The sententious force and elevation of his thoughts and language, his eloquent expression of sentiment, the mournful and solemn melody of his tender and pathetic strains seemed, however, to do more than atone for his want of modesty and reality. The man and the poet were so intimately blended in the spectacle presented by both was so touching, mysterious, and lofty, that Byron concentrated a degree of interest and anxiety in his successive public appearances, which no author ever before had to boast. Scott had created the public taste for animated po-

Byron, taking advantage of it, soon engrossed the whole field. For a few years it seemed as if the world held only one great poet. The chivalry of Scott, the philosophy of Wordsworth, the abstract theory and imagination of Southey, and even the lyrical beauties of Moore and Campbell, were for a time eclipsed by this new and greater light. The rank, youth, and misfortunes of Byron, his exile from England, the mystery which he loved to throw around his history and feelings, the apparent depth of his sufferings and attachments, and his very misanthropy and scepticism—relieved by bursts of tenderness and pity, and by the incidental expression of high and holy feelings—formed a combination of personal circumstances in aid of the legitimate effects of his passionate and graceful poetry, which is unparalleled in the history of modern literature. Such a result is even more wonderful than the laurelled honours awarded to Virgil and Petrarch, if we consider the difference between ancient and modern manners, and the temperament of the northern nations compared with that of the ‘sunny south.’ Has the spell yet broke? Has the glory faded into ‘the common light of day?’ Undoubtedly the later writings of the noble bard helped to dispel the illusion. To competent observers, these works added to the impression of Byron’s powers as an original poet, but they tended to exorcise the spirit of romance from his name and history; and what ‘Don Juan’ failed to effect, was accomplished by the biography of Moore. His poetry, however, must always have a powerful effect on minds of poetical and warm sensibilities. If it is a ‘rank unweeded garden,’ it also contains glorious fruits and plants of celestial seed. The art of the poet will be a study for the ambitious few; his *genius* will be a source of wonder and delight to all who love to contemplate the workings of human passion, in solitude and society, and the rich effects of taste and imagination.

The incidents of Byron’s life may be briefly related. He was born in Holles Street, London, on the 22d of January 1788, the only son of Captain John Byron of the Guards, and Catherine Gordon of Gight, an Aberdeenshire heiress. The lady’s fortune was soon squandered by her profligate husband, and she retired to the city of Aberdeen, to bring up her son on a reduced income of about £150 per annum. The little lame boy, endeared to all in spite of his mischief, succeeded his grand-uncle, William, Lord Byron, in his eleventh year: and the happy mother sold off her effects—which realised just £74, 17s. 4d.—and left Aberdeen for Newstead Abbey. The seat of the Byrons was a large and ancient, but dilapidated structure, founded as a priory in the twelfth century by Henry II., and situated in the midst of the fertile and interesting district once known as Sherwood Forest. On the dissolution of the monasteries it was conferred by Henry VIII. on Sir John Byron, steward of Manchester and Rochdale, who converted the venerable convent into a castellated mansion. The family was ennobled by Charles I., in consequence of

high and honourable service rendered to the royal cause during the Civil War. On succeeding to the title, Byron was put to a private school at Dulwich, and from thence he was sent to Harrow. During his minority, the estate was let to another party, but its youthful lord occasionally visited the seat of his ancestors; and whilst there in 1803, he conceived a passion for a young lady in the neighbourhood, who, under her name of Mary Chaworth, has obtained a poetical immortality. So early as his eighth year, Byron fell in love with a simple Scottish maiden, Mary Duff; and hearing of her marriage, several years afterwards, was, he says, like a thunder-stroke to him. He had also been captivated with a boyish love for his cousin, Margaret Parker, 'one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings,' who died about a year or two afterwards. He was fifteen when he met Mary Chaworth, and 'conceived an attachment which, young as he was even then for such a feeling, sunk so deep into his mind as to give a colour to all his future life.' The father of the lady had been killed in a duel by Lord Byron, the eccentric grand-uncle of the poet, and the union of the young peer with the heiress of Annesley Hall 'would,' said Byron, 'have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers; it would have joined lands broad and rich; it would have joined at least *one* heart, and two persons not ill-matched in years—she was two years my elder—and—and—*and what* has been the result?' Mary Chaworth saw little in the lame boy, and became the betrothed of another. They had one parting interview in the following year, which, in his poem of the 'Dream,' Byron has described in the most exquisite colours of descriptive poetry.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth,
 Standing upon a hill; a gentle hill,
 Green and of mild declivity, the last
 As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
 Save that there was no sea to lave its base
 But a most living landscape, and the wave
 Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes of men
 Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
 Arising from such rustic roofs; the hill
 Was crowned with a peculiar diadem
 Of trees, in circular array, so fixed,
 Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
 These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
 Gazing—the one to all that was beneath,
 Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
 And both were young, and one was beautiful:
 And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
 As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
 The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
 The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
 Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
 There was but one beloved face on earth,
 And that was shining on him.

This boyish idolatry nursed the spirit of poetry in Byron's mind. He was recalled, however, from his day-dreams and disappointment, by

his removal to Trinity College, Cambridge, in October 1805. At that time he had been an idle irregular scholar, though he eagerly desired all sorts of learning excepting that which was prescribed for him; and at Cambridge he pursued the same desultory course of study. In 1807 appeared his first volume of poetry, printed at New York, under the title of 'Hours of Idleness.' There were indications of genius in the collection, but many errors of taste and judgment. His vulnerable points were fiercely assailed, the merits overlooked, and a short critique in the 'Edinburgh Review'—understood to be written by Lord Brougham—and the young poet replied by his virulent satire, 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' which disarmed. It did not discomfit his opponent. While his name was thus rising in renown, Byron left England for a course of foreign travel, and in two years visited the classic shores of the Mediterranean, and passed some time in Greece and Turkey.

In the spring of 1812 appeared the first two cantos of 'Childe Harold,' the fruit of his foreign wanderings, and his splendidly enriched and matured poetical taste. 'I awoke one morning,' he said, 'and found myself famous.' A rapid succession of eastern tales followed: the 'Giaour' and the 'Bride of Abydos' in 1813; the 'Corsair' and 'Lara' in 1814. In the 'Childe,' he had shewn his mastery over the complicated Spenserian stanza: in these he adopted the heroic couplet, and the lighter verse of Scott, with equal freedom and success. No poet had ever more command of the stores of the English language. This auspicious and exultant period, Byron was the idol of the gay circles of London. He indulged in all their pleasures and excesses—dying by fits and starts at midnight, to maintain the splendour of his reputation. Satiety and disgust succeeded to this round of heartless pleasures, and in a better mood, though without any fixed attachment, he proposed and was accepted in marriage by a northern heiress, Miss Millbanke, daughter of Sir Ralph Millbanke, a baronet in the county of Durham. The union cast a shade on his hitherto gay career. A twelvemonth's extravagance, embarrassments, and misunderstandings, dissolved the union, and the lady retired to the country seat of her parents from the discord and perplexity of her new home. She refused, like the wife of Milton, to return, and the world of England seemed to applaud her resolution. One child—afterwards Countess of Lovelace—was the fruit of this unhappy marriage. Before the separation took place, Byron's muse, which had not lulled or deadened by the comparative calm of domestic life, was stimulated to activity by his deepening misfortunes, and he produced the 'Siege of Corinth' and 'Parisina.' Miserable, reckless, yet conscious of his own newly-awakened strength, Byron left England—

Once more upon the waters, yet once more!—

On visiting France and Brussels, pursued his course along the Rhine to Geneva. Here, in six months, he had composed the third canto of

'Childe Harold,' and the 'Prisoner of Chillon.' His mental energy gathered force from the loneliness of his situation, and his disgust with his native country. The scenery of Switzerland and Italy next breathed its inspiration; 'Manfred' and the 'Lament of Tasso' were produced in 1817. In the following year, whilst residing chiefly at Venice, and making one memorable visit to Rome, he completed 'Childe Harold,' and threw off his light humorous poem of 'Beppo,' the first-fruits of the more easy and genial manners of the continent on his excitable temperament. At Venice, and afterwards at Ravenna, Byron resided till 1821, writing various works—'Mazeppa,' the first five cantos of 'Don Juan,' and his dramas of 'Marino Faliero,' 'Sardanapalus,' the 'Two Foscari,' 'Werner,' 'Cain,' the 'Deformed Transformed,' &c. The year 1822 he passed chiefly at Pisa, continuing 'Don Juan,' which ultimately extended to sixteen cantos. We have not touched on his private history and indulgences. At Venice he plunged into the grossest excesses, and associated (says Shelley) 'with wretches who seemed almost to have lost the gait and physiognomy of man.' From this state of debasement he was partly rescued by an attachment to a young Romagnese lady of twenty, recently married to an old and wealthy nobleman, Count Guiccioli. The license of Italian matters permitted the intercourse until the lady took the bold step of deserting her husband. She was then thrown upon Byron, and they continued to live together until the poet departed for Greece. His genius had begun to 'pale its fire;' his dramas were stiff, declamatory, and undramatic; and the successive cantos of 'Don Juan' betrayed the downward course of the poet's habits. The wit and knowledge of that wonderful poem—its passion, variety, and originality—were now debased with inferior matter; and the world saw with rejoicing the poet break away from his Circean enchantments, and enter upon a new and nobler field of exertion. He had sympathised deeply with the Italian Carbonari in their efforts for freedom, but a still more interesting country and people claimed his support. His youthful travels and poetical enthusiasm still endeared the 'blue Olympus' to his recollection, and in the summer of 1830 he set sail for Greece, to aid in the struggle for its independence. His arrangements were made with judgment, as well as generosity.

Byron knew mankind well, and his plans for the recovery and regeneration of Greece evinced a spirit of patriotic freedom and warm sympathy with the oppressed, happily tempered with practical wisdom and discretion. He arrived, after some danger and delay, at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, on the 4th of January, 1824. All was discord and confusion—a military mob and contending chiefs—turbulence, rapacity, and fraud. In three months he had done much, *by his influence and money, to compose differences, repress cruelty, and introduce order.* His fluctuating and uncertain health, however, *gave way* under so severe a discipline. On the 9th of April he *was overtaken* by a heavy shower whilst taking his daily ride, and *he*

attack of fever and rheumatism followed. Prompt and copious leeching might have subdued the inflammation, but to this remedy Byron was strongly opposed. It was at length resorted to after seven days of increasing fever, but the disease was then too powerful for remedy. The patient sank into a state of lethargy, and, though conscious of approaching death, could only mutter some indistinct expressions about his wife, his sister, and child. He lay insensible for twenty-four hours, and opening his eyes for a moment, shut them for ever, and expired on the evening of the 19th of April 1824. The people of Greece publicly mourned for the irreparable loss they had sustained, and the sentiment of grief was soon conveyed to the poet's native country, where his name was still a talisman, and his early death was felt by all as a personal calamity. The body of Byron was brought to England, and after lying in state in London, was interred in the family vault in the village church of Hucknall, near Lewestrad.

Byron has been sometimes compared with Burns. Death and genius are levelled mere external distinctions, and the peer and peasant stand on the same elevation, to meet the gaze and scrutiny of posterity. Both wrote directly from strong personal feelings and impulses; both were the slaves of irregular, uncontrolled passion, and the prey of disappointed hopes and constitutional melancholy; both, by a strange perversity, loved to exaggerate their failings and dwell on their errors; and both died, after a life of extraordinary intellectual activity and excitement, at nearly the same age. We allow for the errors of Burns's position, and Byron's demands a not less tender and candid construction. Neglected in his youth—thwarted in his first love—left without control or domestic influence when his passions were strongest—

Lord of himself, that heritage of woe—

intoxicated with early success and the incense of almost universal admiration, his irregularities must be regarded more with pity than apprehension. After his unhappy marriage, the picture is clouded with darker shadows. The wild license of his continental life it would be impossible to justify. His excesses, especially intemperance, became habitual, and impaired both his genius and his strength. He struggled on with untamed pride and trembling susceptibility, but he had almost exhausted the springs of his poetry and his life; and it is too obvious that the pestilential climate of Missolonghi only accelerated an event which a few years must have consummated in Italy. The genius of Byron was as versatile as it was energetic. 'Childe Harold' and 'Don Juan' are perhaps the greatest poetical works of his century, and in the noble poet's tales and minor poems there is a race, an interest, and romantic picturesqueness, that render them peculiarly fascinating to youthful readers. The 'Giaour' has passages of still higher description and feeling—particularly that fine

burst on modern Greece contrasted with its ancient glory, and the exquisitely pathetic and beautiful comparison of the same country to the human frame bereft of life:

Picture of Modern Greece.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
 Ere the first day of death is fled—
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress—
 Before decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
 And marked the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that's there—
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek—
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not—wins not—weeps not—now,
 And but for that chill changeless brow,
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
 Yes—but for these—and these alone—
 Some moments—ay, one treacherous hour,
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
 So fair—so calm—so softly sealed
 The first—last look—by death revealed!
 Such is the aspect of this shore;
 'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start—for soul is wanting there.
 Hers is the loveliness in death,
 That parts not quite with parting breath,
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
 Expression's last receding ray,
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,
 The farewell beam of feeling past away!
 Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth—
 Which gleams—but warms no more its cherished earth!

The 'Prisoner of Chillon' is also natural and affecting: the story is painful and hopeless, but it is told with inimitable tenderness and simplicity. The *reality* of the scenes in 'Don Juan' must strike every reader. Byron, it is well known, took pains to collect his materials. His account of the shipwreck is drawn from narratives of actual occurrences, and his Grecian pictures, feasts, dresses, and holiday pastimes, are literal transcripts from life. Coleridge thought the character of Lambro, and especially the description of his return, the finest of all Byron's efforts; it is more dramatic and lifelike than any other of his numerous paintings. Haidee is also the most captivating of *all his heroines*. His Gulnares and Medoras, his Corsairs and dark mysterious personages—

Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes—
 are monstrosities in nature, and do not possess one tith of the interest

manent poetical beauty that centres in the lonely residence in
 relades. The English descriptions in 'Juan' are greatly inferior.
 is a palpable falling off in poetical power, and the peculiar
 lices and forced ill-natured satire of the poet are brought promi-
 forward. Yet even here we have occasionally a flash of the
 ight that 'led astray.' The sketch of Aurora Raby is graceful
 teresting—compared with Haidee, it is something like Fielding's
 a coming after Sophia Western; and Newstead Abbey is de-
 d with a clearness and beauty not unworthy the author of
 le Harold.' The Epicurean philosophy of the 'Childe' is visi-
 every page of 'Don Juan,' but it is no longer grave, dignified,
 isanthropical: it is mixed up with wit, humour, the keenest
 ation, and the most astonishing variety of expression, from col-
 l carelessness and ease, to the highest and deepest tones of the

The poet has the power of Mephistophiles over the scenes and
 ns of human life and society—disclosing their secret workings,
 ripping them of all conventional allurements and disguises. Un-
 ately, his knowledge is more of evil than of good. The dis-
 ns between virtue and vice had been broken down or obscured
 own mind, and they are undistinguishable in 'Don Juan.'
 sensuality had tainted his whole nature. He portrays generous
 ons and moral feelings—distress, suffering, and pathos—and
 lashes them with burlesque humor, wild profanity, and unse-
 le mockery. In 'Childe Harold' we have none of this moral
 ny, or its accompanying licentiousness; but there is abundance
 rn and defiance of the ordinary pursuits and ambition of man.

The fairest portions of the earth are traversed in a spirit of
 ness and desolation by one satiated with pleasure, condemning
 y, the victim of a dreary and hopeless scepticism. Such a
 cter would have been repulsive if the poem had not been
 ed with the graces of animated description, and original and
 ag sentiment. The poet's sketches of Spanish and Grecian
 ry, and his glimpses of the life and manners of the classic
 tainers, are as true as were ever transferred to canvas; and not
 striking are the meditations of the Pilgrim on the particular
 s which adorned or cursed the soil he trod. Thus, on the field
 buera, he conjures up a noble image:

Red Battle—The Demon of War.

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
 Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
 Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
 Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
 Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,
 The blue-fires flash on high; from rock to rock
 Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
 Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
 Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

Lo ! where the giant on the mountain stands,
 His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
 With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
 And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon,
 Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
 Flashing afar—and at his iron feet
 Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done;
 For on this morn three potent nations meet,
 To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

In surveying the ruins of Athens, the spirit of Byron soars to loftiest flight, picturing its fallen glories, and indulging in the most touching and magnificent strain of his sceptical philosophy.

Ancient Greece.

Ancient of days ! august Athena ! where,
 Where are thy men of might ? thy grand in soul ?
 Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were,
 First in the race that led to glory's goal,
 They won, and passed away—is this the whole ?
 A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour !
 The warrior's weapon, and the sophist's stole,
 Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
 Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

Sun of the morning, rise ! approach you here !
 Come, but molest not your defenceless urn ;
 Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre !
 Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
 Even gods must yield—religions take their turn ;
 'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds
 Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
 Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds ;
 Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eyes to heaven—
 Is't not enough, unhappy thing, to know
 Thou art ? Is this a boon so kindly given,
 That being, thou wouldest be again, and go,
 Thou know'st not, reck'st not, to what region, so
 On earth no more, but mingled with the skies ?
 Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe ?
 Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies :
 That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

Or burst the vanished hero's lofty mound :
 Far on the solitary shore he sleeps ;
 He fell, and falling, nations mourned around :
 But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,
 Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps
 Where demi-gods appeared, as records tell.
 Remove yon skull from out the scattered heaps :
 Is that a temple where a god may dwell ?
 Why, even the worm at last disdains her shattered cell.

Look on this broken arch, its ruined wall,
 Its chambers desolate, and portals foul ;
 Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,
 The dome of thought, the palace of the soul ;
 Behold through each lack-lustre eyeless hole,

The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
And passion's host, that never brooked control:
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement rent?

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son!
'All that we know is, nothing can be known.'
Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun?
Each hath his pang, but feeble sufferers groan
With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.
Pursue what chance or fate proclaimeth best;
Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron:
There no forced banquet claims the sated guest,
But silence spreads the couch of ever-welcome rest.

Yet if, as holiest men have deemed, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore,
How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labours light!
To hear each voice we feared to hear no more!
Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right!

third canto of 'Childe Harold' is more deeply imbued with a
of nature than any of his previous productions. A new power
been imparted to him on the shores of the 'Leman lake.' He
ust escaped from the strife of London and his own domestic
ppiness, and his conversations with Shelley might have turned
more strongly to this pure poetical source. The poetry of
isworth had also unconsciously lent its influence. An evening
by the side of the lake is thus exquisitely described:

Lake Leman (Geneva).

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwell in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night; and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen—
Save darkened Jura, whose capped heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood: on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill!
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes,
Starts into voice a moment—then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill—

But that is fancy, for the star-light dews
 All silently their tears of love instil,
 Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
 Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
 If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
 Of men and empires—'tis to be forgiven,
 That in our aspirations to be great,
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
 And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
 A beauty and a mystery, and create
 In us such love and reverence from afar.
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

A forcible contrast to this still scene is then given in a brief description of the same landscape during a thunder-storm:

The sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
 Leaps the live thunder! not from one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night: most glorious night!
 Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
 A portion of the tempest and of thee!
 How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
 And now again 'tis black—and now the glee
 Of the loud hill shakes with its mountain-mirth,
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

In the fourth canto there is a greater throng of images and objects. The poet opens with a sketch of the peculiar beauty and departed greatness of Venice, rising from the sea, 'with her tiara of proud towers' in airy distance. He then resumes his pilgrimage—moralises on the scenes of Petrarch and Tasso, Dante and Boccaccio—and visits the lake of Thrasimene and the temple of Clitumnus.

Temple of Clitumnus.

But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave
 Of the most living crystal that was e'er
 The haunt of river-nymph, to gaze and lave
 Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
 Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
 Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!
 And most serene of aspect and most clear!
 Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughter,
 A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters!

And on thy happy shore a temple still,
 Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
 Upon a mild declivity of hill,

Its memory of thee ; beneath it sweeps
 Thy current's calmness ; off from out it leaps
 The finny darter with the glittering scales,
 Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps,
 While, chance, some scattered water-lily sails
 Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling tales.

Greek statues at Florence are then inimitably described, after which the poet visits Rome, and revels in the ruins of the Palatine and museum, and the glorious remains of ancient art. We give two of the portraitures :

Statue of Apollo.

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
 The God of life, and poesy, and light—
 The Sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
 All radiant from his triumph in the fight ;
 The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
 With an immortal's vengeance ; in his eye
 And noëtic beautiful disdain, and might
 And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
 Developing in that one glance the Deity.

But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,
 Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
 Longed for a deathless lover from above,
 And maddened in that vision—are expressed
 All that ideal beauty ever blessed
 The mind within its most unearthly mood,
 When each conception was a heavenly guest—
 A ray of immortality—and stood
 Starlike, around, until they gathered to a god !

The Gladiator.

I see before me the gladiator lie :
 He leans upon his hand ; his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony.
 And his drooped head sinks gradually low :
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
 The arena swims around him ; he is gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not ; his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away :
 He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay ;
 There were his young barbarians all at play,
 There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
 All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
 And unavenged ? Arise, ye Goths, and girt your fret,

The poem concludes abruptly with an apostrophe to the sea, 'O thou source of youthful sports,' and a source of lofty enthusiasm and energy in his solitary wanderings on the shores of Italy and Greece.

Apostrophe to the Ocean.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
 I love not man the less, but nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan—
 Without a grave, unknelled, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
 And howling to his gods, which haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth: there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war:
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
 I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear;
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

*Italian Evening on the Banks of the Brenta. From 'Childe
 Harold.'*

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
 Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
 Of glory streams along the alpine height
 Of blue Friuli's mountains: heaven is free,
 From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
 Melted to one vast Iris of the west,
 Where the day joins the past eternity.
 While on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
 Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest.

A single star is at her side, and reigns
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
 Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhaetian hill,
 As day and night contending were, until
 Nature reclaimed her order: gently flows
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where thy hues instil
 The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
 Which streams upon her stream, and glased within it glows.

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
 Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
 From the rich sunset to the rising star,
 Their magical variety diffuse:
 And now they change; a paler shadow strews
 Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
 With a new colour as it gasps away,
 The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

Midnight Scene in Rome.—From 'Manfred.'

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
 Of the snow-shining mountains. Beautiful!
 I linger yet with nature, for the night
 Hath been to me a more familiar face
 Than that of man; and in her starry shade
 Of dim and solitary loveliness,
 I learned the language of another world.
 I do remember me, that in my youth,
 When I was wandering, upon such a night
 I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
 Amidst the chief relics of all-mighty Rome:
 The trees which grew along the broken arches
 Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
 Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
 The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and
 More near, from out the Caesars' palace came
 The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,

Of distant sentinels the fitful song
 Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
 Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
 Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
 Within a bowshot. Where the Cæsars dwelt,
 And dwell the tuneless birds of night amidst
 A grove which springs through levelled battlements,
 And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
 Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;
 But the gladiator's bloody circens stands
 A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
 While Cæsar's chambers and the Angustan halls
 Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.
 And thou didst shine, thou rollicking moon, upon
 All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
 Which softened down the hoar austerity
 Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
 As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
 And making that which was not, till the place
 Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
 With silent worship of the great of old—
 The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
 Our spirits from their urns!

The following extracts are from 'Don Juan':

The Shipwreck.

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
 Over the waste of waters; like a veil
 Which, withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
 Of one whose hate is masked but to assail.
 Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shewn,
 And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,
 And the dim desolate deep: twelve days had Fear
 Been their familiar, and now Death was here. . . .
 Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
 Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave—
 Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
 As eager to anticipate their grave;
 And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
 And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
 Like one who grapples with his enemy,
 And strives to strangle him before he die.
 And first one universal shriek there rushed,
 Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
 Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,
 Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
 Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony. . . .
 There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
 And with them their two sons, of whom the one
 Was more robust and hardy to the view;
 But he died early; and when he was gone,
 His nearest mesmate told his sire, who thence
 One glance on him, and said: 'Heaven's will be done,
 I can do nothing,' and he saw him thrown
 Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaker child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed:
And when the wished for shower at length was come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
Brightened, and for a moment seemed to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth; but in vain!

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And looked upon it long; and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burden lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watched it wistfully, until away
'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast;
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

Description of Haidee.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair;
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were rolled
In braids behind; and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reached her heels; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was unburnt; but her eyes
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction; for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew:
'Tis as the snake late coiled, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

Her brow was white and low; her cheek's pure dye,
Like twilight, rosy still with the set sun;
Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such; for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary
(A race of mere impostors when all's done—
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).

Haidee visits the shipwrecked Don Juan.

And down the cliff the island virgin came,
And near the cave her quick light footsteps drew,
While the sun smiled on her with his first flame,
And young Aurora kissed her lips with dew.
Taking her for her sister; just the same
Mistake you would have made on seeing the two.

Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,
Had all the advantage too of not being air.

And when into the cavern Haidee stepped
All timidly, yet rapidly, she saw
That, like an infant, Juan sweetly slept;
And then she stopped and stood as if in awe
(For sleep is awful), and on tiptoe crept
And wrapt him closer, lest the air, too raw,
Should reach his blood; then o'er him, still as death,
Bent, with hushed lips, that drank his scarce-drawn breath.

And thus, like to an angel o'er the dying,
Who die in righteousness, she leaned; and there
All tranquilly the shipwrecked boy was lying,
As o'er him lay the calm and stirless air;
But Zoe the meantime some eggs was frying,
Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair
Must breakfast, and betimes—lest they should ask it,
She drew out her provision from the basket. . . .

And now, by dint of fingers and of eyes,
And words repeated after her, he took
A lesson in her tongue; but by surmise,
No doubt, less of her language than her look;
As he who studies fervently the skies,
Turns oftener to the stars than to his book;
Thus Juan learned his alpha beta better
From Haidee's glance than any graven letter.

'Tis pleasing to be schooled in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean
When both the teacher and the taught are young;
As was the case, at least, where I have been;
They smile so when one's right, and when one's wrong.
They smile still more, and then there intervenes
Pressure of hands, perchance even a chaste kiss;
I learned the little that I know by this.

Haidee and Juan at the Feast

Haidee and Juan carpeted their feet
On crimson satin, bordered with pale blue;
Their sofa occupied three parts complete
Of the apartment—and appeared quite new;
The velvet cushions—for a throne more meet—
Were scarlet, from whose glowing centre grew
A sun embossed in gold, whose rays of tissue,
Meridian-like, were seen all light to issue.

Crystal and marble, plate and porcelain,
Had done their work of splendour; Indian mats
And Persian carpets, which the heart bled to stain,
Over the floors were spread; gazelles and cats,
And dwarfs and blacks, and such-like things, that gain
Their bread as ministers and favourites—that's
To say, by degradation—mingled there
As plentiful as in a court or fair.

There was no want of lofty mirrors, and
The tables, most of ebony inlaid
With mother-of-pearl or ivory, stood at hand,
Or were of tortoise-shell or rare woods made,
Fretted with gold or silver—by command,

The greater part of these were ready spread
With viands and sherbets in ice—and wine—
Kept for all comers, at all hours to dine.

Of all the dresses, I select Haldee's :
She wore two jelicks—one was of pale yellow ;
Of azure, pink, and white was her chemise—
Neath which her breast heaved like a little billow ;
With buttons formed of pearls as large as peas,
All gold and crimson shone her jelick's fellow,
And the striped white gauze baracan that bound her,
Like fleecy clouds about the moon flowed round her.

One large gold bracelet clasped each lovely arm,
Lockless—so pliable from the pure gold
That the hand stretched and shut it without harm,
The limb which it adorned its only mould ;
So beautiful—its very shape would charm,
And clinging as if loath to lose its hold :
The purest ore inclosed the whitest skin
That e'er by precious metal was held in,

Around, as princess of her father's land,
A light gold bar above her instep rolled
Announced her rank ; twelve rings were on her hand ;
Her hair was starred with gems ; her veil's fine fold
Befow her breast was fastened with a band
Of lavish pearls, whose worth could scarce be told ;
Her orange-silk full Turkish trousers furled
About the prettiest ankle in the world.

Her hair's long auburn waves down to her heel
Flowed like an alpine torrent, which the sun
Dyes with his morning light—and would conceal
Her person if allowed at large to run,
And still they seemed resentfully to feel
The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun
Their bonds whene'er some Zephyr caught began
To offer his young pinion as her fan.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life ;
The very air seemed lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft, and beautiful, and rife,
With all we can imagine of the skies,
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—
Too pure even for the purest human ties ;
Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged—
It is the country's custom—but in vain ;
For those large black eyes were so blackly fringed,
The glossy rebels mocked the jetty stain,
And in her native beauty stood avenged :
Her nails were touched with henna ; but again
The power of art was turned to nothing, for
They could not look more rosy than before.

Juan had on a shawl of black and gold,
But a white baracan, and so transparent
The sparkling gems beneath you might behold,
Like small stars through the Milky-way apparent ;
His turban, furled in many a graceful fold,

An emerald algrette with Haidee's hair in 't
 Surmounted as its clasp—a glowing crescent,
 Whose rays shone ever trembling, but incessant.

And now they were diverted by their snite,
 Dwarfs, dancing-girls, black eunuchs, and a poet;
 Which made their new establishment complete;
 The last was of great fame, and liked to shew it:
 His verses rarely wanted their due feet—
 And for his theme—he seldom sung below it,
 He being paid to satirise or flatter,
 As the Psalms say, 'inditing a good matter.'

The Death of Haidee.

Affric is all the sun's, and as her earth,
 Her Human clay is kindled; full of power
 For good or evil, burning from its birth,
 The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour.
 And, like the soil beneath it, will bring forth:
 Beauty and love were Haidee's mother's dower;
 But her large dark eye shewed deep Passion's force,
 Though sleeping like a lion near a source.

Her daughter, tempered with a milder ray,
 Like summer clouds all silvery, smooth, and fair,
 Till slowly charged with thunder, they display
 Terror to earth and tempest to the air,
 Had held till now her soft and milky way;
 But, overwrought with passion and despair,
 The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,
 Even as the simoom sweeps the blasted plains.

The last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,
 And he himself o'ermastered and cut down;
 His blood was running on the very floor
 Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own;
 Thus much she viewed an instant and no more—
 Her struggles ceased with one convulsive groan;
 On her sire's arm, which until now scarce held
 Her writhing, fell she like a cedar felled.

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes
 Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er,
 And her head drooped as the lily lies
 O'ercharged with rain: her summoned handmaids bore
 Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes;
 Of herbs and cordials they produced their store:
 But she defied all means they could employ,
 Like one life could not hold nor death destroy.

Days lay she in that state unchanged, though chill—
 With nothing livid, still her lips were red;
 She had no pulse, but death seemed absent still;
 No hideous sign proclaimed her surely dead;
 Corruption came not, in each mind to kill
 All hope: to look upon her sweet face bred
 New thoughts of life, for it seemed full of soul—
 She had so much, earth could not claim the whole. . . .

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not;
 Her father watched, she turned her eyes away;
 She recognised no being, and no spot,
 However dear or cherished in their day;

They changed from room to room, but all forgot;
Gentle, but without memory, she lay;
At length those eyes, which they would fain be weaning
Back to old thoughts, waxed full of fearful meaning.

And then a slave bethought her of a harp:
The harper came and tuned his instrument:
At the first notes, irregular and sharp,
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent;
Then to the wall she turned, as if to warp
Her thoughts from sorrow through her heart re-sent;
And he began a long low island song
Of ancient days ere tyranny grew strong.

Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall
In time to his old tune; he changed the theme,
And sung of Love; the fierce name struck through all
Her recollection; on her flashed the dream
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call
To be so being: in a gushing stream
The tears rushed forth from her o'erclouded brain,
Like mountain mists at length dissolved in rain.

Twelve days and nights she withered thus; at last,
Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to shew
A parting pang, the spirit from her passed:
And they who watched her nearest could not know
The very instant, till the change that cast
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
Oh to possess such lustre, and then lack!

Thus lived—thus died she; never more on her
Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth: her days and pleasures were
Brief, but delightful—such as had not stayed
Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well
By the sea-shore whereon she loved to dwell.

That isle is now all desolate and bare,
Its dwellings down, its tenants passed away;
None but her own and father's grave is there,
And nothing outward tells of human clay;
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair;
No one is there to shew, no tongue to say
What was; no dirge except the hollow seas
Mourn o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY was born at his father's seat, Field Place, near Horsham, in Sussex, August 4, 1792. His grandfather, Sir Bysshe Shelley, was then living, and his father, Timothy Shelley (who afterwards succeeded to the title and estate), was a member of the House of Commons. The family was of great antiquity, tracing its descent from one of the followers of William of Normandy. In worldly prospects and distinction the poet therefore surpassed most of his tuneful brethren; yet this only served to render his

happy and strange destiny the more conspicuously wretched. When ten years of age, he was put to a public school, Sion House, where he was harshly treated both by his instructors and by tyrannical school-fellows. He was fond of reading, especially wild romances and tales of *diablerie*; and when very young he wrote two novels, 'Zastrozzi,' and 'St. Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian.' From Sion House, Shelley was removed to Eton, where his sensitive spirit was again wounded by ill-usage and by the system of fagging tolerated at Eton. His resistance to all established authority and opinion displayed itself while at school, and in the introduction to his 'Revolt of Islam,' he has portrayed his early impressions in some sweet and touching stanzas:

Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear friend, when first
The clouds which wrap this world from youth did pass.
I do remember well the hour which burst
My spirit's sleep: a fresh May-dawn it was,
When I walked forth upon the glittering grass,
And wept, I knew not why: until there rose
From the near school-room voices that, alas!
Were but one echo from a world of woes—
The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

And then I clasped my hands and looked around,
But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,
Which poured their warm drops on the sunny ground;
So, without shame, I spake: 'I will be wise,
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
Such power, for I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannise
Without reproach or check.' I then controlled
My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold,

And from that hour did I with earnest thought
Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore;
Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught
I cared to learn, but from that secret store
Wrought linked armour for my soul, before
It might walk forth to war among mankind;
Thus power and hope were strengthened more and more
Within me, till there came upon my mind
A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which I pined.

With these feelings and predilections (exaggerated, however, in expression, as all his personal statements were), Shelley went to Oxford. He studied hard but irregularly, and spent much of his leisure in chemical experiments. He incessantly speculated, thought, and read, as he himself has stated. At the age of fifteen he wrote two short prose romances. He had also great facility in versification, and threw off various effusions. The 'forbidden mines of lore' which had captivated his boyish mind at Eton were also diligently explored, and he was soon an avowed republican and sceptic. He published a volume of political rhymes, entitled 'Posthumous Poems of my Aunt Margaret Nicholson,' the said Margaret being the unhappy maniac who attempted to stab George III.; and he issued a syllabus from Hume's *Essays*, at the same time challenging the authorities of Oxford to a

public controversy on the subject. Shelley was at this time just seventeen years of age! In conjunction with a fellow-collegian, Mr. Hogg, he composed a small treatise, 'The Necessity of Atheism;' and the result was that both the heterodox students were, in 1811, expelled from college. They went to London, where Shelley still received support from his family; Mr. Hogg removed to York, and nearly half a century afterwards (1858) became the biographer of the early life of his poet-friend. It was the cardinal article of Shelley's faith, that if men were but taught and induced to treat their fellows with love, charity, and equal rights, this earth would realise Paradise. He looked upon religion as it was professed, and, above all, practised, as hostile, instead of friendly, to the cultivation of those virtues which would make men brothers.' Mrs. Shelley conceives that, in the peculiar circumstances, this was not to be wondered at. 'At the age of seventeen, fragile in health and frame, of the purest habits in morals, full of devoted generosity and universal kindness, glowing with ardour to attain wisdom, resolved, at every personal sacrifice, to do right, burning with a desire for affection and sympathy, he was treated as a reprobate, cast forth as a criminal. The cause was, that he was sincere, that he believed the opinions which he entertained to be true, and he loved truth with a martyr's love; he was ready to sacrifice station, and fortune, and his dearest affections, at its shrine. The sacrifice was demanded from, and made by, a youth of seventeen.'

It appears that in his youth Shelley was equally inclined to poetry and metaphysics, and hesitated to which he should devote himself. He ended in uniting them, by no means to the advantage of his poetry. At the age of eighteen he produced a wild atheistical poem, 'Queen Mab,' written in the rhythm of Southey's 'Thalaba,' and abounding in passages of great power and melody. He had been strongly attached to his cousin, an accomplished young lady, Miss Grove, but after his expulsion from college and from home, communication with this lady was prohibited. He then became enamoured of another beauty—a handsome blonde of sixteen, but in social position inferior to himself. This was a Miss Harriet Westbrook, daughter of a person who had kept the Mount Street Coffee-house, London—a place of fashionable resort—and had retired from business with apparently competent means. Mr. Westbrook had put his daughter to a boarding-school, at which one of Shelley's sisters was also placed. The result was an elopement after a few weeks' acquaintance, and a marriage in Edinburgh in August 1811. This still further exasperated his friends, and his father cut off his allowance. An uncle, Captain Pilfold, one of Nelson's captains at the Nile and Trafalgar—generously supplied the youthful pair with money, and they lived for some time in Cumberland, where Shelley made the acquaintance of Southey, Wordsworth, De Quincey, and Wilson. His literary ambition must have been excited by this intercourse; but he suddenly departed for Dub-

whence he again removed to the Isle of Man, and afterwards, to Wales. Two children were born to them. In March 1814, Shelley was married a second time to Harriet Westbrook, the ceremony taking place in St. George's Church, Hanover Square. Unfortunately about this time the poet became enamoured of the daughter of Mr. Godwin, a young lady who could 'feel poetry and understand philosophy,' which he thought his wife was incapable of, and Harriet refusing to agree to a separation, Shelley, at the end of July in the same year, left England in the company of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin.

They made a six weeks' tour on the continent, of which he wrote a journal, and returned to London. It was discovered that, by the provisions of the deed of entail, the fee-simple of the Shelley estate was vested in the poet after his father's death, and he had thus power to raise money. According to his friend, Thomas L. Peacock, Shelley purchased an annuity of £1000 a year from his father, who had previously allowed him £200! The poet now established himself on the banks of the Thames, and there composed his poem, 'Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude' (1816), designed, as he states, to represent a youth of uncorrupted feelings and adventurous genius, led forth by an imagination inflamed and purified through familiarity with all that is excellent and majestic, to the contemplation of the universe. The mind of his hero, however, becomes awakened, and thirsts for intercourse with an intelligence similar to itself. He seeks in vain for a prototype of his conception; and blasted by his disappointment, he descends to an untimely grave. In this picture, Shelley undoubtedly drew from his own experience, and in none of his subsequent works has he excelled the descriptive passages in 'Alastor.' The copious picturesqueness of his language, and the boldness of his imagination, are here strikingly exemplified. Symptoms of pulmonary disease having appeared, Shelley again repaired to the continent, in the summer of 1816, and first met with Lord Byron at the Lake of Geneva. His health being restored, he returned to England, and settled himself at Great Marlow in Buckinghamshire. His unfortunate wife committed suicide by drowning herself in the Serpentine River in December 1816, and Shelley married Miss Godwin a few weeks afterwards (December 30), the prospect of succession for his children to a large entailed estate having apparently removed his repugnance to matrimony. A new source of obloquy and misery was, however, opened. Shelley claimed his children; their mother's family refused to give them up: they resisted the claim in Chancery, and the decree of the Lord Chancellor (Eldon) was given against him. The ground of Lord Eldon's judgment was that Shelley had *published and maintained, and carried out in practice, the doctrine that marriage was a contract binding only during mutual pleasure, and that such practice was injurious to the best interests of society.* In a poetical fragment on the subject, he invokes a curse on the

administrator of the law, 'by a parent's outraged love,' and in one exquisite verse—

By all the happy see in children's growth,
That undeveloped flower of budding years,
Sweetness and sadness interwoven both,
Source of the sweetest hopes and saddest fears !

At Marlow, Shelley composed the 'Revolt of Islam' (1818), a poem more energetic than 'Alastor,' yet containing the same allegorical features and peculiarities of thought and style, and rendered more tedious by the want of human interest. It is honourable to Shelley that, during his residence at Marlow, he was indefatigable in his attentions to the poor; his widow relates that, in the winter, while bringing out his poem, he had a severe attack of ophthalmia, caught while visiting the poor cottages. This certainly stamps with reality his pleadings for the human race, though the nature of his philosophy and opinions would have deprived them of the highest of earthly consolations. The poet now prepared to go abroad. A strong sense of injury, and a burning desire to redress what he termed the wrongs of society, rendered him miserable in England, and he hoped also that his health would be improved by a milder climate. Accordingly, on the 12th of March, 1818, he quitted this country, never to return. He went direct to Italy. In 1819 appeared 'Rosalind and Helen,' and the same year 'The Cenci,' a tragedy, dedicated to Mr. Leigh Hunt. 'Those writings,' he remarks in the dedication, 'which I have hitherto published, have been little else than visions which impersonate my own apprehensions of the beautiful and the just. I can also perceive in them the literary defects incidental to youth and impatience; they are dreams of what ought to be, or may be. The drama which I now present to you is a sad reality. I lay aside the presumptuous attitude of an instructor, and am content to paint, with such colours as my own heart furnishes, that which has been.' The painting is dark and gloomy; but, in spite of a revolting plot, and the insane, unnatural character of Cenci, Shelley's tragedy is one of the best of modern times. As an effort of intellectual strength, and an embodiment of human passion, it may challenge a comparison with any dramatic work since Otway; and it is incomparably the best of the poet's productions.

In 1821 was published 'Prometheus Unbound,' which he had written while resident in Rome. 'This poem,' he says, 'was chiefly written upon the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extended in ever-winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms and dizzy arches suspended in the air. The bright blue sky of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous awakening of spring in that divinely climate, and the new life with which it drenches the spirits even to inspiration, were the inspiration of this drama.' No change of scene, however, could permanently affect the nature of Shelley

speculations, and his 'Prometheus' is as mystical and metaphysical and as daringly sceptical as any of his previous works. The cardinal point of his system is described by Mrs. Shelley as a belief that a man could be so perfectionised as to be able to expel evil from his own nature, and from the greater part of the creation; and the subject he loved best to dwell on was the image of one warring with the evil principle, oppressed not only by it, but by all, even the good, who were deluded into considering evil a necessary portion of humanity. His remaining works are 'Hellas,' 'The Witch of Atlas,' 'Adonais,' 'Epipsychidion,' and a variety of shorter productions, with scenes translated from Calderon and the 'Faust' of Goethe. In Italy, Shelley renewed his acquaintance with Lord Byron, who thought his philosophy 'too spiritual and romantic.' He was temperate in his habits, gentle, affectionate, and generous; so that even those who most deeply deplored or detested his opinions, were charmed with the intellectual purity and benevolence of his life. His favourite amusement was boating and sailing; and whilst returning one day, the 8th of July 1822, from Leghorn—whither he had gone to welcome Leigh Hunt to Italy—the boat in which he sailed, accompanied by Mr. Williams, formerly of the 8th Dragoons, and a single seaman, went down in the Bay of Spezia, and all perished. A volume of Keats's poetry was found open in Shelley's coat-pocket when his body was washed ashore. The remains of the poet were reduced to ashes by fire, and being taken to Rome, were deposited in the Protestant burial-ground, near those of a child he had lost in that city.

A complete edition of Shelley's Poetical Works, with notes by his widow, was published in four volumes, 1839; and the same accomplished lady gave to the world two volumes of his prose 'Essays, Letters from Abroad, Translations and Fragments.' Shelley's was a dream of romance—a tale of mystery and grief. That he was sincere in his opinions, and benevolent in his intentions, is now undoubted. He looked upon the world with the eyes of a visionary, bent on unattainable schemes of intellectual excellence and supremacy. His delusion led to misery, and made him, for a time, unjust to others. It alienated him from his family and friends, blasted his prospects in life, and distempered all his views and opinions. It is probable that, had he lived to a riper age, he might have modified some of those extreme speculative and pernicious tenets, and we have no doubt that he would have risen into a purer atmosphere of poetical imagination. The troubled and stormy dawn was fast yielding to the calm noon-day brightness. He had worn out some of his fierce antipathies and morbid affections; a happy domestic circle was gathered around him: *and the refined simplicity of his tastes and habits, joined to wider and juster views of human life, would imperceptibly have given a new tone to his thoughts and studies. He had a high idea of the art to which he devoted his faculties.*

'Poetry,' he says in one of his essays, 'is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. We are aware of evanescent visitations of thought and feeling, sometimes associated with place or person, sometimes regarding our own mind alone, and always arising unforeseen and departing unbidden, but elevating and delightful beyond all expression; so that, even in the desire and the regret they leave, there cannot but be pleasure, participating as it does in the nature of its object. It is, as it were, the interpenetration of a diviner nature through our own; but its foot-steps are like those of a wind over the sea, which the morning calm erases, and whose traces remain only, as on the wrinkled sand which paves it. These and corresponding conditions of being are experienced principally by those of the most delicate sensibility and the most enlarged imagination; and the state of mind produced by them is at war with every base desire. The enthusiasm of virtue, love, patriotism, and friendship is essentially linked with such emotions; and whilst they last, self appears as what it is, an atom to a universe. Poets are not only subject to these experiences as spirits of the most refined organisation, but they can colour all that they combine with the evanescent hues of this ethereal world; a word, a trait in the representation of a scene or passion, will touch the enchanted chord, and reanimate, in those who have ever experienced those emotions, the sleeping, the cold, the buried image of the past. Poetry thus makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world; it arrests the vanishing apparitions which haunt the interlunations of life, and veiling them, or in language or in form, sends them forth among mankind, bearing sweet news of kindred joy to those with whom their sisters abide—abide, because there is no portal of expression from the caverns of the spirit which they inhabit into the universe of things. Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man.'

The remote abstract character of Shelley's poetry, and its general want of anything real or tangible, by which the sympathies of the heart are awakened, must always prevent its becoming popular. Even to Charles Lamb it was 'icy cold.' He was a pantheistic dreamer and idealist. Yet the splendour of his lyrical verse—so full, rich, and melodious—and the grandeur of some of his conceptions, stamp him a great poet. His influence on the succession of English poets since his time has been inferior only to that of Wordsworth. Macaulay doubted whether any modern poet possessed in an equal degree the 'highest qualities of the great ancient masters.' His diction is singularly classical and imposing in sound and structure. He was a close student of the Greek and Italian poets. The descriptive passages in 'Alastor,' and the river-voyage at the conclusion of the 'Revolt of Islam,' are among the most finished of his productions. His better genius leads him to the pure waters and the depth of forest shades, which none of his contemporaries knew so well how to do

scribe. Some of the minor poems—'The Cloud,' 'The Skylark,' &c.—are imbued with a fine lyrical and poetic spirit. One striking peculiarity of his style is his constant personification of inanimate objects. In 'The Cenci' we have a strong and almost terrible illustration of this feature of his poetry:

I remember,
Two miles on this side of the fort, the road
Crosses a deep ravine; 'tis rough and narrow,
And winds with short turns down the precipice;
And in its depth there is a mighty rock
Which has from unimaginable years
Sustained itself with terror and with toll
Over a gulf, and with the agony
With which it clings, seems slowly coming down;
Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,
Clings to the mass of life, yet clinging, leans,
And leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss
In which it fears to fall—beneath this crag,
Huge as despair, as if in weariness,
The melancholy mountain yawns; below
You hear, but see not, an impetuous torrent
Raging among the caverns, and a bridge
Crosses the chasm; and high above there grow,
With intersecting trunks, from crag to crag,
Cedars and yews, and pines, whose tangled hair
Is matted in one solid roof of shade
By the dark ivy's twine. At noonday here
'Tis twilight, and at sunset blackest night.

The Flight of the Hours in 'Prometheus' is equally vivid, and touched with a wild inimitable grace:

Behold!
The rocks are cloven, and through the purple night
I see cars drawn by rainbow-winged steeds,
Which trample the dim winds: in each there stands
A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.
Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,
And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars:
Others, with burning eyes, lean forth and drink
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
As if the thing they loved fled on before,
And now, even now, they clasp it. Their bright locks
Stream like a comet's flashing hair: they all sweep onward.
These are the immortal Hours,
Of whom thou didst demand. One waits for thee.

Opening of Queen Mab.

How wonderful is death,	Selzed on her sinless soul?
Death and his brother sleep!	Must then that peerless form
One, pale as yonder waning moon,	Which love and admiration cannot view
With lips of lurid blue;	Without a beating heart, those azure veins
The other, rosy as the morn	Which steal like streams along a field of
When, thronged on ocean's wave,	snow,
It blushes o'er the world:	That lovely outline, which is fair
<i>Yet both so passing wonderful!</i>	As breathing marble, perish?
	Must putrefaction's breath
Hath then the gloomy Power,	Leave nothing of this heavenly sight
Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres,	But loathsomeness and ruin?

Spare nothing but a gloomy theme
On which the lightest heart might moral-
ise?

Or is it only a sweet slumber
Stealing o'er ecstacy,
Which the breath of roseate morning
Chaseth into darkness?
Will Ianthé wake again,
And give that faithful bosom joy
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Light, life, and rapture from her smile?

Her dewy eyes are closed,
And on their lids, whose texture fine
Scarce hides the dark blue orbs be-
neath,

The baby Sleep is pillowed:
Her golden tresses shade
The bosom's stainless pride,
Curling like tendrils of the parasite
Around a marble column.

Hark! whence that rushing sound?
'Tis like the wondrous strain
That round a lonely ruin swells,

Which, wandering on the echoing
shore,

The enthusiast hears at evening!
'Tis softer than the west wind's sign;
'Tis wilder than the unmeasured notes
Of that strange lyre whose rings
The genii of the breezes sweep.

Those lines of rainbow light
Are like the moonbeams when they fall
Through some cathedral window, but the
tints

Are such as may not find
Comparison on earth.

Behold the chariot of the fairy queen!
Celestial coursers paw the unyielding air;
Their filmy pennons at her word they
furl,

And stop obedient to the reins of light:
These the queen of spells drew in;
She spread a charm around the spot,
And leaning graceful from the ethereal
car,

Long did she gaze, and silently,
Upon the slumbering maid.

*The Cloud.**

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun,
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,

* The odes *To the Skylark* and *The Cloud*, in the opinion of many critics, bear a purer poetical stamp than any other of his productions. They were written as his mind prompted, listening to the carolling of the bird aloft in the azure sky of Italy; or marking the cloud as it sped across the heavens, while he floated in his boat on the Thames. No poet was ever warmed by a more genuine and unforced inspiration. His extreme sensibility gave the intensity of passion to his intellectual pursuits, and rendered his mind keenly alive to every perception of outward objects, as well as his internal sensations. Such a gift is, among the sad vicissitudes of human life, the disappointments we meet, and the galling sense of our own mistakes and errors, fraught with pain: to escape from such he delivered up his soul to poetry, and felt happy when he sheltered himself from the influence of human sympathies in the wildest regions of fancy. — Mrs. Shelley, *Præf. to Poet. Works*.

Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea;
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The spirit he loves remains;
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
 When the morning-star shines dead.
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
 An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings;
 And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
 Its ardours of rest and of love,
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.
 That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the Moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's tin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer;
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch through which I march,
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
 Is the million-coloured bow;
 The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
 I change, but I cannot die,
 For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,

And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and upbuild it again.

To a Skylark.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.
Higher still, and higher,
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unobtrusive
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves :

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, spirit or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine;
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine,

Chorus hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chant,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt—
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Langour cannot be:
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee:
 Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or sleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not:
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught:
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever could come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delight and sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!
 Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

From 'The Sensitive Plant.'

A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
And the spirit of love fell everywhere;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet.
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the Nalad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which hung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath address,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Maenad, its moonlight-coloured cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime,
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom,
Was pranked under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
 As fair as the fabulous asphodels;
 And flowrets which, drooping as day drooped too,
 Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
 To roof the glowworm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
 The flowers—as an infant's awakening eyes
 Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
 Can first lull, and at last must awaken it—

When heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
 As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
 Shone smiling to heaven, and every one
 Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
 With the light and the odour its neighbour shed,
 Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear,
 Wrapt and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant, which could give small fruit
 Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
 Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
 Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver;

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower;
 Radiance and odour are not its dower:
 It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
 It desires what it has not—the beautiful!

The light winds which, from unsustaining wings,
 Shed the music of many murmurings;
 The beams which dart from many a star
 Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;

The plumed insects swift and free,
 Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
 Laden with light and odour which pass
 Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
 Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
 Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
 Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears,

The quivering vapours of dim noontide,
 Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
 In which every sound, and odour, and beam,
 Move as reeds in a single stream;

Each and all like ministering angels were
 For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
 Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by,
 Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven above,
 And the earth was all rest, and the air was all love,
 And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,
 And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were drowned
 In an ocean of dreams without a sound;
 Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress
 The light sand which paves it—consciousness.

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale
 Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
 And snatches of its Elysian chant
 Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant);

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
 Up-gathered into the bosom of rest;
 A sweet child weary of its delight,
 The feeblest, and yet the favourite,
 Cradled within the embrace of night.

est Scenery.—From 'Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude.'

The noonday sun
 Now shone upon the forest, one vast mass
 Of mingling shade, whose brown magnificence
 A narrow vale embosoms. There huge caves,
 Scooped in the dark base of those airy rocks,
 Mocking its moans, respond and roar for ever.
 The meeting boughs and implicated leaves
 Wove twilight o'er the poet's path, as led
 By love, or dream, or god, or mightier death,
 He sought in nature's dearest haunt, some bank,
 Her cradle and his sepulchre. More dark
 And dark the shades accumulate—the oak,
 Expanding its immense and knotty arms,
 Embraces the light beech. The pyramids
 Of the tall cedar overarching frame
 Most solemn domes within, and far below,
 Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
 The ash and the acacia floating hang,
 Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents clothed
 In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,
 Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
 The gray trunks; and, as gamesome infants' eyes,
 With gentle meanings and most innocent wiles,
 Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,
 These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs,
 Unting their close union; the woven leaves
 Make network of the dark-blue light of day
 And the night's noontide clearness, mutable
 As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy lawns
 Beneath these canopies extend their swells,
 Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyes with blooms
 Minute yet beautiful. One darkest glen
 Sends from its woods of musk-rose, twined with jasmine,
 A soul-dissolving odour, to invite
 To some more lovely mystery. Through the dell
 Silence and twilight here, twin sisters, keep
 Their noonday watch, and sail among the shades,
 Like vapourous shapes half seen; beyond, a well,
 Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,
 Images all the woven boughs above;
 And each depending leaf, and every speck
 Of azure sky, darting between their chasms;
 Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves
 Its portraiture, but some inconstant star
 Between one foliaged lattice twinkling fair,
 Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,
 Or gorgeous insect, floating motionless
 Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
 Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.

Stanzas written in Dejection, near Naples.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
 The waves are dancing fast and bright,
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
 The purple noon's transparent light,
 The breath of the moist air is light,
 Around its unexpanded buds;
 Like many a voice of one delight,
 The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
 The city's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
 With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
 I see the waves upon the shore,
 Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown;
 I sit upon the sands alone,
 The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
 Is flashing round me, and a tone
 Arises from its measured motion;
 How sweet, did any heart now share in my emotion!

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
 Nor peace within, nor calm around,
 Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
 The sage in meditation found,
 And walked with inward glory crowned;
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
 Others I see whom these surround—
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
 To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
 Even as the winds and waters are;
 I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away the life of care
 Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
 Till death like sleep might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
 As I, when this sweet day is gone,
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
 Insults with this untimely moan;
 They might lament—for I am one
 Whom men love not; and yet regret,
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun
 Shall on its stainless glory set,
 Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

On a Faded Violet.

The colour from the flower is gone, Which like thy sweet eyes smiled on me:	And mocks the heart which yet is w With cold and silent rest.
The odour from the flower is flown, Which breathed of thee, and only thee.	I weep—my tears revive it not; I sigh—it breathes no more on me; Its mute and uncomplaining lot Is such as mine should be.
A withered, lifeless, vacant form, It lies on my abandoned breast.	

Lines to an Indian Air.

dreams of thee,
t sweet sleep of night,
inds are breathing low,
ars are shining bright;
dreams of thee,
it in my feet
-who knows how?—
umber window, sweet.

ing airs they faint
k and silent stream,
k odours fail
t thoughts in a dream;

The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must do on thine,
O beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail;
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;
Oh! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

To —.

soft voices die,
the memory—
n sweet violets sicken,
n the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

JOHN KEATS.

KEATS was born in London, October 29, 1795, in the house of his father, who kept a livery-stable at Moorfields. He received his education at Enfield, and in his fifteenth year was a pre-apprentice surgeon. Most of his time, however, was devoted to the cultivation of his literary talents, which were early conspicuous. In his apprenticeship, he made and carefully wrote out a literal translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, but he does not appear to have been very successful with more difficult Latin poetry, nor to have even commenced learning the Greek language (Lord Houghton). One of his friends and critics was Mr. Leigh Hunt, who, being shown some of his poetical pieces, was struck, he says, with the exuberance of genuine though young poetry that were laid before him, and the promise of which was seconded by the fine fervid countenance of the writer. A volume of these juvenile poems was published in 1817. In 1818 Keats published his *Endymion, a Poetic Romance*, defective in many parts, but evincing rich though undisciplined powers of imagination. The poem was criticised, in a strident and ungenerous severity, by Mr. John Wilson Croker in the *Quarterly Review*; and such was the sensitiveness of the young poet to criticism, and flattered by a few private friends—that it embittered his existence. 'The first effects,' says Shelley, 'described to me to have resembled insanity, and it was by watching that he was restrained from effecting purposes of self-destruction. The agony of his sufferings at length produced the rupture of the vessel in the lungs, and the usual process of consumption had begun.' The process *had* begun, as was too soon apparent, but the disease was a family one, and would probably have existed, had no hostile criticism existed. Lord Houghton, Keats's

biographer, states that the young poet profited by the attacks of the critics, their effect being 'to purify his style, correct his tendency to exaggeration, enlarge his poetical studies, and produce, among other improved efforts, that very *'Hyperion'* which called forth from Byron a eulogy as violent and unqualified as the former onslaught.' Byron had termed the juvenile poetry of Keats, 'the drivelling idiotism of the manikin.' Keats's poetry falling into the hands of Jeffrey, he criticised it in the *'Edinburgh Review'*, in a spirit of kindness and just appreciation which formed a strong contrast to the criticism in the *'Quarterly.'* But this genial critique did not appear till 1830, too late to cheer the then dying poet. 'Mr. Keats,' says the eloquent critic, 'is, we understand, still a very young man; and his whole works, indeed, bear evidence enough of the fact. They manifestly require, therefore, all the indulgence that can be claimed for a first attempt; but we think it no less plain that they deserve it; for they are flushed all over with the rich lights of fancy, and so coloured and bestrown with the flowers of poetry, that, even while perplexed and bewildered in their labyrinths, it is impossible to resist the intoxication of their sweetness, or to shut our hearts to the enchantments they so lavishly present.'

The models upon which he has formed himself in the "*Endymion*," the earliest and by much the most considerable of his poems, are obviously the "*Faithful Shepherdess*" of Fletcher, and the "*Bad Shepherd*" of Ben Jonson, the exquisite metres and inspired diction of which he has copied with great boldness and fidelity; and, like his great originals, has also contrived to impart to the whole piece that true rural and poetical air which breathes only in them and in Theocritus—which is at once homely and majestic, luxurious and rude, and sets before us the genuine sights, and sounds, and smells of the country, with all the magic and grace of Elysium.' The genius of the poet was still further displayed in his latest volume, '*Lamia, Isabella, the Eve of St. Agnes, &c.*' This volume was well received. The state of the poet's health now became so alarming that, as a last effort for life, he was advised to try the milder climate of Italy. A young friend, Mr. Severn, an artist (now British consul at Rome), generously abandoned his professional prospects at home, in order to accompany Keats; and they sailed in September 1820. The invalid suffered severely during the voyage, and he had to endure a ten days' quarantine at Naples. The thoughts of a young lady to whom he was betrothed, and the too great probability that he would see her no more, added a deeper gloom to his mind, and he seems never to have rallied from this depression. At Rome, Mr. Severn watched over him with affectionate care; Dr. Clark also was *unremitting* in his attendance; but he daily got worse, and died on the 23d of February 1821. Keats was buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, one of the most beautiful spots on which the eye and heart of man can rest. 'It is,' says Lord Houghton, 'a grassy slop

lurid ruins of the Honorian walls of the diminished city, counted by the pyramidal tomb which Petrarch attributed to it which antiquarian truth has ascribed to the humbler Caius Cestius, a tribune of the people only remembered by there. In one of those mental voyages into the past which precede death, Keats had told Severn that "he thought the in-easure he had received in life was in watching the growth of" and another time, after lying a while still and peaceful, "I feel the flowers growing over me." And there they do all the winter long—violets and daisies mingling with the sage, and, in the words of Shelley, "making one in love with to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." A few days before his death expressed a wish to Mr. Severn his gravestone should be the inscription: "Here lies one who was writ in water." Shelley honoured the memory of his exquisite elegy 'Adonais.' Even Byron felt that the poet's death was a loss to literature. The fragment of his, he said, "seems actually inspired by the Titans: it is as if Æschylus."*

the misfortune of Keats, as a poet, to be either extravagantly or unmercifully condemned. The former was owing to generous partialities of friendship, somewhat obtrusively displayed, in some degree, to resentment of that friendship, as it was with party politics and peculiar views of society of poetry. In the one case his *faults*, and in the other his *merits* were entirely overlooked. A few years dispelled these ill-founded prejudices. Keats was a true poet. If we consider his youth and delicate health, his solitary and interesting self, the severity of the attacks made upon him by his hostile and cruel critics, and, above all, the original richness and keenness of his conceptions and imagery, even when they run he appears to be one of the greatest of the young poets—remember the Milton of 'Lycidas,' or the Spencer of the 'Tears of the Earth.' What easy, finished, statuesque beauty and classic example, are displayed in this picture of Saturn and

could not, however, resist the seeming smartness of saying in *Don Juan* was killed off by one critique:

'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article!

writing to a friend about this 'article,' in a letter which we have seen, said: "I had some pepper to my grill." A miserable piece of cookery they made of it, how the fame of Keats, it is said he died "admired only by his personal friends"; and even ten years after his death, when the first Memoir was proposed, he had loved had so little belief in his poetical reputation, that she wrote to "The kindest act would be to let him rest for ever in the obscurity to which we have condemned him."—*Papers of a Critic*, vol. i. p. 11.

Saturn and Thea.—From 'Hyperion.'

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
 Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
 Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
 Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
 Still as the silence round about his lair;
 Forest on Forest hung about his head
 Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
 Not so much life as on a summer's day
 Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
 But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
 A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
 By reason of his fallen divinity
 Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
 Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.
 Along the margin sand large footmarks went
 No further than to where his feet had strayed,
 And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
 His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
 Unsculptured; and his realmless eyes were closed;
 While his bowed head seemed listening to the earth,
 His ancient mother for some comfort yet.
 It seemed no force could wake him from his place;
 But there came one, who with a kindred hand
 Touched his wide shoulders, after bending low
 With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
 She was a goddess of the infant world;
 By her in stature the tall Amazon
 Had stood a pigmy's height: she would have ta'en
 Achilles by the hair, and bent his neck;
 Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel.
 Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
 Pedestaled haply in a palace court,
 When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.
 But oh! how unlike marble was that face!
 How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
 Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self;
 There was a listening fear in her regard,
 As if calamity had but begun;
 As if the vanward clouds of evil days
 Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
 Was, with its stored thunder, labouring up.
 One hand she pressed upon that aching spot
 Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
 Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain;
 The other upon Saturn's bended neck
 She laid, and to the level of his ear
 Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
 In solemn tenor and deep organ tone;
 Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
 Would come in these like accents—oh! how frail.
 To that large utterance of the early gods!—
 'Saturn, look up! though wherefore, poor old king?
 I cannot say. "O wherefore sleepest thou?"
 For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
 Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a god;
 And ocean, too, with all its solemn noise,
 Has from thy sceptre passed, and all the air
 Is emptied of thine hoary majesty,
 Thy thunder, conscious of the new command.

Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house,
 And thy sharp lightning in unpractised hands
 Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
 O aching time ! O moments big as years !
 All, as ye pass, swell out the monstrous truth,
 And press it so upon our weary griefs
 That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
 Saturn, sleep on ! Oh, thoughtless, why did I
 Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude ?
 Why should I ope my melancholy eyes ?
 Saturn, sleep on ! while at thy feet I weep.'

As when, upon a tranced summer night,
 Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
 Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
 Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
 Save from one gradual solitary gust
 Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
 As if the ebbing air had but one wave ;
 So came these words and went.

itique grace and solemnity of passages like this must be felt
 lover of poetry. The chief defects of Keats are his want of
 eas and precision, and the carelessness of his style. There
 eem to have been even affectation in his disregard of order
 larity ; and he heaps up images and conceits in such profu-
 ty they often form grotesque and absurd combinations, which
 he reader. Deep feeling and passion are rarely given to
 jets redolent of fancy, and warm from the perusal of the an-
 thors. The difficulty with which Keats had mastered the
 ythology gave it an undue importance in his mind ; a more
 nowledge would have harmonised its materials, and shewn
 beauty of chasteness and simplicity of style ; but Mr. Leigh
 right in his opinion that the poems of Keats, with all their
 will be the 'sure companions in field and grove' of those who
 scape 'out of the strife of commonplaces into the haven of
 and imagination.'
 e in 'Endymion' has become familiar as a 'household word'
 r the English language is spoken—

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

Madeline at her Devotions.—From the 'Eve of St. Agnes.'

Out went the taper as she hurried in ;
 Its little smoke in pallid moonshine died :
 She closed the door, she panted, all akin
 To spirits of the air and visions wide :
 No uttered syllable, or, woe betide !
 But to her heart her heart was voluble,
 Paining with eloquence her balmy side ;
 As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
 Her throat in vain, and die heart-stifled in her dell.

*A casement high and triple-arched there was
 All garlanded with carven imageries*

Of fruit, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device
 Innumerable, of stains and splendid dyes,
 As are the tiger-moth's deep damasked wings;
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
 And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
 A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast;
 As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
 And on her hair a glory like a saint;
 She seemed a splendid angel newly drest,
 Save wings, for heaven; Porphyro grew faint:
 She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Hymn to Pan.—From 'Endymion.'

O thou, whose mighty palace-roof doth hang
 From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
 Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death
 Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;
 Who lovest to see the hamadryads dress
 Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken;
 And through whose solemn hours dost sit, and hearken
 The dreary melody of bedded reeds—
 In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
 The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth,
 Bethinking thee, how melancholy loath
 Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,
 By thy love's milky brow,
 By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
 Hear us, great Pan!

O thou for whose soul-soothing quiet turtles
 Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,
 What time thou wanderest at eventide
 Through sunny meadows that outskirt the side
 Of thine embossed realms: O thou to whom
 Broad-leaved fig-trees even now foredoom
 Their ripened fruitage; yellow-girted bees
 Their golden honeycombs; our village leas
 Their fairest blossomed beans and popped corn;
 The chuckling linnet its five young unborn,
 To sing for thee; low creeping strawberries
 Their summer coolness; pent-up butterflies
 Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh budding year
 All its completion—be quickly near,
 By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
 O forester divine!

Thou to whom every faun and satyr flies
 For willing service; whether to surprise
 The squatted hare while in half-sleeping fit;
 Or upward ragged precipices flit
 To save poor lambskins from the eagle's maw;
 Or by mysterious enticement draw
 Bewildered shepherds to their path again;
 Or to tread breathless round the frothy main.

And gather up all fancifulest shells
 For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,
 And, being hidden, laugh at their out-peeping;
 Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
 The while they pelt each other on the crown
 With silvery oak-apples, and fir-cones brown—
 By all the echoes that about thee ring,
 Hear us, O satyr king!

O hearkener to the loud-clapping shears,
 While ever and anon to his shorn peers
 A ram goes bleating: winder of the horn,
 When snouted wild-boars, routing tender corn,
 Anger our huntmen: breather round our farms,
 To keep off mildews and all weather harms:
 Strange ministrant of undscribed sounds,
 That come a-swooning over hollow grounds,
 And wither dearly on barren moors:
 Dread opener of the mysterious doors
 Leading to universal knowledge—see,
 Great son of Dryope,
 The many that are come to pay their vows,
 With leaves about their brows!

Be still the unimaginable lodge
 For solitary thinkings; such as dodge
 Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
 Then leave the naked brain; be still the leaven,
 That, spreading in this dull and clodded earth,
 Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth:
 Be still a symbol of immensity;
 A firmament reflected in a sea;
 An element filling the space between;
 An unknown—but no more: we humbly screen
 With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
 And giving out a shout most heaven-rending,
 Conjure thee to receive our humble Pæan,
 Upon thy Mount Lycean!

Ode to a Nightingale.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in their happiness,
 That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth!
 O for a beaker full of the warm south,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth:
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim!

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs;
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
 Already with thee! tender is the night,
 And haply the queen-moon is on her throne,
 Clustered around by all her starry fays;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous blooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable moth endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 The same that oftimes hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is farn'd to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the hill-stream.

Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley's glades:
 Was it a vision or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

To Autumn.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage tree,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
 To swell the gourd and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind:
 Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of pepples, while thy hook
 S pares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;
 Or by a cider-press with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
 While barred clouds bloom the soft dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river swallows, borne aloft,
 Or sinking, as the light wind lives or dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
 Hedge-cricks sing; and now, with treble soft,
 The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter from the skies.

Sonnets.

On First Looking into Chapman's Homer.

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken;
 Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

On England.

Happy is England! I could be content
 To see no other verdure than its own;
 To feel no other breezes than are blown
 Through its tall woods with high romances bled;
 Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment
 For skies Italian, and an inward groan
 To sit upon an Alp as on a throne.
 And half forgot what world or worldling meant.
 Happy is England, sweet her artless daughters;
 Enough their simple loveliness for me;
 Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging:
 Yet do I often warmly burn to see
 Beauties of deeper glance and hear their singing,
 And float with them about their summer waters.

DR. REGINALD HEBER.

DR. REGINALD HEBER, bishop of Calcutta, was born April 21, 1783, at Malpas in Cheshire, where his father had a living. In his seventeenth year he was admitted of Brazen-nose College, Oxford, and soon distinguished himself by his classical attainments. In 1802 he obtained the university prize for Latin hexameters, his subject being the 'Carmen Seculare.' Applying himself to English verse, Heber, in 1808, composed his poem of 'Palestine,' which has been considered the best prize-poem the university has ever produced. Parts of it were set to music; and it had an extensive sale. Previous to its recitation in the theatre of the university, the young author read it to Sir Walter Scott, then on a visit to Oxford; and Scott observed, that in the verses on Solomon's Temple, one striking circumstance had escaped him—namely, that no tools were used in its construction. Reginald retired for a few minutes to the corner of the room, and returned with the beautiful lines:

No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung;
 Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
 Majestic silence!

His picture of Palestine, in its now fallen and desolate state, is pathetic and beautiful:

Palestine.

Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
 Mourn, widowed Queen! forgotten Sion, mourn!
 Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
 Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
 While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
 And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?
 Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed?
 Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued?
 No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
 No suppliant nations in thy temple wait;
 No prophet-bards, the glittering courts among,
 Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
 But lawless Force and meagre Want are there,
 And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
 While cold Oblivion, mid thy ruins laid,
 Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

He has also given a striking sketch of the Druses, the hardy mountain race descended from the Crusaders:

The Druses.

Fierce, hardy, proud, in conscious freedom bold,
Those stormy seats the warrior Druses hold;
From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,
Their lion-courage proves their generous race.
They, only they, while all around them kneel
In sullen homage to the Thracian steel,
Teach their pale despot's waning moon to fear
The patriot terrors of the mountain spear.
Yes, valorous chiefs, while yet your sabres shine,
The native guard of feeble Palestine,
Oh, ever thus, by no vain boast dismayed,
Defend the birthright of the cedar shade!
What though no more for you the obedient gale
Swells the white bosom of the Tyrian sail;
Though now no more your glittering marts unfold
Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold;
Though not for you the pale and sickly slave
Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy cave;
Yet yours the lot, in proud contentment blest,
Where cheerful labour leads to tranquil rest.
No robber-rage the ripening harvest knows;
And unrestrained the generous vintage flows;
Nor less your sons to manliest deeds aspire;
And Asia's mountains glow with Spartan fire,
So when, deep sinking in the rosy main,
The western sun forsakes the Syrian plain,
His watery rays refracted lustre shed.
And pour their latest light on Carmel's head,
Yet shines your praise, amid surrounding gloom,
As the lone lamp that trembles in the tomb;
For few the souls that spurn a tyrant's chain,
And small the bounds of freedom's scanty reign.

In 1805 Heber took his degree of B.A., and the same year gained the prize for the English essay. He was elected to a fellowship at All Souls' College, and soon after went abroad, travelling over Germany, Russia, and the Crimea. On his return he took his degree of A.M. at Oxford. He appeared again as a poet in 1809, his subject being 'Europe, or Lines on the Present War.' The struggle in Spain formed the predominating theme of Heber's poem. He was now presented to the living of Hodnet; and at the same time he married Amelia, daughter of Dr. Shipley, dean of St. Asaph. The duties of a parish pastor were discharged by Heber with unostentatious fidelity and application. He also applied his vigorous intellect to the study of divinity, and in 1815 preached the Bampton Lecture, the subject selected by him for a course of sermons being the *Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter*. He was an occasional contributor to the '*Quarterly Review*;' and in 1822 he wrote a copious life of *Jeremy Taylor*, and a review of his writings, for a complete edition of *Taylor's works*. Contrary to the advice of prudent friends, he accepted, in 1823, the difficult task of bishop of Calcutta, and no m

could have entered on his mission with a more Christian or apostolic spirit. His whole energies appear to have been devoted to the journey to Travancore, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Doran, of the Church Missionary Society. On the 1st of April he arrived at Trichinopoly, and had twice service on the day following. He went the next day, Monday, at six o'clock in the morning, to see the native Christians in the fort, and attend divine service. He then returned to the house of a friend, and went into the bath preparatory to his dressing for breakfast. His servant, conceiving he remained too long, entered the room, and found the bishop dead at the bottom of the bath. Medical assistance was applied, but every effort proved ineffectual; death had been caused by apoplexy. The loss of so valuable a public man, equally beloved and venerated, was mourned by all classes, and every honour was paid to his memory. At the time of his death he was only in his forty-third year—a period too short to have developed those talents and virtues which, as one of his admirers in India remarked, rendered his course in life, from the moment that he was crowned with academical honours till the day of his death, one track of light, the admiration of Britain and of India. The widow of Dr. Heber published a *Memoir of his Life*, with selections from his letters; and also a *Narrative of his Journey through the Upper Provinces of India from Calcutta to Bombay*.

Missionary Hymn.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;

In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

From Bishop Heber's Journal.

If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fall,
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When on our deck reclined,

In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

of morn or eve the star
me on my knee,
ugh thou art distant far,
yers ascend for me.

then on! where duty leads,
rse be onward still;
d Hindostan's sultry meads,
ak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor wild Malwah detain;
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they
say,
Across the dark-blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee!

CHARLES WOLFE.

REV. CHARLES WOLFE (1791-1823), a native of Dublin, may to have earned a literary immortality by one short poem. In the 'Edinburgh Annual Register' a description of the second interment of Sir John Moore on the battle-field of Corunna, a young poet turned it into verse with such taste, pathos, and sublimity, that his poem has obtained an imperishable place in literature. The subject was attractive—the death of a brave and popular general on the field of battle, and his burial by his fellow soldiers—and the poet himself dying when young, and lamented by his friends, gave additional interest to the poem. The ode was published anonymously in an Irish newspaper in 1817, and was ascribed to various authors; Shelley considering it like a first draught by Campbell. In 1841 it was claimed by a school teacher and teacher, who ungenerously and dishonestly to pluck the laurel from the grave of its owner. The friends of the poet came forward, and established his right beyond any further question or controversy; and the new claimant was forced to confess his mistake, at the same time expressing his contrition for his misapprehension. His literary remains have been published, with a notice of his life by Archdeacon Russell.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!

The passage in the 'Edinburgh Annual Register' (1868) on which Wolfe founded his ode was written by Southey, and is as follows: 'Sir John Moore had often said that if he was killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there by a body of the 9th regiment, the aides-de-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured, and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened; for about eight in the morning some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack were made, they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave; the funeral-service was read by the chaplain; and the corpse was covered with earth.' In 1817 Wolfe took orders, and was first curate of Ballyclog, in Tyrone, and afterwards of Donoughmore. His incessant attention to his duties, in a wild and scattered parish, not only quenched his poetical enthusiasm, but hurried him to an untimely grave.

Song.

The following pathetic lyric is adapted to the Irish air 'Grammachree.' Wolfe said he on one occasion sung the air over and over till he burst into a flood of tears in which mood he composed the song.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had passed
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last
And thou shouldst smile no more!

*And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!*

But when I speak—thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill bleak corpse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee:

Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

THE DIBDINS—JOHN COLLINS.

CHARLES DIBDIN (1745-1814) was celebrated as a writer of naval songs, 'the solace of sailors in long voyages, in storms, and in battles,' and he was also an actor and dramatist. His sea-songs are said to exceed a thousand in number! His sons, Charles and Thomas, were also dramatists and song-writers, but inferior to the elder Dibdin. THOMAS DIBDIN (1771-1841) published his 'Reminiscences,' containing curious details of theatrical affairs. We subjoin two of the sea-songs of the elder Charles Dibdin:

Tom Bowling.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling.

The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For Death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:

And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly;
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed;
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

Poor Jack.

Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight-water boat and good sea-room give me,
And it a'n't to a little I'll strike.
Though the tempest top-gallant mast
snack smooth should smite
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the deck, stow the yards, and bouse
everything tight
And under reef foresail we'll scud:
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so
soft,
To be taken for trifles aback;
For they say there's a Providence sits up
aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I heard our good chaplain palaver one
day
About souls, heaven, mercy and such;
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil
and belay;
Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch;
For he said how a sparrow can't found-
er, d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below;
And a many fine things that proved clearly
to me
That Providence takes us in tow:
For, says he, do you mind me, let storms
e'er so soft
Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up
aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

We may add here an English song as truly national as any of Dibdin's, though of a totally different character. It was written by JOHN COLLINS, of whom we can learn nothing except that he was one of the proprietors of the 'Birmingham Daily Chronicle,' and died in 1808. It seems to have been suggested by Dr. Walter Pope's song of 'The Old Man's Wish.'

In the Downhill of Life.

In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
 May my lot no less fortunate be
 Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
 And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
 With an ambling pad-pouy to pace o'er the lawn,
 While I carol away idle sorrow,
 And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
 Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
 As the sunshine or rain may prevail;
 And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
 With a barn for the use of the flail:
 A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
 And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
 I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame.
 Nor what honours await him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
 Secured by a neighbouring hill;
 And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
 By the sound of a murmuring rill:
 And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
 With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
 With my friends may I share what to-day may afford,
 And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering
 Which I've worn for three-score years and ten,
 On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
 Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again:
 But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
 And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow;
 As this old worn-out stuff which is threadbare to-day,
 May become everlasting to-morrow.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

HERBERT KNOWLES, a native of Canterbury (1798-1817), produced, when a youth of eighteen, the following fine religious stanzas, which, being published in an article by Southey in the 'Quarterly Review,' soon obtained general circulation and celebrity: they have much of the steady faith and devotional earnestness of Cowper.

Lines Written in the Churchyard of Richmond, Yorkshire.

Lord, it is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.—*Matthew xvii. 4.*

Theminks it is good to be here.
 If thou wilt let us build—but for whom?
 Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
 But the shadows of eve that encompass with gloom
 The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah no!
 Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
 For see, they would pin him below
 In a small narrow cave, and, begirt with cold clay,
 To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah no! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore.
For the smoothness it held or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas, they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornments allowed,
But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain;
Who hid, in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squandered again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid
But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board!
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah no! they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above.
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow?—the dead cannot grieve;
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which Compassion itself could relieve.
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear;
Peace! peace is the watchward, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow!
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise!
The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when He rose to the skies.

ROBERT POLLOK.

It appeared a religious poem in blank verse, entitled 'The
of Time,' by ROBERT POLLOK, which speedily rose to great
ty, especially among the more serious and dissenting classes
and. The author was a young licentiate of the Scottish Seces-
sion. Many who scarcely ever looked into modern poetry
tempted to peruse a work which embodied their favourite theo-
enets, set off with the graces of poetical fancy and description;
the ordinary readers of imaginative literature, the poem had
originality enough to challenge an attentive perusal. 'The
of Time' is a long poem, extending to ten books, written in
sometimes imitates the lofty march of Milton, and at other

times resembles that of Blair and Young. The object of the poet is to describe the spiritual life and destiny of man; and he varies his religious speculations with episodical pictures and narratives, to illustrate the effects of virtue or vice. The sentiments of the author are strongly Calvinistic, and in this respect, as well as in a certain crude ardour of imagination and devotional enthusiasm, the poem reminds us of the style of the old Scottish theologians. It is often harsh, turgid, and vehement, and deformed by a gloomy piety which repels the reader, in spite of many fine passages and images that are scattered throughout the work. With much of the spirit and the opinions of Cowper, Pollok wanted his taste. Time might have mellowed the fruits of his genius; for certainly the design of such an extensive poem, and the possession of a poetical diction copious and energetic, by a young man reared in circumstances by no means favourable for the cultivation of a literary taste, indicate remarkable intellectual power and force of character. 'The Course of Time,' says Professor Wilson, 'though not a poem, overflows with poetry.' Hard as was the lot of the young poet in early life, he reverts to that period with poetic rapture:

Wake, dear remembrances! wake, childhood-days!
 Loves, friendships, wake! and wake thou, morn and even!
 Sun, with thy orient locks, night, moon, and stars!
 And thou, celestial bow, and all ye woods,
 And hills and vales, first trod in dawning life,
 And hours of holy musing, wake!

Robert Pollok was destined, like Henry Kirke White, to an early grave. He was born in the year 1799, at Muirhouse, in the parish of Eaglesham, Renfrewshire, and after the usual instruction in country schools, was sent to the university of Glasgow. He studied five years in the divinity hall under Dr. Dick. Some time after leaving college, he wrote a series of 'Tales of the Covenanters,' in prose, which were published anonymously. His application to his studies brought on symptoms of pulmonary disease, and shortly after he received his license to preach, in the spring of 1827, it was too apparent that his health was in a precarious and dangerous state. This tendency was further confirmed by the composition of his poem. Removal to the south-west of England was pronounced necessary for the poet's pulmonary complaint, and he went to reside at Shirley Common, near Southampton. The milder air of this place effected no improvement, and after lingering on a few weeks, Pollok died on the 17th of September 1827. The same year had witnessed his advent as a preacher and a poet, and his untimely death. 'The Course of Time,' however, continued to be a popular poem, and has gone through a vast number of editions, both in this country and in America, while the interest of the public in its author has led to a memoir of his life, published in 1843. Pollok was interred in the churchyard at Millbrook, the parish in which Shirley Common is situated, and some

is admirers have erected an obelisk of granite to point out the
's grave.

Love.—From Book V.

Hail love, first love, thou word that sums all bliss!
The sparkling cream of all Time's blessedness,
The silken down of happiness complete!
Discerner of the ripest grapes of joy
She gathered and selected with her hand,
All finest relishes, all fairest sights,
All rarest odours, all divinest sounds,
All thoughts, all feelings dearest to the soul:
And brought the holy mixture home, and filled
The heart with all superlatives of bliss.
But who would that expound, which words transcends,
Must talk in vain. Behold a meeting scene
Of early love, and thence infer its worth.

It was an eve of autumn's holliest mood,
The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand;
And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seemed
In silent contemplation to adore
Its maker. Now and then the aged leaf
Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground;
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought,
Conversing with itself. Vesper looked forth
From out her western hermitage, and smiled:
And up the east, unclouded, rode the moon
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense
As if she saw some wonder working there.

Such was the night, so lovely, still, serene,
When, by a hermit thorn that on the hill
Had seen a hundred flowery ages pass,
A damsel kneeled to offer up her prayer—
Her prayer nightly offered, nightly heard.
This ancient thorn had been the meeting-place
Of love, before his country's voice had called
The ardent youth to fields of honour far
Beyond the wave: and hither now repaired,
Nightly, the maid, by God's all-seeing eye
Seen only, while she sought this boon alone—
'Her lover's safety, and his quick return.'
In holy, humble attitude she kneeled,
And to her bosom, fair as moonbeam, pressed
One hand, the other lifted up to heaven.
Her eye, upturned, bright as the star of morn,
As violet meek, excessive ardour streamed,
Wafting away her earnest heart to God.
Her voice, scarce uttered, soft as Zephyr's sighs
On morning's lily cheek, though soft and low,
Yet heard in heaven, heard at the mercy-seat.
A tear-drop wandered on her lovely face;
It was a tear of faith and holy fear;
Pure as the drops that hang at dawning-time
On yonder willows by the stream of life.
On her the moon looked steadfastly; the stars
That circle nightly round the eternal throne
Glanced down, well pleased; and everlasting Love.
Gave gracious audience to her prayer sincere.

Oh, had her lover seen her thus alone,
 Thus holy, wrestling thus, and all for him !
 Nor did he not ; for oftentimes Providence
 With unexpected joy the fervent prayer
 Of faith surprised. Returned from long delay,
 With glory crowned of righteous actions won,
 The sacred thorn, to memory dear, first sought
 The youth, and found it at the happy hour
 Just when the damsel kneeled herself to pray.
 Wrapped in devotion, pleading with her God,
 She saw him not, heard not his foot approach.
 All holy images seemed too impure
 To emblem her he saw. A seraph kneeled,
 Beseeching for his ward before the throne,
 Seemed fittest, pleased him best. Sweet was the thought !
 But sweeter still the kind remembrance came
 That she was flesh and blood formed for himself,
 The plighted partner of his future life.
 And as they met, embraced, and sat embowered
 In woody chambers of the starry night,
 Spirits of love about them ministered,
 And God approving, blessed the holy joy !

Friendship.—From the Same.

Nor unremembered is the hour when friends
 Met. Friends, but few on earth, and therefore dear ;
 Sought oft, and sought almost as oft in vain ;
 Yet always sought, so native to the heart,
 So much desired and coveted by all.
 Nor wonder thou—thou wonderest not, nor need'st.
 Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair
 Was seen beneath the sun ; but nought was seen
 More beautiful, or excellent or fair
 Than face of faithful friend, fairest when seen
 In darkest day ; and many sounds were sweet,
 Most ravishing and pleasant to the ear ;
 But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend :
 Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
 Some I remember, and will ne'er forget ;
 My early friends, friends of my evil day ;
 Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too :
 Friends given by God in mercy and in love ;
 My counsellors, and comforters, and guides ;
 My joy in bliss, my second bliss in joy ;
 Companions of my young desires ; in doubt,
 My oracles, my wings in high pursuit.
 Oh, I remember, and will ne'er forget
 Our meeting spots, our chosen sacred hours,
 Our burning words that uttered all the soul,
 Our faces beaming with unearthly love ;
 Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope
 Exulting, heart embracing heart entire !
 As birds of social feather helping each
 His fellow's flight, we soared into the skies,
 And cast the clouds beneath our feet, and earth,
 With all her tardy leaden-footed cares,
 And talked the speech, and ate the food of heaven !
 These I remember, these selectest men,
 And would their names record ; but what avails
 My mention of their name ? Before the throne
 They stand illustrious 'mong the loudest harps,

And will receive thee glad, my friend and theirs—
 For all are friends in heaven, all faithful friends;
 And many friendships in the days of time
 Begun, are lasting here, and growing still;
 So grows ours evermore, both theirs and mine.

Nor is the hour of lonely walk forgot
 In the wide desert, where the view was large.
 Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me
 The solitude of vast extent, untouched
 By hand of art, where nature sowed herself,
 And reaped her crops; whose garments were the clouds;
 Whose minstrels, brooks; whose lamps, the moon and stars;
 Whose organ-choir, the voice of many waters;
 Whose banquets, morning dews; whose heroes, storms;
 Whose warriors, mighty winds; whose lovers, flowers;
 Whose orators, the thunderbolts of God;
 Whose palaces, the everlasting hills;
 Whose ceiling, heaven's unfathomable blue;
 And from whose rocky turrets, battled high,
 Prospect immense spread out on all sides round,
 Lost now beneath the welkin and the main,
 Now walled with hills that slept above the storm.
 Most fit was such a place for musing men,
 Happiest sometimes when musing without aim.

Happiness.—From the same.

Whether in crowds or solitudes, in streets
 Or shady groves, dwelt Happiness, it seems
 In vain to ask; her nature makes it vain;
 Though poets much, and hermits, talked and sung
 Of brooks and crystal founts, and weeping dews,
 And myrtle bowers, and solitary vales,
 And with the nymph made assignations there,
 And wooed her with a love-sick oaten reed;
 And sages too, although less positive,
 Advised their sons to court her in the shade.
 Delirious babble all! Was happiness
 Was self-approving, God-approving joy,
 In drops of dew, however pure? in gales,
 However sweet? in wells, however clear?
 Or groves, however thick with verdant shade?

True, these were of themselves exceeding fair;
 How fair at morn and even! worthy the walk
 Of loftiest mind, and gave, when all within
 Was right, a feast of overflowing bliss;
 But were the occasion, not the cause of joy.
 They waked the native fountains of the soul
 Which slept before, and stirred the holy tides
 Of feeling up, giving the heart to drink
 From its own treasures draughts of perfect sweet.

The Christian faith, which better knew the heart
 Of man, him thither sent for peace, and thus
 Declared: Who finds it, let him find it there;
 Who finds it not, for ever let him seek
 In vain; 'tis God's most holy, changeless will,

True Happiness had no localities,
 No tones provincial, no peculiar garb,
 Where Duty went, she went, with Justice went,
 And went with Meekness, Charity, and Love,
 Where'er a tear was dried, a wounded heart
 Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew

Of sympathy anointed, or a pang
 Of honest suffering soothed, or injury
 Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven ;
 Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
 Or Virtue's feeble embers fanned ; where'er
 A sin was heartily abjured and left ;
 Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed
 A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish ;
 There was a high and holy place, a spot
 Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
 Where Happiness, descending, sat and smiled.
 But these apart. In sacred memory lives
 The morn of life, first morn of endless days,
 Most joyful morn ! Nor yet for nought the joy.
 A being of eternal date commenced,
 A young immortal then was born ! And who
 Shall tell what strange variety of bliss
 Burst on the infant soul, when first it looked
 Abroad on God's creation fair, and saw
 The glorious earth and glorious heaven, and face
 Of man sublime, and saw all new, and felt
 All new ! when thought awoke, though never more
 To sleep ! when first it saw, heard, reasoned, willed,
 And triumphed in the warmth of conscious life !
 Nor happy only, but the cause of joy,
 Which those who never tasted always mourned.
 What tongue !—no tongue shall tell what bliss o'erflowed
 The mother's tender heart, while round her hung
 The offspring of her love, and lisped her name ;
 As living jewels dropped unstained from heaven,
 That made her fairer far, and sweeter seem,
 Than every ornament of costliest hue !
 And who hath not been ravished, as she passed
 With all her playful band of little ones,
 Like Luna with her daughters of the sky,
 Walking in matron majesty and grace ?
 All who had hearts here pleasure found : and oft
 Have I, when tired with heavy task, for tasks
 Were heavy in the world below, relaxed
 My weary thoughts among their guiltless sports,
 And led them by their little hands a-field,
 And watched them run and crop the tempting flower—
 Which oft, unasked, they brought me, and bestowed
 With smiling face, that waited for a look
 Of praise—and answered curious questions, but
 In much simplicity, but ill to solve :
 And heard their observations strange and new ;
 And settled whiles their little quarrels, soon
 Ending in peace, and soon forgot in love.
 And still I looked upon their loveliness,
 And sought through nature for similitudes
 Of perfect beauty, innocence, and bliss,
 And fairest imagery round me thronged ;
 Dew-drops at day-spring on a seraph's locks,
 Roses that bathe about the well of life.
 Young Loves, young Hopes, dancing on Morning's cheek,
 Gems leaping in the coronet of Love !
 So beautiful, so full of life, they seemed
 As made entire of beams of angel's eyes.
 Gay, guileless, sportive, lovely little things !
 Playing around the den of sorrow, clad

In smiles, believing in their fairy hopes,
And thinking man and woman true! all joy,
Happy all day, and happy all the night! —

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, a religious poet of deservedly high reputation, was borne at Irvine, in Ayrshire, November 4, 1771. His father was a Moravian missionary, who died whilst propagating Christianity in the Island of Tobago. The poet was educated at the Moravian school at Fulneck, near Leeds, but declined being a priest, and was put apprentice to a grocer at Mirfield, near Fulneck. In his sixteenth year, with 3s. 6d. in his pocket, he ran off from Mirfield, and after some suffering, became a shop-boy in the village of Wath, in Yorkshire. He next tried London, carrying with him a collection of his poems, but failed in his efforts to obtain a publisher. In 1791, he obtained a situation as clerk in a newspaper office in Sheffield; and his master failing, Montgomery, with the aid of friends, established the 'Sheffield Iris,' a weekly journal, which he conducted with marked ability, and in a liberal, conciliatory spirit, up to the year 1825. His course did not always run smooth. In January 1794, amidst the excitement of that agitated period, he was tried on a charge of having printed a ballad, written by a clergyman of Belfast, on the demolition of the Bastille in 1789; which was then interpreted into a seditious libel. The poor poet, notwithstanding the innocence of his intentions, was found guilty, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the castle of York, and to pay a fine of £20. In January 1795 he was tried for a second imputed political offence—a paragraph in his paper which reflected on the conduct of a magistrate in quelling a riot at Sheffield. He was again convicted, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment in York Castle, to pay a fine of £30, and to give security to keep the peace for two years. 'All the persons,' says the amiable poet, writing in 1840 'who were actively concerned in the prosecutions against me in 1794 and 1795, are dead, and, without exception, they died in peace with me. I believe I am quite correct in saying, that from each of them distinctly, in the sequel, I received tokens of good-will, and from several of them substantial proofs of kindness. I mention not this as a plea in extenuation of offences for which I bore the penalty of the law; I rest my justification, in these cases, now on the same grounds, and no other, on which I rested my justification then. I mention the circumstance to the honour of the deceased, and as an evidence that, amidst all the violence of that distracted time, a better spirit was not extinct, but finally prevailed, and by its healing influence did indeed comfort those who had been conscientious sufferers.'

Mr. Montgomery's first volume of poetry—he had previously written occasional pieces in his newspaper—appeared in 1803, and was entitled 'The Wanderer of Switzerland, and other Poems.' It speedily w

through two editions; and his publishers had just issued a third, when the 'Edinburgh Review' of January 1807 'denounced the unfortunate volume in a style of such authoritative reprobation as no mortal verse could be expected to survive.' The critique, indeed, was insolent and unfeeling—written in the worst style of the 'Review,' when all the sins of its youth were full-blown and unchecked. Among other things, the reviewer predicted that in less than three years nobody would know the name of 'The Wanderer of Switzerland,' or of any other of the poems in the collection. Within eighteen months from the utterance of this oracle, a fourth impression—1500 copies—of the condemned volume was passing through the press whence the 'Edinburgh Review' itself was issued, and it has now reached nearly twenty editions. The next work of the poet was 'The West Indies,' a poem in four parts, written in honour of the abolition of the African slave-trade by the British legislature in 1807. The poem is in the heroic couplet, and possesses a vigour and freedom of description, and a power of pathetic painting, much superior to anything in the first volume. Mr. Montgomery afterwards published 'Prison Amusements,' written during his nine months' confinement in York Castle in 1794 and 1795. In 1813 he came forward with a more elaborate performance, 'The World before the Flood,' a poem in the heroic couplet, and extending to ten short cantos. His pictures of the antediluvian patriarchs in their happy valley, the invasion of Eden by the descendants of Cain, the loves of Javan and Zillah, the translation of Enoch, and the final deliverance of the little band of patriarch families from the hand of the giants, are sweet and touching, and elevated by pure and lofty feeling. Connected with some patriotic individuals in his own neighbourhood 'in many a plan for lessening the sum of human misery at home and abroad,' our author next published 'Thoughts on Wheels' (1817), directed against state lotteries; and 'The Climbing Boy's Soliloquies,' published about the same time, in a work written by different authors, to aid in effecting the abolition, at length happily accomplished, of the cruel and unnatural practice of employing boys in sweeping chimneys. In 1819 he published 'Greenland,' a poem in five cantos, containing a sketch of the ancient Moravian Church, its revival in the eighteenth century, and the origin of the missions by that people to Greenland in 1733. The poem, as published, is only a part of the author's original plan, but the beauty of its polar descriptions and episodes recommended it to public favour. The only other long poem by Mr. Montgomery is 'The Pelican Island,' suggested by a passage in Captain Flinders's voyage to Terra Australis, describing the existence of the ancient haunts of the pelican in the small islands on the coast of New Holland. The work is in blank verse, in nine short cantos, and the narrative is supposed to be delivered by an imaginary being who witnesses the series of events related, after the whole has happened. The poem abounds in minute and delicate descriptions of

natural phenomena—has great felicity of diction and expression—and altogether possesses more of the power and fertility of the master than any other of the author's works.

Besides the works we have enumerated, Mr. Montgomery threw off a number of small effusions, published in different periodicals, and short translations from Dante and Petrarch. On his retirement in 1825 from the 'invidious station' of newspaper editor, which he had maintained for more than thirty years, through good report and evil report, his friends and neighbours of Sheffield, of every shade of political and religious distinction invited him to a public entertainment, at which the late Earl Fitzwilliam presided. There the happy and grateful poet 'ran through the story of his life even from his boyish days,' when he came amongst them, friendless and a stranger, from his retirement at Fulneck among the Moravian brethren, by whom he was educated in all but knowledge of the world. He spoke with pardonable pride of the success which had crowned his labours as an author. 'Not, indeed,' he said 'with fame and fortune, as these were lavished on my greater contemporaries, in comparison with whose magnificent possessions on the British Parnassus my small plot of ground is no more than Naboth's vineyard to Ahab's kingdom; but it is my own; it is no copyhold; I borrowed it, I leased it from none. Every foot of it I enclosed from the common myself; and I can say that not an inch which I had once gained have I ever lost.' In 1830 and 1831 Mr. Montgomery was selected to deliver a course of lectures at the Royal Institution on Poetry and General Literature, which he prepared for the press, and published in 1833. A pension of £200 per annum was, at the instance of Sir Robert Peel, conferred upon Mr. Montgomery, which he enjoyed till his death in 1854, at the ripe age of eighty-three. A collected edition of his works, with autobiographical and illustrative matter, was issued in 1841 in four volumes, and *Memoirs of his Life and Writings* have been published by two of his friends, John Holland and James Everett. A tone of generous and enlightened morality pervades all the writings of this poet. He was the enemy of the slave-trade and of every form of oppression, and the warm friend of every scheme of philanthropy and improvement. The pious and devotional feelings displayed in his early effusions colour all his poetry. In description, however, he is not less happy; and in his 'Greenland' and 'Pelican Island' there are passages of great beauty, evincing a refined taste and judgment in the selection of his materials. His late works had more vigour and variety than those by which he first became distinguished. Indeed, his fame was long confined to what is termed the religious world, till he shewed, by his cultivation of different styles of poetry, that his depth and sincerity of feeling, the simplicity of his taste, and the picturesque beauty of his language, were not restricted to purely spiritual themes. His smaller poems enjoy a popularity almost equal to those of Moore, which, though differing widely

in subject, they resemble in their musical flow, and their compendious happy expression and imagery.

Greenland.

'Tis sunset ; to the firmament serene
 The Atlantic wave reflects a gorgeous scene ;
 Broad in the cloudless west, a belt of gold
 Girds the blue hemisphere ; above unrolled
 The keen clear air grows palpable to sight,
 Embodied in a flush of crimson light,
 Through which the evening-star, with milder gleam,
 Descends to meet her image in the stream.
 Far in the east, what spectacle unknown
 Allures the eye to gaze on it alone ?
 Amidst black rocks, that lift on either hand
 Their countless peaks, and mark receding land ;
 Amidst a tortuous labyrinth of seas,
 That shine around the Arctic Cyclades ;
 Amidst a coast of dreariest continent,
 In many a shapeless promontory rent ;
 O'er rocks, seas, islands, promontories spread,
 The ice-blink rears its undulated head, (1)
 On which the sun, beyond the horizon shined,
 Hath left his richest garniture behind ;
 Piled on a hundred arches, ridge by ridge,
 O'er fixed and fluid strides the alpine bridge,
 Whose blocks of supphire seem to mortal eye
 Hewn from cerulean quarries in the sky ;
 With glacier battlements that crowd the spheres,
 The slow creation of six thousand years,
 Amidst immensity it towers sublime,
 Winter's eternal palace, built by Time :
 All human structures by his touch are borne
 Down to the dust ; mountains themselves are worn
 With his light footsteps ; here for ever grows,
 Amid the region of unmelting snows,
 A monument ; where every flake that falls
 Gives adamantine firmness to the walls.
 The sun beholds no mirror in his race,
 That shews a brighter image of his face :
 The stars, in their nocturnal vigils, rest
 Like signal-fires on its illumined crest ;
 The gliding moon around the ramparts wheels,
 And all its magic lights and shades reveals :
 Beneath, the tide with equal fury raves,
 To undermine it through a thousand caves ;
 Rent from its roof, though thundering fragments off
 Plunge to the gulf, immovable aloft,
 From age to age, in air, o'er sea, on land,
 Its turrets heighten and its piers expand.
 Hark ! through the calm and silence of the scene,
 Slow, solemn, sweet, with many a pause between,
 Celestial music swells along the air !
 No ! 'tis the evening-hymn of praise and prayer
 From yonder deck, where, on the stern retired,

1 The term ice-blink is generally applied by mariners to the nocturnal illumination in the heavens, which denotes to them the proximity of ice-mountains. In this place the description is attempted of the most stupendous accumulation of ice in the known world, which has been long distinguished by this peculiar name by the Danish navigation.
 MONTGOMERY.

Three humble voyagers, (1) with looks inspired,
 And hearts enkindled with a holier flame .
 Than ever lit to empire or to fame
 Devoutly stand : their choral accents rise
 On wings of harmony beyond the skies ;
 And, 'midst the songs that seraph-minstrels sing,
 Day without night, to their immortal king
 These simple strains, which erst Bohemian hills
 Echoed to pathless woods and desert rills
 Now heard from Shetland's azure bound—are known
 In heaven ; and He who sits upon the throne
 In human form, with mediatorial power,
 Remembers Calvary, and hails the hour
 When, by the Almighty Father's high decree,
 The utmost north to him shall bow the knee,
 And, won by love, an untamed rebel race
 Kiss the victorious sceptre of his grace.
 Then to his eye, whose instant glance pervades
 Heaven's heights, earth's circle, hell's profoundest shades,
 Is there a group more lovely than those three
 Night-watching pilgrims on the lonely sea ?
 Or to his ear, that gathers, in one sound,
 The voices of adoring worlds around,
 Comes there a breath of more delightful praise
 Than the faint notes his poor disciples raise,
 Ere on the treacherous main they sink to rest,
 Secure as leaning on their Master's breast ?
 They sleep ; but memory wakes ; and dreams array
 Night in a lively masquerade of day ;
 The land they seek, the land they leave behind,
 Meet on mid-ocean in the plastic mind ;
 One brings forsaken home and friends so nigh,
 That tears in slumber swell the unconscious eye :
 The other opens, with prophetic view,
 Perils which e'en their fathers never knew
 (Though schooled by suffering, long inured to toil,
 Outcasts and exiles from their natal soil) ;
 Strange scenes, strange men ; untold, untried distress ;
 Pain, hardships, famine, cold, and nakedness,
 Diseases ; death in every hideous form,
 On shore, at sea, by fire, by flood, by storm ;
 Wild beasts, and wilder men—unmoved with fear,
 Health, comfort, safety, life, they count not dear,
 May they but hope a Saviour's love to shew,
 And warn one spirit from eternal woe ;
 Nor will they faint, nor can they strive in vain,
 Since thus to live is Christ, to die is gain.
 'Tis morn : the bathing moon her lustre shrouds ;
 Wide o'er the east impends an arch of clouds
 That spans the ocean ; while the infant dawn
 Peeps through the portal o'er the liquid lawn
 That ruffled by an April gale appears,
 Between the gloom and splendour of the spheres,
 Dark-purple as the moorland heath, when rain
 Hangs in low vapours over the autumnal plain :
 Till the full sun, resurgent from the flood,
 Looks on the waves, and turns them into blood ;
 But quickly kindling, as his beams aspire,
 The lambent billows play in forms of fire.

1 The first Christian missionaries to Greenland.

Where is the vessel? Shining through the light,
Like the white sea-fowl's horizontal flight.
Yonder she wings, and skims, and cleaves her way
Through reflux foam and iridescent spray.

Night.

Night is the time for rest;
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife;
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young like things on earth!

Night is the time to watch;
On ocean's dark expanse
To hail the Pleiades, or catch

The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care
Brooding on hours mispent,
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,
Summoned to die by Cæsar's ghost.

Night is the time to think;
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole,
Discerns beyond the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;
So will his followers do;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for death;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath
From sin and suffering cease;
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends—such death be mine!

The Pelican Island.

Light as a flake of foam upon the wind,
Keel-upward from the deep emerged a shell,
Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is filled:
Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,
And moved at will along the yielding water.
The native pilot of this little bark
Put out a tier of oars on either side,
Spread to the wafting breeze a twofold sail,
And mounted up and glided down the billow
In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,
And wander in the luxury of light.
Worth all the dead creation, in that hour,
To me appeared this lonely Nautilus,
My fellow-being, like myself alive.
Entranced in contemplation, vague yet sweet,
I watched its vagrant course and rippling wake,
Till I forgot the sun amidst the heavens.
It closed, sunk dwindled to a point, then nothing;
While the last bubble crowned the dimpling eddy
Through which mine eye still giddily pursued it,
▲ joyous creature vaulted through the air—

The aspiring fish that fain would be a bird,
On long, light wings, that flung a diamond-shower
Of dew-drops round its evanescent form,
Sprang into light and instantly descended.
Ere I could greet the stranger as a friend,
Or mourn his quick departure, on the surge
A shoal of dolphins, tumbling in wild glee,
Glowed with such orient tints, they might have been
The rainbow's offspring, when it met the ocean
In that resplendent vision I had seen.
While yet in ecstasy I hung o'er these,
With every motion pouring out fresh beauties,
As though the conscious colours came and went
At pleasure, glorying in their subtle changes—
Enormous o'er the flood, Leviathan
Looked forth, and from his roaring nostrils sent
Two fountains to the sky, then plunged again
In headlong pastime through the closing gulf.

The Recluse.

lain issuing into light,
A marble palace, threw
Even its column, pure and bright,
Ring thence in showers of dew;
On a humbler course it took,
A way a nameless brook.

as on its grassy margin sprang,
O'er its eddying surface played;
Midst the alder-branches sang,
As through the verdant meadows
Trayed;
Sary there lay down to rest,
Are the haleyon built her nest.

seantiful to stand and watch
Mountain's crystal turn to gems,
On the sky such colours catch
'twere raining diadems;
Was cold and curious art,
Harmed the eye, but missed the
cart.

to me the little stream,
se unimprisoned waters run,
se the changes of a dream, [sun;
ck and glen, through shade and

Its lovely links had power to bind
In welcome chains my wandering mind.

So thought I when I saw the face
By happy portraiture revealed,
Of one adorned with every grace,
Her name and date from me concealed,
But not her story; she had been
The pride of many a splendid scene.

She cast her glory round a court,
And frolicked in the gayest ring,
Where fashion's high-born minions sport
Like sparkling fireflies on the wing;
But thence, when love had touched her
soul,
To nature and to truth she stole,

From din, and pageantry, and strife,
'Midst woods and mountains, vales and
plains,

She treads the paths of lowly life,
Yet in a bosom-circle reigns,
No fountain scattering diamond-show-
ers,
But the sweet streamlet watering flowers.

Aspirations of Youth.

higher, will we climb,
se mount of glory,
se names may live through time
r country's story;
when her welfare calls,
se conquers, he who falls!

Onward! onward, will we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty.
Minds are of supernal birth,
Let us make a heaven of earth.

deeper, let us toll
se mines of knowledge;
se wealth and learning's spoil,
rom school and college:
se there for richer gems
stars of diadems.

Closer, closer, then we knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather;
Oh, they wander wide who roam,
For the joys of life, from home.

Nearer, dearer bands of love
Draw our souls in union,
To our Father's house above,

To the saints' communion;
Thither every hope ascend,
There may all our labours end.

The Common Lot.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man; and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast
That man resembled thee.

He loved—but whom he loved the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
Oh, she was fair! but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone:

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encountered all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast;
His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and
main,
Erewhile his portion, life, and light,
To him exist in vain.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no
more;
And foes—his foes are dead.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this—there lived a man!

Prayer.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, 'Behold, he prays!'

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and his Son
Their fellowship they find.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven by prayer.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod
Lord, teach us how to pray!

Home.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons enparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth,
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores

The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
 In every clime the magnet of his soul,
 Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
 For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace;
 The heritage of nature's noblest race,
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his softened looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
 Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
 Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
 Oh, thou shalt find, how'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

THE HON. WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

HON. WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER (1770–1834) published octo-syllabic poems of that description named *vers de societe*, whose object is to gild the social hour. They were exaggerated in sentiment and adulation, and wittily parodied in the 'Rejected Addresses.' As a companion, Mr. Spencer was much prized by the great circles of the metropolis; but, if we may credit an anecdote of Rogers, he must have been heartless and artificial. Moore thought Spencer should bail him when he was in custody after his duel with Jeffrey. 'Spencer did not seem much inclined to do so, remarking that he could not well go out, for it was *twelve o'clock*, and he had to be dressed *by four*.' Spencer, into pecuniary difficulties, removed to Paris, where he died. His poems were collected and published in 1835. Mr. Spencer translated 'Leonora' of Bürger with great success, and in a vein of excellence composed some original ballads, one of which, I by simplicity and pathos, we subjoin:

Berth Gelert, or the Grave of the Greyhound.

Men heard the bugle sound,
 Heerly smiled the morn;
 By a brach, and many a hound,
 Llewelyn's horn.

He blew a louder blast,
 Aye a lustier cheer:
 Gelert, come, wert never last
 Llewelyn's horn to hear.

'Oh, where doth faithful Gelert roam,
 The flower of all his race;
 So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
 A lion in the chase?

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
 The faithful Gelert fed;
 He watched, he served, he cheered his
 lord,
 And sentinelled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowden's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smeared with
gore;
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise;
Unused such looks to meet,
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn passed,
And on went Gelert too;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent;
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied—
He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

'Hell-bound! my child's by thee do—
The frantic father cried; [voured,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear:
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe!
'Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue.'

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

There, never could the spearman pass,
Or forrester unmoved;
There, oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear;
And there as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

And, till great Snowden's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of Gelert's Grave.'

To —.

Too late I stayed—forgive the crime;
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time,
That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of the glass,

When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass!

Oh, who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings;
When birds of Paradise have lost
Their plumage for his wings!

Stanzas.

night o'er the moonless skies The shade of youthful hope is there,
 of transient death has spread, That lingered long, and latest died;
 rtals sleep, when spectres rise, Ambition all dissolved to air,
 ight is wakeful but the dead: With phantom honours by his side.

ess shape my way pursues, What empty shadows glimmer nigh?
 ted ghost my couch annoys; They once were Friendship, Truth, and
 ore sad my fancy views, Love!
 of long-departed joys! Oh, die to thought, to memory die,
 Since lifeless to my heart ye prove!

ast two verses, Sir Walter Scott, who knew and esteemed
 , quotes in his diary, terming them 'fine lines,' and expres-
 his own feelings amidst the wreck and desolation of his for-
 Abbotsford.

HENRY LUTTRELL.

ier man of wit and fashion, and a pleasing versifier, was
 LUTTRELL (1770-1851), author of 'Advice to Julia: a Letter
 to,' 1820, and 'Crockford House,' 1827. Mr. Luttrell was a
 e in the circle of Holland House: 'none of the talkers whom
 n London society,' said Rogers, 'can slide in a brilliant thing
 ch readiness as he does.' The writings of these witty and
 ed conversationists seldom do justice to their talents, but
 e happy descriptive passages and touches of light satire in
 's verses. Rogers used to quote an epigram made by his
 n the celebrated vocalist, Miss Tree:

On this tree when a nightingale settles and sings,
 The tree will return her as good as she brings.

sat in the Irish parliament before the Union. He is said to
 n a natural son of Lord Carhampton. The following are
 from the 'Advice to Julia':

London in Autumn.

st. Rays of fiercer heat At rest, in motion—forced to roam
 e scorching pavement beat. Abroad, or to remain at home,
 the faint breeze, by fits Nature proclaims one common lot
 blows and intermits. For all conditions—'Be ye hot!'

lived green, a russet brown Day is intolerable—Night
 ry withering shrub in town. As close and suffocating quite:
 the air, in clouds arise And still the mercury mounts higher,
 than plagues of dust and flies; Till London seems again on fire.

The November Fog of London.

he dawn of lingering day,
 an ashy gray;
 ening with a sordid stain
 , like a lion's mane.
 sportunate and dense,
 bruce with every sense.
 scape not. All around
 full in woe's sound.
 and still, afraid to stir,

The chilled and puzzled passenger,
 Oft blundering from the pavement, fails
 To feel his way along the rails;
 Or at the crossings, in the roll
 Of every carriage dreads the pole.
 Scarce an eclipse, with pall so dun,
 Blots from the face of heaven the sun.
 But soon a thicker, darker cloak
 Wraps all the town, behold, in smoke.

Which steam-compelling trade disgorges
 From all her furnaces and forges
 In pitchy clouds, too dense to rise,
 Descends rejected from the skies;
 'Till struggling day, extinguished quite
 At noon gives place to candle-light.
 O Chemistry, attractive maid,
 Descend, in pity, to our aid:
 Come with thy all-pervading gases,
 Thy crucibles, retorts, and glasses,
 Thy fearful energies and wonders,
 Thy dazzling lights and mimic thunders;
 Let Carbon in thy train be seen,
 Dark Azote and fair Oxygen,

And Wollaston and Davy guide
 The car that bears thee, at the side.
 If any power can, any how
 Abate these nuisances, 'tis thou;
 And see, to aid thee, in the blow,
 The bill of Michael Angelo;
 Oh join—success a thing of course is—
 Thy heavenly to his mortal forces;
 Make all chimneys chew the cud
 Like hungry cows, as chimneys should!
 And since 'tis only smoke we draw
 Within our lungs at common law,
 Into their thirsty tubes be sent
 Fresh air, by act of parliament.

HENRY GALLY KNIGHT.

Some Eastern tales in the manner and measure of Byron were written by an accomplished man of fortune, MR. HENRY GALLY KNIGHT (1786–1846). The first of these, 'Ilderim, a Syrian Tale,' was published in 1816. This was followed by 'Phrosoyne, a Grecian Tale,' 'Alashtar, an Arabian Tale,' 1817. Mr. Knight also wrote a dramatic poem, 'Hannibal in Bithynia.' Though evincing poetical taste and correctness in the delineation of Eastern manners—for Mr. Knight had travelled—these poems failed in exciting attention; and their author turned to the study of our mediæval architecture. His 'Architectural Tour in Normandy,' and 'Ecclesiastical Architecture of Italy from the Time of Constantine to the Fifteenth Century'—the latter a splendidly illustrated work—are valuable additions to this branch of our historical literature.

SAYERS—HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

Several other minor poets of considerable merit at the beginning of this period, were read and admired by poetical students and critics, who have affectionately preserved their names, though the works they praised are now forgotten. DR. FRANK SAYERS, of Norwich (1768–1817) has been specially commemorated by Southey, though even in 1826 the laureate admitted that Sayers was 'out of date.' The works of this amiable physician consisted of 'Dramatic Sketches of the Ancient Northern Mythology,' 1790; 'Disquisitions, Metaphysical and Literary,' 1793; 'Nugæ Poeticæ,' 1803; 'Miscellanies,' 1806; &c. The works of Sayers were collected and republished, with an account of his life, by William Taylor of Norwich, in 1823.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS (1762–1827) was very early in life introduced to public notice by Dr. Kippis, who recommended her first work, 'Edwin and Elfrida' (1782). She went to reside in France, imbibed republican opinions, and was near suffering with the *Girondists* during the tyranny of Robespierre. She was a voluminous writer both in prose and verse, author of 'Letters from France,' 'Travels in Switzerland,' 'Narrative of events in France,' 'Correspondence of Louis XVI., with Observations,' &c. In 1828 she

collected and re-published her poems. To one of the pieces in this edition she subjoins the following note: 'I commence the sonnets with that to Hope, from a predilection in its favour, for which I have a proud reason: it is that of Mr. Wordsworth, who lately honoured me with his visits while at Paris, having repeated it to me from memory, after a lapse of many years.'

Sonnet to Hope.

Oh, ever skilled to wear the form we love !
 To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart !
 Come, gentle Hope ! with one gay smile remove
 The lasting sadness of an aching heart.
 Thy voice, benign enchantress ! let me hear ;
 Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom,
 That Fancy's radiance, Friendship's precious tear,
 Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom.
 But come not glowing in the dazzling ray,
 Which once with dear illusions charmed my eye,
 Oh, strew no more, sweet flatterer ! on my way
 The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die ;
 Visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast,
 That asks not happiness, but longs for rest !

LEIGH HUNT.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT, a poet and essayist of the lively and descriptive, not the *intense* school, was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, October 19, 1784. His father was a West Indian; but being in Pennsylvania at the time of the American war, he espoused the British interest with so much warmth, that he had to leave the new world and seek a subsistence in the old. He took orders in the Church of England, and was some time tutor to the nephew of Lord Chandos, near Southgate. His son—who was named after his father's pupil, Mr. Leigh—was educated at Christ's Hospital, where he continued till his fifteenth year. 'I was then,' he says, 'first deputy Grecian; and had the honour of going out of the school in the same rank, at the same age, and for the same reason as my friend Charles Lamb. The reason was, that I hesitated in my speech. It was understood that a Grecian was bound to deliver a public speech before he left school, and to go into the church afterwards; and as I could do neither of these things, a Grecian I could not be.' Leigh was then a poet, and his father collected his verses, and published them with a large list of subscribers. He has himself described this volume as a heap of imitations, some of them clever enough for a youth of sixteen, but absolutely worthless in every other respect. In 1805 Mr. Hunt's brother set up a paper called 'The News,' and the poet went to live with him, and write the theatrical criticisms in it. Three years afterwards, they established, in joint-partnership, 'The Examiner,' a weekly journal conducted with distinguished ability. The poet was more literary than political in his tastes and lucubrations; but unfortunately, he ventured some strictures on the prince

regent, terming him 'a fat Adonis of fifty,' with other personalities, and he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The poet's captivity was not without its bright side. He had much of the public sympathy, and his friends—Byron and Moore being of the number—were attentive in their visits. One of his two rooms on the 'ground-floor' he converted into a picturesque and poetical study: 'I papered the walls with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling coloured with clouds and sky; the barred windows were screened with Venetian blinds; and when my bookcases were set up, with their busts and flowers, and a pianoforte made its appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side of the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door, to see him come in and stare about him. The surprise on issuing from the Borough, and passing through the avenues of a jail, was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room except in a fairy tale. But I had another surprise, which was a garden. There was a little yard outside railed off from another belonging to the neighbouring ward. This yard I shut in with green pailings, adorned it with a trellis, bordered it with a thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a grass-plot. The earth I filled with flowers and young trees. There was an apple-tree from which we managed to get a pudding the second year. As to my flowers, they were allowed to be perfect. A poet from Derbyshire [Mr. Moore] told me he had seen no such heart's-ease. I bought the 'Parnaso Italiano' while in prison, and used often to think of a passage in it while looking at this miniature piece of horticulture:

Mio picciol orto,
A me sei vigna, e campo, e selva, e prato.—BALDI.

My little garden,
To me thou'rt vineyard, field, and wood, and meadow.

Here I wrote and read in fine weather, sometimes under an awning. In autumn, my trellises were hung with scarlet-runners, which added to the flowery investment. I used to shut my eyes in my arm-chair, and affect to think myself hundreds of miles off. But my triumph was in issuing forth of a morning. A wicket out of the garden led into the large one belonging to the prison. The latter was only for vegetables, but it contained a cherry-tree, which I twice saw in blossom.*

This is so interesting a little picture, and so fine an example of making the most of adverse circumstances, that it should not be omitted in any life of Hunt. The poet, however, was not so well fitted to battle with the world, and apply himself steadily to worldly business, as he was to dress his garden and nurse his poetical fancies. He fell into difficulties, from which he was never afterwards wholly free. On leaving prison, he published his 'Story of Rimini,' an Italian tale in verse, containing some exquisite lines and passages.

* Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries.

set subsequently altered 'Rimini' considerably, but without
ing it. He set up a small weekly paper, 'The Indicator,' on
of the periodical essayists, which was well received. He also
the world two small volumes of poetry, 'Foliage,' and 'The
f the Poets.' In 1822, Mr. Hunt went to Italy to reside with
yron, and to establish 'The Liberal,' a crude and violent me-
f poetry and politics, both in the extreme of liberalism. This
tion was productive of mutual disappointment and disgust.
liberal' did not sell; Byron's titled and aristocratic friends
it against so plebeian a partnership; and Hunt found that the
oet, to whom he was indebted in a pecuniary sense, was cold,
c, and worldly-minded. Still more unfortunate was it that
ould afterwards have written the work 'Lord Byron and Some
Contemporaries' (1838), in which his disappointed feelings
ent, and their expression was construed into ingratitude. His
spent in struggling with influences contrary to his nature and
temperament. In 1835, he produced 'Captain Sword and
a Pen'—a poetical denunciation of war. In 1840, he greeted
h of the Princess-royal with a copy of verses, from which we
some pleasing lines:

where thou dost lie,
nought, remote or nigh,
of all the news we sing
ou know, sweet ignorant thing;
of planet's love nor people's;
t hear the giddy steeples
g of thee and thine,
even had rained them wine
t care for all the paths
s and of chamberlains,
doctors' learned looks,
very bishop's books,

Nor the lace that wraps thy chin,
No, nor for thy rank a pin.
E'en thy father's loving hand
Nowise dost thou understand,
When he makes thee feebly grasp
His finger with a tiny clasp;
Nor dost thou know thy very mother's
Balmy bosom from another's,
Though thy small blind eyes pursue it;
Nor the arms that draw thee to it;
Nor the eyes that, while they fold thee,
Never can enough behold thee!

the same year Hunt brought out a drama, 'A Legend
orance,' and in 1842 a narrative poem, 'The Palfrey.'
oetry, generally, is marked by a profusion of imagery,
ghtly fancy, and animated description. Some quaintness and
tion in his style and manner fixed upon him the name of a
ey poet; but his studies had lain chiefly in the elder writers,
imitated with success the lighter and more picturesque parts
ucer and Spenser. Boccaccio, and the gay Italian authors,
also to have been among his favourites. His prose essays
een collected and published under the title of 'The Indicator
e Companion, a Miscellany for the Fields and the Fireside.'
re deservedly popular—full of literary anecdote, poetical feel-
d fine sketches both of town and country life. Other prose
ere published by Hunt, including 'Sir Ralph Esher,' a novel
'The Town' (1848); 'Autobiography and Reminiscences'
'The Religion of the Heart' (1853); 'Biographical and Critical
f Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar' (1855).

'The Old Court Suburb' (1855); with several volumes of selections, sketches, and critical comments. The egotism of the author is undisguised; but in all Hunt's writings, his peculiar tastes and romantic fancy, his talk of books and flowers, and his love of the domestic virtues and charities—though he had too much imagination for his judgment in the serious matters of life—impart a particular interest and pleasure to his personal disclosures. In 1847, the crown bestowed a pension of £200 a year on the veteran poet. He died August 28, 1859. His son, Thornton Hunt, published a selection from his 'Correspondence' (1862).

May Morning at Ravenna.—From 'Rimini.'

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May,
Round old Ravenna's clear-shewn towers and bay,
A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
And there 's a crystal clearness all about;
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze;
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees;
And when you listen, you may hear a croll
Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil;
And all the scene, in short—sky, earth, and sea,
Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.
'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and springing:
The birds to the delicious time are singing,
Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
Where the light woods go seaward from the town;
While happy faces, striking through the green
Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen;
And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
Like joyful hands, come up with scattered light,
Come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day,
And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.
Already in the streets the stir grows loud,
Of expectation and a bustling crowd.
With feet and voice the gathering hum contends,
The deep talk heaves, the ready laugh ascends;
Callings, and clapping doors, and curs unite,
And shouts from mere exuberance of delight;
And armed bands, making important way,
Gallant and grave, the lords of holiday,
And nodding neighbors, greeting as they run,
And pilgrims, chanting in the morning sun.

Description of a Fountain.—From 'Rimini.'

And in the midst, fresh whistling through the scene,
The lightsome fountain starts from out the green,
Clear and compact; till, at its height o'errun,
It shakes its loosening silver in the sun.

Funeral of the Lovers in 'Rimini.'

The days were then at close of autumn—still,
A little rainy, and, towards nightfall, chill;
There was a fitful moaning air abroad;

And ever and anon, over the road,
 The last few leaves came fluttering from the trees,
 Whose trunks now thronged to sight, in dark varieties.
 The people, who, from reverence, kept at home,
 Listened till afternoon to hear them come;
 And hour and hour went by, and nought was heard
 But some chance horseman or the wind that stirred,
 Till towards the vesper-hour; and then, 'twas said,
 Some heard a voice, which seemed as if it read;
 And others said that they could hear a sound.
 Of many horses trampling the moist ground.
 Still, nothing came—till on a sudden, just
 As the wind opened in a rising gust,
 A voice of chanting rose, and, as it spread,
 They plainly heard the anthem for the dead.
 It was the choristers who went to meet
 The train, and now were entering the first street.
 Then turned aside that city, young and old,
 And in their lifted hands the gushing sorrow rolled.
 But of the older people, few could bear
 To keep the window, when the train drew near;
 And all felt double tenderness to see
 The bier approaching, slow and steadily,
 On which those two in senseless coldness lay,
 Who but a few short months—it seemed a day—
 Had left their walls, lovely in form and mind,
 In sunny manhood he—she first of womankind.
 They say that when Duke Guido saw them come,
 He clasped his hands, and looking round the room,
 Lost his old wits for ever. From the morrow
 None saw him after. But no more of sorrow.
 On that same night, those lovers silently
 Were buried in one grave, under a tree;
 There, side by side, and hand in hand, they lay
 In the green ground; and on fine nights in May
 Young hearts betrothed used to go there to pray.

To T. L. H., Six Years Old, during a Sickness.

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,

My little patient boy;
 And balmy rest about thee
 Smooths off the day's annoy.

I sit me down, and think
 Of all thy winning ways;
 Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
 That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
 Thy thanks to all that aid,
 Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
 Of fancied faults afraid;

The little trembling hand
 That wipes thy quiet tears,
 These, these are things that may de- and
 Dread memories for years.

*Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
 I will not think of now;
 And calmly 'midst my dear ones
 Have wasted with dry brow;*

But when thy fingers press
 And pat my stooping head,
 I cannot bear the gentleness—
 The tears are in their bed.

Ah! first-born of thy mother,
 When life and hope were new,
 Kind playmate of thy brother,
 Thy sister, father, too;
 My light, where'er I go,
 My bird, when prison-bound,
 My hand-in-hand companion—no,
 My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say 'He has departed'—
 'His voice'—'his face'—'is gone';—
 To feel impatient-hearted,
 Yet feel we must bear on;
 Ah, I could not endure
 To whisper of such woe,
 Unless I felt this sleep insure
 That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed, and sleeping!
This silence too the while—
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering us a smile:

Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of seraphim,
Who say, 'We've finished here.'

Dirge.

Best is the turf, serenely best,
Where throbbing hearts may sink to rest,
Where life's long journey turns to sleep,
Nor ever pilgrim wakes to weep.
A little sod, a few sad flowers,
A tear for long-departed hours,
Is all that feeling hearts request
To hush their weary thoughts to rest.

There shall no vain ambition come
To lure them from their quiet home:
Nor sorrow lift, with heart-strings riven,
The meek imploring eye to heaven:
Nor sad remembrance stoop to shed
His wrinkles on the slumberer's head;
And never, never love repair
To breathe his idle whispers there!

To the Grasshopper and the Cricket.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;

O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—
Indoors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

About Ben Adhem and the Angel.

About Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase!—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered: 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said: 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And shewed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

The above striking little narrative poem is taken from the 'Bibliothèque Orientale' of D'Herbelot.

JOHN CLARE.

JOHN CLARE, one of the most truly uneducated of English poets and one of the best of our rural describers, was born at Helpstone village near Peterborough, in 1793. His parents were peasants—

father a helpless cripple and a pauper. John obtained some education by his own extra work as a ploughboy; from the labour of eight weeks he generally acquired as many pence as paid for a month's schooling. At thirteen years of age he met with Thomson's 'Seasons,' and hoarded up a shilling to purchase a copy. At day-break on a spring morning he walked to the town of Stamford—six or seven miles off—to make the purchase, and had to wait some time till the shops were opened. This is a fine trait of boyish enthusiasm, and of the struggles of youthful genius. Returning to his native village with the precious purchase, as he walked through the beautiful scenery of Burghley Park, he composed his first piece of poetry, which he called the 'Morning Walk.' This was soon followed by the 'Evening Walk,' and some other pieces. A benevolent exciseman instructed the young poet in writing and arithmetic, and he continued his obscure but ardent devotion to his rural muse. In 1817, while working at Bridge Casterton, in Rutlandshire, he resolved on risking the publication of a volume. By hard working day and night, he got a pound saved, that he might have a prospectus printed. This was accordingly done, and a 'Collection of Original Trifles' was announced to subscribers, the price not to exceed 3s. 6d. 'I distributed my papers,' he says; 'but as I could get at no way of pushing them into higher circles than those with whom I was acquainted, they consequently passed off as quietly as if they had still been in my possession, unprinted and unseen.' Only seven subscribers came forward! One of these prospectuses, however, led to an acquaintance with Mr. Edward Drury, bookseller, Stamford, and through this gentleman the poems were published by Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, London, who purchased them from Clare for £20. The volume was brought out in January, 1820, with an interesting well-written introduction, and bearing the title, 'Poems Descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery, by John Clare, a Northamptonshire Peasant.' The attention of the public was instantly awakened to the circumstances and the merits of Clare. The magazines and reviews were unanimous in his favour. In a short time he was in possession of a little fortune. The late Earl Fitzwilliam sent £100 to his publishers, which, with the like sum advanced by them, was laid out in the purchase of stock; the Marquis of Exeter allowed him an annuity of fifteen guineas for life; the Earl of Spencer a further annuity of £10, and various contributions were received from other noblemen and gentlemen, so that the poet had a permanent allowance of £30 per annum. He married his 'Patty of the Vale,' 'the rosebud in humble life,' the daughter of a neighbouring farmer; and in his native cottage at Helpstone, with his aged and infirm parents and his young wife by his side—all proud of his now rewarded and successful genius—Clare basked in the sunshine of a poetical felicity. The writer of this recollects with melancholy pleasure paying a visit to the poet at this genial season in company with one of his publishers. The humble dwelling wore an air of comfort and contented happiness. Shelve

were fitted up filled with books, most of which had been sent as presents. Clare read and liked them all! He took us to see his favourite scene, the haunt of his inspiration. It was a low fall of swampy ground, used as a pasture, and bounded by a dull rushy brook, overhung with willows. Yet here Clare strayed and mused delighted.

Flow on, thou gently plashing stream,
O'er weed-beds wild and rank;
Delighted I've enjoyed my dream
Upon thy mossy bank:
Bemoistening many a weedy stem,
I've watched thee wind so clearly,
And on thy bank I found the gem
That makes me love thee dearly.

In 1821 Clare came forward again as a poet. His second publication was entitled 'The Village Minstrel and other Poems,' in two volumes. The first of these pieces is in the Spenserian stanza, and describes the scenes, sports, and feelings of rural life—the author himself sitting for the portrait of Lubin, the humble rustic who 'hummed his lowly dreams

Far in the shade where poverty retires.'

The descriptions of scenery, as well as the expression of natural emotion and generous sentiment in this poem, exalted the reputation of Clare as a true poet. He afterwards contributed short pieces to the annuals and other periodicals, marked by a more choice and refined diction. The poet's prosperity was, alas! soon over. His discretion was not equal to his fortitude: he speculated in farming, wasted his little hoard, and amidst accumulating difficulties, sank into nervous despondency and despair. He was placed an inmate in Dr. Allen's private lunatic asylum in the centre of Epping Forest, where he remained for about four years. He then effected his escape, but shortly afterwards was taken to the Northampton lunatic asylum, where he had to drag on a miserable existence of twenty more years. He died May 20, 1864. So sad a termination of his poetical career it is painful to contemplate. Amidst the native wild-flowers of his song we looked not for the 'deadly nightshade'—and, though the examples of Burns, of Chatterton, and Bloomfield, were better fitted to inspire fear than hope, there was in Clare a naturally lively and cheerful temperament, and an apparent absence of strong and dangerous passions, that promised, as in the case of Allan Ramsay, a life of humble yet prosperous contentment and happiness. Poor Clare's muse was the true offspring of English country-life. He was a faithful painter of rustic scenes and occupations, and he noted every light and shade of his brooks, meadows, and green lanes. His fancy was buoyant in the midst of labour and hardship; and his imagery, drawn directly from nature, is various and original. Careful finishing could not be expected from the rustic poet, yet there is often a fine delicacy and beauty in his pieces. In grouping and forming his pictures, he had recourse to new and original expressions—as for example:

Brisk winds the lightened branches shake
By pattering, plashing drops confessed;
And, where oaks dripping shade the lake,
Paint *crimping dimples* on its breast.

One of his sonnets is singularly rich in this vivid word-painting:

Sonnet to the Glow-worm.

Tasteful illumination of the night,
Bright scattered, twinkling star of spangled earth!
Hail to the nameless coloured dark and light,
The witching nurse of thy illumined birth.
In thy still hour how dearly I delight
To rest my weary bones, from labour free;
In lone spots, out of hearing, out of sight,
To sigh day's smothered pains; and pause on thee,
Bedecking dangling brier and ivied tree.
Or diamonds tipping on the grassy spear;
Thy pale-faced glimmering light I love to see,
Gilding and glistering in the dew-drop near:
O still-hour's mate! my easing heart sobs free,
While tiny bents low bend with many an added tear.

The delicacy of some of his sentimental verses, mixed up in careless profusion with others less correct or pleasing, may be seen from the following part of a ballad, 'The Fate of Amy:'

The flowers the sultry summer kills,
Spring's milder suns restore;
But innocence, that fickle charm,
Blooms once, and blooms no more.

Lost was that sweet simplicity;
Her eye's bright lustre fled;
And o'er her cheeks, where roses bloomed
A sickly paleness spread.

The swains who loved no more admire,
Their hearts no beauty warms;
And maidens triumph in her fall
That envied once her charms.

So fades the flower before its time,
Where canker-worms assail;
So droops the bud upon its stem
Beneath the sickly gale.

What is Life?

And what is Life? An hour-glass on the run,
A mist retreating from the morning sun,
A busy, bustling, still-repeated dream.
Its length? A minute's pause, a moment's thought.
And Happiness? A bubble on the stream,
That in the act of seizing shrinks to nought.

And what is Hope? The puffing gale of morn,
That robs each floweret of its gem—and dies;
A cobweb, hiding disappointment's thorn,
Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.

And what is Death? Is still the cause unfound?
That dark mysterious name of horrid sound?
A long and lingering sleep the weary crave.
And Peace? Where can its happiness abound?
Nowhere at all, save heaven and the grave.

Then what is Life? When stripped of its disguise,
A thing to be desired it cannot be;
Since everything that meets our foolish eyes
Gives proof sufficient of its vanity.

'Tis but a trial all must undergo,
To teach unthankful mortals how to prize
That happiness vain man's denied to know,
Until he's called to claim it in the skies.

Summer Morning.

'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze,
Or list the giggling of the brook ;
Or, stretched beneath the shade of trees,
Peruse and pause on nature's book ;

When nature every sweet prepares
To entertain our wished delay—
The images which morning wears,
The wakening charms of early day !

Now let me tread the meadow paths,
Where glittering dew the ground illumines,
As sprinkled o'er the withering swaths
Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes.

And hear the beetle sound his horn,
And hear the skylark whistling nigh,
Sprung from his bed of tufted corn,
A halting minstrel in the sky.

First sunbeam, calling night away
To see how sweet thy summons seems ;

Split by the willow's wavy gray,
And sweetly dancing on the stream.

How fine the spider's web is spun,
Unnoticed to vulgar eyes ;
Its silk thread glittering in the sun
Art's bungling vanity defies.

Roaming while the dewy fields
Neath their morning burden lean,
While its crop my searchless shields,
Sweet I scent the blossomed bean.

Making off remarking stups ;
Watching tiny nameless things
Olimb the grass's spiry tops
Ere they try their gauzy wings.

So emerging into light,
From the ignorant and vain
Fearful genius takes her flight,
Skimming o'er the lowly plain.

The Primrose—A Sonnet.

Welcome, pale primrose ! starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak that strew
The every lawn, the wood, and spinney through,
Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green ;
How much thy presence beautifies the ground !
How sweet thy modest and unaffected pride
Glow on the sunny bank and wood's warm side !
And where thy fairy flowers in groups are found,
The school-boy roams enchanted along,
Picking the fairest with a rude delight :
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight ;
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning spring.

The Thrush's Nest—A Sonnet.

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush
That overhung a molehill, large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound
With joy—and oft an unintruding guest,
I watched her secret toils from day to day ;
How true she warped the moss to form her nest,
And modelled it within with wood and clay.
And by and by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers.

Ink-spotted over, shells of green and blue:
And there I witnessed, in the summer hours,
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.*

First-love's Recollections.

will with the heart remain
his hopes are all gone by;
rose-blossoms still retain
fragrance when they die:
first dreams will haunt the mind
shades 'mid which they sprung,
or leaves the stems behind
in spring's blossoms hung.

are not call thee dear,
that right so long;
again I vex thine ear
memory's idle song.
ide to name thy name,
that pride hath flown,
ing blushes speak my shame,
as I love thee on.

to part, how fond to meet,
two used to be;
, with what eager feet
led unto thee!

Scarce nine days passed us ere we met
In spring, nay, wintry weather;
Now nine years' suns have risen and set,
Nor found us once together.

Thy face was so familiar grown,
Thyself so often nigh,
A moment's memory when alone,
Would bring thee in mine eye;
But now my very dreams forget
That witching look to trace;
Though there thy beauty lingers yet,
It wears a stranger's face.

When last that gentle cheek I prest,
And heard thee feign adieu,
I little thought that seeming jest
Would prove a word so true!
A fate like this hath oft befall
Even loftier hopes than ours;
Spring bids full many buds to swell,
That ne'er can grow to flowers.

Dawnings of Genius.

In those low paths which poverty surrounds,
The rough rude ploughman, off his fallow grounds—
That necessary tool of wealth and pride—
While milled and sweating, by some pasture's side,
Will often stoop, inquisitive to trace
The opening beauties of a daisy's face;
Oft will he witness, with admiring eyes,
The brook's sweet dimples o'er the pebbles rise;
And often bent, as o'er some magic spell,
He'll pause and pick his shaped stone and shell;
Raptures the while his inward powers inflame,
And joys delight him which he cannot name;
Ideas picture pleasing views to mind,
For which his language can no utterance find,
Increasing beauties, freshening on his sight,
Unfold new charms and witness more delight;
So while the present please, the past decay,
And in each other, losing, melt away.
Thus pausing wild on all he scatters by,
He feels enraptured, though he knows not why;

comery says quaintly but truly of this sonnet: 'Here we have in miniature the
d geography of a thrush's nest, so simply and naturally set forth, that one
k such strains

No more difficult
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.

heartless critic who despises them try his own hand either at a bird's nest or
'this'; and when he has succeeded in making the one, he may have some
able to make the other.'

And hums and mutters o'er his joys in vain,
 And dwells on something which he can't explain.
 The bursts of thought with which his soul's perplexed,
 Are bred one moment, and are gone the next;
 Yet still the heart will kindling sparks retain,
 And thoughts will rise and Fancy strive again.
 So have I marked the dying ember's light,
 When on the hearth it fainted from my sight,
 With glimmering glow oft reddened up again,
 And sparks crack brightening into life in vain;
 Still lingering out its kindling hope to rise,
 Till faint, and fainting, the last twinkle dies.
 Dim burns the soul, and throbs the fluttering hear,
 Its painful pleasing feelings to impart;
 Till by successful sallies wearied quite,
 The memory falls, and Fancy takes her flight;
 The wick, confined within its socket, dies,
 Borne down and smothered in a thousand sighs.

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

JAMES SMITH (1775-1839) was a lively and amusing author both in prose and verse. His father Mr. Robert Smith, was an eminent legal practitioner in London, and solicitor to the Board of Ordnance—a gentleman of learning and accomplishments, whose latter years were gratified by the talents and reputation of his two sons, James and Horace. James, the eldest, was educated at a school at Chigwell, in Essex, and was usually at the head of his class. For this retired 'school-boy spot' he ever retained a strong affection, rarely suffering, as his brother relates, a long interval to elapse without paying it a visit, and wandering over the scenes that recalled the truant excursions of himself and chosen playmates, or the solitary rambles and musings of his youth. Two of his latest poems are devoted to his reminiscences of Chigwell. After the completion of his education, James Smith was articled to his father, was taken into partnership in due time, and eventually succeeded to the business, as well as to the appointment of solicitor to the Ordnance. With a quick sense of the ridiculous, a strong passion for the stage and the drama, and a love of London society and manners, Smith became a town wit and humorist—delighting in parodies, theatrical colloquies, and fashionable criticism. His first pieces appear to have been contributed to the 'Picnic' newspaper, established by Colonel Henry Greville, which afterwards merged into 'The Cabinet,' both being solely calculated for the topics and feelings of the day. A selection from the 'Picnic' papers, in two small volumes, was published in 1803. He next joined the writers for the 'London Review'—a journal established by Cumberland the dramatist, on the principle of affixing the writer's name to his critique. The Review proved a complete failure. The system of publishing names was an unwise innovation, destroying equally the harmless curiosity of the reader, and the critical independence of the author, and Cumberland, besides, was too vain, too irritable and poor, to secure a good list of contributors. Smith then became a

constant writer in 'The Monthly Mirror'—wherein Henry Kirke White first attracted the notice of what may be termed the literary world—and in this work appeared a series of poetical imitations, entitled 'Horace in London,' the joint production of James and Horace Smith. These parodies were subsequently collected and published in one volume in 1813, after the success of the 'Rejected Addresses' had rendered the authors famous. Some of the pieces display a lively vein of town levity and humour, but many of them also are very trifling and tedious. In one stanza, James Smith has given a true sketch of his own tastes and character:

Me toil and ease alternate share,
Books, and the converse of the fair
(To see is to adore 'em);
With these, and London for my home,
I envy not the joys of Rome,
The Circus or the Forum!

To London he seems to have been as strongly attached as Dr. Johnson himself. 'A confirmed metropolitan in all his tastes and habits, he would often quaintly observe, that London was the best place in summer, and the only place in winter; or quote Dr. Johnson's dogma: "Sir, the man that is tired of London is tired of existence." At other times he would express his perfect concurrence with Dr. Mosley's assertion that in the country one is always maddened with the noise of nothing; or laughingly quote the Duke of Queensberry's rejoinder, on being told one sultry day in September, that London was exceedingly empty: "Yes, but it's fuller than the country." He would not, perhaps, have gone quite so far as his old friend Jekyll, who used to say, that "if compelled to live in the country, he would have the approach to his house paved like the streets of London, and hire a hackney-coach to drive up and down the street all day long;" but he would relate, with great glee, a story shewing the general conviction of his dislike to ruralities. He was sitting in the library at a country-house, when a gentleman, informing him that the family were all out, proposed a quiet stroll into the pleasure-grounds. "Stroll! why, don't you see my gouty shoe?" "Yes, but what then? You don't really mean to say that you have got the gout? I thought you had only put on that shoe to avoid being shewn over the improvements."* There is some good-humoured banter and exaggeration in this dislike of ruralities; and accordingly we find that, as Johnson found his way to the remote Hebrides, Smith occasionally transported himself to Yorkshire and other places, the country seats of friends and noblemen. The 'Rejected Addresses' appeared in 1812, having engaged James and Horace Smith six weeks, and proving 'one of the luckiest hits in literature.' The directors of Drury Lane Theatre had offered a premium for the best poetical address to be spoken on opening the new

* *Memoir prefixed to Smith's Comic Miscellanies, 2 vols. 1814.*

edifice : and a casual hint from Mr. Ward, secretary to the theatre, suggested to the witty brothers the composition of a series of humorous addresses, professedly composed by the principal authors of the day.

The work was ready by the opening of the theatre, but, strange to say, it was with difficulty that a publisher could be procured, although the authors asked nothing for copyright. At length, Mr. John Miller, a dramatic publisher, undertook the publication, offering to give half the profits, should there be any. In an advertisement prefixed to a late edition (the twenty-second!), it is stated that Mr. Murray, who had refused without even looking at the manuscript, purchased the copyright in 1819, after the book had run through sixteen editions, for £131. The success of the work was indeed almost unexampled. The articles written by James Smith consisted of imitations of Wordsworth, Cobbett, Southey, Coleridge, Crabbe, and a few travesties. Some of them are inimitable, particularly the parodies on Cobbett and Crabbe, which were also among the most popular. Horace Smith contributed imitations of Walter Scott, Moore, Monk Lewis, W. T. Fitzgerald—whose ‘Loyal Effusion’ is irresistibly ludicrous for its extravagant adulation and fustian—Dr. Johnson, &c. The imitation of Byron was a joint effusion, James contributing the first stanza—the key-note, as it were—and Horace the remainder. The amount of talent displayed by the two brothers was pretty equal; for none of James Smith’s parodies are more felicitous than that of Scott by Horace. The popularity of the ‘Rejected Addresses’ seems to have satisfied the ambition of the elder poet. He afterwards confined himself to short anonymous pieces in ‘The New Monthly Magazine’ and other periodicals, and to the contribution of some humorous sketches and anecdotes towards Mr. Mathews’s theatrical entertainments, the authorship of which was known only to a few. The ‘Country Cousins,’ ‘Trip to France,’ and ‘Trip to America,’ mostly written by Smith, and brought out by Mathews at the English Opera-house, not only filled the theatre, and replenished the treasury, but brought the witty writer a thousand pounds—a sum to which, we are told, the receiver seldom made allusion without shrugging up his shoulders, and ejaculating: ‘A thousand pounds for nonsense!’ Mr. Smith was still better paid for a trifling exertion of his muse; for, having met at a dinner-party the late Mr. Strahan, the king’s printer, then suffering from gout and old age, though his faculties remained unimpaired, he sent him next morning the following *jeu d’esprit* :

Your lower limbs seemed far from stout
 When last I saw you walk;
 The cause I presently found out
 When you began to talk.
 The power that props the body’s length,
 In due proportion spread,
 In you mounts upwards, and the strength
 All settles in the head.

Mr. Strahan was so much gratified by the compliment that he made an immediate codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed to the writer the sum of £3000. Horace Smith, however, mentions that Mr. Strahan had other motives for his generosity, for he respected and loved the man quite as much as he admired the poet. James made a happier, though in a pecuniary sense, less lucky epigram on Miss Edgeworth:

We every-day bards may 'anonyms' sign—
That refuge, Miss Edgeworth, can never be thine.
Thy writings where satire and moral unite,
Must bring forth the name of their author to light.
Good and bad join in telling the source of their birth;
The bad own their EDGE, and the good own their WORTH.

The easy social bachelor-life of James Smith was much impaired by hereditary gout. He lived temperately, and at his club dinner restricted himself to his half-pint of sherry: but as a professed joker and 'diner-out,' he must often have been tempted to over-indulgence and irregular hours. Attacks of gout began to assail him in middle life, and he gradually lost the use and the very form of his limbs, bearing all his sufferings, as his brother states, 'with an undeviating and unexampled patience.' One of the stanzas in his poem on Chigwell displays his philosophic composure at this period of his life:

World, in thy ever-busy mart
I've acted no unnoticed part—
Would I resume it? O no!
Four acts are done, the jest grows stale;
The waning lamps burn dim and pale,
And reason asks—*Cui Bono?*

He held it a humiliation to be ill, and never complained or alluded to his own sufferings. He died on the 24th December 1839, aged sixty-five. Lady Blessington said: 'If James Smith had not been a *witty man*, he must have been a *great man*.' His extensive information and refined manners, joined to an inexhaustible fund of liveliness and humour, and a happy uniform temper, rendered him a fascinating companion. The writings of such a man give but a faint idea of the original; yet in his own walk of literature James Smith has few superiors. Anstey comes most directly into competition with him; yet it may be safely said that the 'Rejected Addresses' will live as long as the 'New Bath Guide.'

HORACE SMITH, the latest surviving partner of this literary duumvirate—the most constant and interesting, perhaps, since that of Beaumont and Fletcher, and more affectionate from the relationship of the parties—afterwards distinguished himself by various novels and copies of verses in 'The New Monthly Magazine.' He was one of the first imitators of Sir Walter Scott in his historical romances. His '*Brambletye House*,' a tale of the civil wars, published in 1826, was received with favour by the public, though some of its descriptions of the plague in London were copied too literally from

Defoe, and there was a want of spirit and truth in the embodiment of some of the historical characters. The success of this effort inspired the author to venture into various fields of fiction. He wrote 'Tor Hill,' 'Zillah, a Tale of the Holy City,' 'The Midsummer Medley,' 'Walter Colyton,' 'The Involuntary Prophet,' 'Jane Lomax,' 'The Moneyed Man,' 'Adam Brown,' 'The Merchant,' &c. None of these seem destined to live. Mr. Smith was as remarkable for generosity as for wit and playful humour. Shelley said once: 'I know not what Horace Smith must take me for sometimes; I am afraid he must think me a strange fellow; but is it not odd, that the only truly generous person I ever knew, who had money to be generous with, should be a stockbroker! And he writes poetry too,' continued Mr. Shelley, his voice rising in a fervour of astonishment — 'he writes poetry and pastoral dramas, and yet knows how to make money, and does make it, and is still generous.' The poet also publicly expressed his regard for Mr. Smith:

Wit and sense,
Virtue and human knowledge, all that might
Make this dull world a business of delight,
Are all combined in H. S.

This truly estimable man died July 12, 1849, aged seventy. Apart from the parodies, James Smith did nothing so good as Horace Smith's 'Address to the Mummy,' which is a felicitous compound of fact, humour, and sentiment, forcibly and originally expressed:

The Theatre.—By the Rev. G. C. [Crabbe.]

'Tis sweet to view; from half-past five to six,
Our long wax-candles, with short cotton wicks,
Touched by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and make the lighter start;
To see red Phœbus through the gallery pane
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury Lane,
While gradual parties fill our widened pit,
And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit. . . .
What various swains our motley walls contain!
Fashion from Moorfields, honour from Chick Lane;
Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,
Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court:
From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,
Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane;
The lottery cormorant, the auction shark,
The full-price master, and the half-price clerk;
Boys who long linger at the gallery door,
With pence twice five, they want but twopence more,
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
And sends them jumping up the gallery stairs.
Critics we boast who ne'er their malice balk,
But talk their minds, we wish they'd mind their talk;
Big worded bullies, who by quarrels live,
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give;
Jews from St. Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,
That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary;
And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait;

Who oft, when we our house look up, carouse
With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up house.

Yet here, as elsewhere, chance can joy bestow,
Where scowling fortune seemed to threaten woe.

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer

Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire ;

But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,

Emanuel Jennings polished Stubb's shoes.

Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy

Up as a corn-cutter—a safe employ ;

In Holywell Street, St. Pancras, he was bred—

At number twenty-seven, it is said—

Facing the pump, and near the Granby's head.

He would have bound him to some shop in town,

But with a premium he could not come down ;

Pat was the urchin's name, a red-haired youth,

Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.

Silence, ye gods ! to keep your tongues in awe,

The muse shall tell an accident she saw.

Pat Jenning in the upper gallery sat ;

But leaning forward Jennings lost his hat ;

Down from the gallery the beaver flew,

And spurned the one, to settle in the two.

How shall he act ? Pay at the gallery door

Two shillings for what cost when new but four ?

Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,

And gain his hat again at half-past eight ?

Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,

John Mullins whispers : ' Take my handkerchief ! '

' Thank you,' cries Pat, ' but one won't make a line.

' Take mine,' cried Wilson ; ' And,' cried Stokes, ' take mine.'

A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,

Where Spitalfields with real India vies

Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted hue,

Starred, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,

Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.

George Green below, with palpitating hand,

Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band ;

Upstairs the prize ; the youth, with joy unfeigned,

Regained the felt, and felt what he regained,

While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat

Made a low bow, and touched the ransomed hat.

The Baby's Debut.—By W. W. [Wordsworth.]

seen in the character of Nancy Lake, a girl eight years of age, who is drawn
in stage in a child's chaise by Samuel Hughes, her uncle's porter.

ther Jack was nine in May,
was eight on New-Year's Day ;

Kate Wilson's shop
is my papa and Jack's)
: me, last week, a doll of wax,
brother Jack a top.

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,

And tie it to his peg-top's peg,

And bang, with might and main,

Its head against the parlour-door :

Off flies the head, and hits the floor,

And breaks a window-pane.

in the pouts, and this it is,
ks mine came to more than his,
my drawer he goes,
at the doll, and, O my stars !
s her head between the bars,
elts off half her nose !

This made him cry with rage and spite ;

Well, let him cry, it serves him right.

A pretty thing, forsooth !

If he's to melt, all scalding hot,

Half my doll's nose, and I am not

To draw his peg-top's tooth !

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried : ' O naughty Nancy Lake,
Thus to distress your aunt :
No Drury Lane for you to-day !'
And while papa said : ' Pooh, she may !'
Mamma said : ' No, she shan't !'

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney-coach,
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go : one horse was blind ;
The tails of both hung down behind ;
Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,
Stood in the lumber-room :
I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopped it with a mop,
And brushed it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
Came in at six to black the shoes
(I always talk to Sam) :
So what does he, but takes and drags
Me in the chaise along the flags,
And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick,
But not so tall and not so thick
As these ; and, goodness me !
My father's beams are made of wood,
But never, never half so good
As these that now I see.

A Tale of Drury Lane.—By W. S. [Scott,]

As Chaos which, by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Started with terror and surprise,
When light first flashed upon her eyes :
So London's sons in night-cap woke,
In bed-gown woke her dames,
For shouts were heard mid fire and
smoke,
And twice ten hundred voices spoke,
' The playhouse is in flames,'
And lo ! where Catherine Street extends,
A fiery tale its lustre lends
To every window-pane :
Blushes each spot in Martlet Court,
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
And Covent Garden kennels sport
A bright ensanguined drain ;
Meux's new brew-house shews the light,
Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
Where patent shot they sell ;
The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall.
The Ticket Porters' house of call,
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,

What a large floor ! 'tis like a town !
The carpet, when they lay it down,
Won't hide it, I'll be bound :
And there's a row of lamps ; my eye !
How they do blaze ! I wonder why
They keep them on the ground.

At first I caught hold of the wing,
And kept away ; but Mr. Thing-
Umbob, the prompter man,
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
And said : ' Go on, my pretty love ;
Speak to 'em, little Nan.

' You've only got to curtsey, whisp-
Er, hold your chin up, laugh and leep,
And then you're sure to take :
I've known the day when brats not quite
Thirteen got fifty pounds a night,
Then why not Nancy Lake ?'

But while I'm speaking, where's papa ?
And where's my aunt ? and where's
mamma ?
Where's Jack ? Oh, there they sit !
They smile, they nod ; I'll go my ways,
And order round poor Billy's chaise,
To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go
To join mamma, and see the show ;
So, bidding you adieu,
I curtsey, like a pretty miss,
And if you'll blow to me a kiss,
I'll blow a kiss to you.

[Blows kiss, and exit.]

Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
And Richardson's hotel.

Nor these alone, but far and wide
Across the Thames's gleaming tide,
To distant fields the blaze was borne ;
And daisy white and hoary thorn
In borrowed lustre seemed to sham
The rose or red sweet Will-H-am.
To those who on the hills around
Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,
As from a lofty altar rise ;
It seemed that nations did conspire,
To offer to the god of fire
Some vast stupendous sacrifice !
The summoned firemen woke at call,
And hied them to their stations all.
Starting from short and broken snooze,
Each sought his ponderous hobnailed
shoes ;
But first his worsted hosen plied,
Plush breeches next in crimson dyed,
His nether bunk embraced,
Then jacket thick of red or blue.

Whose massy shoulder gave to view
The badge of each respective crew,
In tin or copper traced.
The engines thundered through the street,
Fire-hook, pie, bucket, all complete,
And torches glared, and clattering feet
Along the pavement paced. . . .
E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed;
Without, within, in hideous show,
Devouring flames resistless glow,
And blazing ruffets downward go,
And never halloo 'Heads below!'
Nor notice give at all:
The firemen, terrified, are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow,
For fear the roof should fall.
Back, Robins, back! Crump, stand aloof!
Whitford, keep near the walls!
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For, lo! the blazing rocking roof
Down, down in thunder falls!

An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Concealed them from the astonished
crowd.
At length the mist awhile was cleared,
When lo! amid the wreck upreared,
Gradual a moving head appeared,
And Eagle firemen knew

'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,
The foreman of their crew.
Loud shouted all in signs of woe,
'A Muggins to the rescue, ho!'
And poured the hissing tide:
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain,
For, rallying but to fall again,
He tottered, sunk, and died!
Did none attempt, before he fell,
'To succour one they loved so well?
Yea, Higginbottom did aspire—
His fireman's soul was all on fire—
His brother-chief to save;
But ah! his reckless, generous ire
Served but to share his grave!
'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Through fire and smoke he dauntless
broke,
Where Muggins broke before.
But sulphury stench and boiling drench
Destroying sight, o'erwhelmed him quite;
He sunk to rise no more.
Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved;
'Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps;
You, Clatterbuck, come, stir your stumps;
Why are you in such doleful dumps?
A fireman, and afraid of bumps!
What are they feared on? fools—'od rot
'em!'
Were the last words of Higginbottom.

Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition.—By Horace Smith.

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!
Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above-ground, mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.
Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?
Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
 Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
 Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
 Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
 A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
 Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
 For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed;
 Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
 Antiquity appears to have begun
 Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
 Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
 How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
 And the great Deluge still had left it green;
 Or was it then so old, that history's pages
 Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!
 Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
 But prithee tell us something of thyself;
 Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;
 Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
 What hast thou seen—what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
 We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations;
 The Roman empire has begun and ended,
 New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
 And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
 Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
 When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyzes,
 Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
 O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
 And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder.
 When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
 The nature of thy private life unfold:
 A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
 And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled:
 Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
 What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead!
 Imperishable type of evanescence!
 Posthumous man, who quit'st thy narrow bed,
 And standest undecayed within our presence,
 Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
 When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
 If its undying guest be lost for ever?
 Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
 In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
 Although corruption may our frame consume,
 The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

JOHN WILSON.

PROFESSOR WILSON, long the distinguished occupant of the chair of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh, earned his first laurels by his poetry. He was born on the 18th of May, 1785, in the town of Paisley, where his father had carried on business, and attained to opulence as a manufacturer. At the age of thirteen, the poet was entered of Glasgow University, whence in 1804, he was transferred to Magdalen College, Oxford. Here he carried off the Newdigate prize from a vast number of competitors for the best English poem of fifty lines. Mr. Wilson was distinguished in these youthful years by his fine athletic frame, and a face at once handsome and expressive of genius. A noted capacity for knowledge and remarkable literary powers were at the same time united to a predilection for gymnastic exercises and rural sports. After four years' residence at Oxford, the poet purchased a small but beautiful estate, named Elleray, on the banks of the lake Windermere, where he went to reside. He married—built a house—kept a yacht—enjoyed himself among the magnificent scenery of the lakes—wrote poetry—and cultivated the society of Wordsworth. These must have been happy days. With youth, robust health, fortune, and an exhaustless imagination, Wilson must, in such a spot, have been blest even up to the dreams of a poet. Some reverses, however, came, and, after entering himself of the Scottish bar he sought and obtained his moral philosophy chair. He connected himself also with 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and in this miscellany poured forth the riches of his fancy, learning, and taste—displaying also the peculiarities of his sanguine and impetuous temperament. The most valuable of these contributions were collected and published (1842) in three volumes, under the title of 'The Recreations of Christopher North.'

The criticisms on poetry from the pen of Wilson are often highly eloquent, and conceived in a truly kindred spirit. A series of papers on Spenser and Homer are equally remarkable for their discrimination and imaginative luxuriance. In reference to these 'golden spoils' of criticism, Mr. Hallam characterised the professor as 'a living writer of the most ardent and enthusiastic genius, whose eloquence is as the rush mighty waters.' The poetical works of Wilson consist of the 'Isle of Palms' (1812), the 'City of the Plague' (1816), and several smaller pieces. The broad humour and satire of some of his prose papers form a contrast to the delicacy and tenderness of his acknowledged writings—particularly his poetry. He has an outer and an inner man—one shrewd, bitter, observant, and full of untamed energy; the other calm, graceful, and meditative—all conscience and tender heart.' *He deals generally in extremes, and the prevailing defect of his poetry is its uniform sweetness and feminine softness of character. 'Almost the only passions,' says Jeffrey, 'with which his poetry conversant, are the gentler sympathies of our nature—tender com-*

passion, confiding affection, and guiltless sorrow. From all these there results, along with most touching and tranquillising sweetness, a certain monotony and languor, which, to those who read poetry for amusement merely, will be apt to appear like dullness, and must be felt as a defect by all who have been used to the variety, rapidity, and energy of the popular poetry of the day.' Some of the scenes in the 'City of the Plague' are, however, exquisitely drawn, and his descriptions of lake and mountain scenery, though idealised by his imagination, are not unworthy of Wordsworth. The *prose* descriptions of Wilson have obscured his *poetical*, because in the former he gives the reins to his fancy, and, while preserving the general outline and distinctive features of the landscape, adds a number of subsidiary charms and attractions. In 1851, Mr. Wilson was granted a pension of £300 per annum; his health had then failed, and he died in Edinburgh on the 3d of April 1854. A complete collection of his works was published by his son-in-law, Professor Ferrier, of St. Andrews, in twelve volumes (1855-58).

A Home Among the Mountains.—From 'City of the Plague.'

MAGDALENE and ISABEL.

MAGDALENE. How bright and fair that afternoon returns

When last we parted! Even now I feel
Its dewy freshness in my soul! Sweet breeze!
That hymning like a spirit up the lake,
Came through the tall pines on yon little isle
Across to us upon the vernal shore
With a kind friendly greeting. Frankfort blest
The unseen musician floating through the air,
And, smiling, said: 'Wild harper of the hill!
So mayst thou play thy ditty when once more
This lake I do revisit.' As he spoke
Away died the music in the firmament,
And unto silence left our parting hour.
No breeze will ever steal from nature's heart
So sweet again to me.

What'er my doom
It cannot be unhappy. God hath given me
The boon of resignation: I could die,
Though doubtless human fears would cross my soul,
Calmly even now: yet if it be ordained
That I return unto my native valley,
And live with Frankfort there, why should I fear
To say I might be happy—happier far
Than I deserve to be. Sweet Rydal Lake!
Am I again to visit thee? to hear
Thy glad waves murmuring all around my soul?

ISABEL. Methinks I see us in a cheerful group
Walking along the margin of the bay,
Where our lone summer-house—

MAGD. Sweet mossy cell!
So cool—so shady—silent and composed!
A constant evening full of gentle dreams!
Where joy was felt like sadness, and our grief
A melancholy pleasant to be borne.
Hath the green linnet built her nest this spring

In her own rose-bush near the quiet door?
 Bright solitary bird! she oft will miss
 Her human friends: our orchard now must be
 A wilderness of sweets, by none beloved.
ISA. One blessed week would soon restore its beauty,
 Were we at home. Nature can work no wrong.
 The very weeds how lovely! the confusion
 Doth speak of breezes, sunshine, and the dew.
MAGD. I hear the murmuring of a thousand bees
 In that bright odorous honeysuckle wall
 That once inclosed the happiest family
 That ever lived beneath the blessed skies.
 Where is that family now? O Isabel,
 I feel my soul descending to the grave,
 And all these loveliest rural images
 Fade, like waves breaking on a dreary shore!
ISA. Even now I see a stream of sunshine bathing
 The bright moss-roses round our parlour window!
 Oh, were we sitting in that room once more!
MAGD. 'Twould seem inhuman to be happy there,
 And both my parents dead. How could I walk
 On what I used to call my father's walk,
 He in his grave! or look upon that tree,
 Each year so full of blossoms or of fruit,
 Planted by my mother, and her holy name
 Graven on its stem by mine own infant hands!

From Lines, 'To a Sleeping Child.'

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
 Whose happy home is on our earth?
 Does human blood with life imbue
 Those wandering veins of heavenly blue
 That stray along thy forehead fair,
 Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
 Oh, can that light and airy breath
 Steal from a being doomed to death;
 Those features to the grave be sent
 In sleep thus mutely eloquent?
 Or art thou, what thy form would seem,
 The phantom of a blessed dream?
 Oh that my spirit's eye could see
 Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy!
 That light of dreaming soul appears
 To play from thoughts above thy years.
 Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring
 To heaven, and heaven's God adoring!
 And who can tell what visions high
 May bless an infant's sleeping eye!
 What brighter throne can brightness find
 To reign on than an infant's mind,
 Ere sin destroy or error dim
 The glory of the seraphim?
 Oh, vision fair, that I could be
 Again as young, as pure as thee!

Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form
 May view, but cannot brave the storm:
 Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes
 That paint the bird of Paradise.
 And years, so fate hath ordered, roll
 Clouds o'er the summer of the soul. . .
 Fair was that face as break of dawn,
 When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn
 Like a thin veil that half-concealed
 The light of soul, and half-revealed.
 While thy hushed heart with visions
 wrought,
 Each trembling eyelash moved with
 thought,
 And things we dream, but ne'er can
 speak,
 Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek,
 Such summer-clouds as travel light,
 When the soul's heaven lies calm and
 bright;
 Till thou awak'st—then to thine eye
 Thy whole heart leapt in ecstasy!
 And lovely is that heart of thine,
 Or sure these eyes could never shine
 With such a wild, yet bashful gleam,
 Gay, half-o'ercome timidity!

From 'Address to a Wild Deer.'

Magnificent creature! so stately and bright!
 In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
 For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
 Watting up his own mountains that far-beaming head?

Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale?
 Hail! king of the wild and the beautiful!—hail!
 Hail! idol divine!—whom nature hath borne
 O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn,
 Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and moor,
 As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore:
 For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,
 Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.
 Up! up to yon cliff! like a king to his throne!
 O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—
 A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
 Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
 There the bright heather springs up in love of thy breast.
 Lo! the clouds in the depths of the sky are at rest;
 And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill!
 In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers, lie still!—
 Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight,
 Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless height,
 One moment—thou bright apparition—delay!
 Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.

His voyage is o'er—as if struck by a spell,
 He motionless stands in the hush of the dell;
 There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
 In the midst of his pastime enamoured of rest.
 A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—
 A dancing ray chained to one sunshiny place—
 A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—
 A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven.

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee:
 Magnificent prison inclosing the free;
 With rock wall-encircled—with precipice crowned—
 Which, awoke by the sun, thou canst clear at a bound.
 'Mid the fern and the heather kind nature doth keep
 One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep;
 And close to that covert, as clear to the skies
 When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,
 Where the creature at rest can his image behold.
 Loking up through the radiance as bright and as bold.

Yes! fierce looks thy nature e'en hushed in repose—
 In the depths of thy desert regardless of foes,
 Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar,
 With a haughty defiance to come to the war.
 No outrage is war to a creature like thee;
 The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
 As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,
 And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.
 In the beams of thy forehead, that glitter with death—
 In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath—
 In the wide raging torrent that lends thee its roar—
 In the cliff that, once trod, must be trodden no more—
 Thy trust—mid the dangers that threaten thy reign:
 But what if the stag on the mountain be slain?
 On the brink of the rock—lo! he standeth at bay,
 Like a victor that falls at the close of the day—
 While the hunter and hound in their terror retreat
 From the death that is spurned from his furious feet;
 And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
 As nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

Lines written in a lonely Burial-ground in the Highlands.

How mournfully this burial-ground
Sleeps 'mid old Ocean's solemn sound,
Who rolls his bright and sunny waves
All round these deaf and silent graves !
The cold was light that glimmers here,
The sickly wild-flowers may not cheer ;
If here, with solitary hum,
The wandering mountain-bee doth come,
'Mid the pale blossoms short his stay,
To brighter leaves he booms away.

The sea-bird, with a wailing sound,
Alighteth softly on a mound,
And, like an image, sitting there
For hours amid the doleful air,
Seemeth to tell of some dim union,
Some wild and mystical communion,
Connecting with his parent sea
This lonesome stoneless cemetery.

This may not be the burial-place
Of some extinguished kingly race,
Whose name on earth no longer known,
Hath mouldered with the mouldering
stone,
That nearest grave, yet brown with mold,
Seems but one summer-twilight old ;
Both late and frequent hath the bier
Been on its mournful visit here ;
And yon green spot of sunny rest
Is waiting for its destined guest.

I see no little kirk—no bell
On Sabbath tinketh through this dell ;
How beautiful those graves and fair,
That, lying round the house of prayer,
Sleep in the shadow of its grace !
But death hath chosen this rueful place
For his own undivided reign !
And nothing tells that e'er again
The sleepers will forsake their bed—
Now, and for everlasting dead,
For Hope with Memory seems fle' !

Wild-screaming bird ! unto the sea
Winging thy flight reluctantly,
Slow floating o'er these grassy tombs
So ghost-like, with thy snow-white plumes

At once from thy wild shriek I know
What means this place so steeped in woe !
Here, they who perished on the deep
Enjoy at last unrocking sleep ;
For Ocean, from his wrathful breast,
Flung them into this haven of rest,
Where shroudless, coffinless, they lie—
'Tis the shipwrecked seamen's cemetery.

Here seamen old, with grizzled locks,
Shipwrecked before on desert rocks,
And by some wandering vessel taken
From sorrows that seem God-forsaken,
Home-bound, here have met the blast
That wrecked them on death's shore at
last !

Old friendless men, who had no tears
To shed, nor any place for fears,
In hearts by misery fortified,
And, without terror, sternly died.
Here many a creature moving bright
And glorious in full manhood's might,
Who dared with an untroubled eye
The tempest brooding in the sky,
And loved to hear that music rave,
And danced above the mountain-wave,
Hath quaked on this terrific strand,
All flung like sea-weeds to the land ;
A whole crew lying side by side,
Death-dashed at once in all their pride.
And here the bright-haired, fair-faced
boy,

Who took with him all earthly joy,
From one who weeps both night and day
For her sweet son borne far away,
Escaped at last the cruel deep,
In all his beauty lies asleep ;
While she would yield all hopes of grace
For one kiss of his pale cold face !
Oh, I could wall in lonely fear,
For many a woful ghost sits here,
All weeping with their fixed eyes !
And what a dismal sound of sighs
Is mingling with the gentle roar
Of small waves breaking on the shore ;
While ocean seems to sport and play
In mockery of its wretched prey !

MRS. HEMANS.

MRS. HEMANS (Felicia Dorothea Browne) was born at Liverpool on the 25th September 1793. Her father was a merchant; but, experiencing some reverses, he removed with his family to Wales, and there the young poetess imbibed that love of nature which is displayed in all her works. In her fifteenth year she ventured on publication. Her first volume was far from successful; but she persevered, and in 1812 published another, entitled 'The Domestic

Affections, and other poems.' The same year she was married to Captain Hemans; but the union does not seem to have been a happy one. She continued her studies, acquiring several languages, and still cultivating poetry. In 1818, Captain Hemans removed to Italy for the benefit of his health. His accomplished wife remained in England, and they never met again. In 1819, she obtained a prize of £50 offered by some patriotic Scotchman for the best poem on the subject of Sir William Wallace. Next year she published 'The Sceptic.' In June 1821, she obtained a prize awarded by the Royal Society of Literature for the best poem on the subject of Dartmoor. Her next effort was a tragedy, the 'Vespers of Palermo,' which was produced at Covent Garden, December 12, 1823; but though supported by the admirable acting of Kemble and Young, it was not successful. In 1826, appeared her best poem, 'The Forest Sanctuary,' and in 1828, 'Records of Woman.' She afterwards produced 'Lays of Leisure Hours,' 'National Lyrics,' &c. In 1829 she paid a visit to Scotland, and was received with great kindness by Sir Walter Scott, Jeffrey, and others of the Scottish literati. In 1830 appeared her 'Songs of the Affections.' The same year she visited Wordsworth, and appears to have been much struck with the secluded beauty of Rydal Lake and Grasmere:

O vale and lake, within your mountain urn
Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep I
Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,
Colouring the tender shadows of my sleep
With light Elysian; for the hues that steep
Your shores in melting lustre, seem to float
On golden clouds from spirit-lands remote—
Isles of the blest—and in our memory keep
Their place with holiest harmonies.

Wordsworth said to her one day: 'I would not give up the mists that spiritualize our mountains for all the blue skies of Italy'—an original and poetical expression. On her return from the Lakes, Mrs. Hemans went to reside in Dublin, where her brother, Major Browne, was settled. The education of her family (five boys) occupied much of her time and attention. Ill health, however, pressed heavily on her, and she soon experienced a premature decay of the springs of life. In 1834, appeared her little volume of 'Hymns for Childhood,' and a collection of 'Scenes and Hymns of Life.' She also published some sonnets, under the title of 'Thoughts during Sickness.' Her last strain, produced only about three weeks before her death, was the following fine sonnet, dictated to her brother on Sunday the 26th of April:

Sunday in England.

How many blessed groups this hour are bending,
Through England's primrose meadow-paths, their way
Towards spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day;

The halls, from old heroic ages gray,
 Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
 With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,
 Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
 Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
 With them those pathways—to the feverish bed
 Of sickness bound; yet, O my God! I bless
 Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
 My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
 To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

This admirable woman and sweet poetess died on the 16th of May 1835, aged forty-one. She was interred in St. Anne's Church, Dublin, and over her grave were inscribed some lines from one of her own dirges:

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
 Fair spirit! rest thee now!
 Even while with us thy footsteps trod,
 His seal was on thy brow.
 Dust to its narrow house beneath!
 Soul to its place on high!
 They that have seen thy look in death,
 No more may fear to die.

A complete collection of the works of Mrs. Hemans, with a memoir by her sister, has been published in six volumes. Though highly popular, and in many respects excellent, we do not think that much of the poetry of Mrs. Hemans will descend to posterity. There is, as Scott hinted, 'too many flowers for the fruit;' more for the ear and fancy, than for the heart and intellect. Some of her shorter pieces and her lyrical productions are touching and beautiful, both in sentiment and expression.

From 'The Voice of Spring.'

I come, I come! ye have called me long,
 I come o'er the mountains with light and song;
 Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
 By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
 By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
 By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut-flowers
 By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers:
 And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
 Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains.
 But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
 To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
 And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
 The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
 And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
 And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
 And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
 And called out each voice of the deep-blue sky,
 From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,

In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
 To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
 When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.
 From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
 They are sweeping on the silvery main,
 They are flashing down the mountain-brows,
 They are flinging spray on the forest boughs,
 They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
 And the earth resounds with the joy of waves,
 Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
 Where the violets lie may now be your home.
 Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
 And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly;
 With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
 Come forth to the sunshine—I may not stay.
 Away from the dwellings of careworn men,
 The waters are sparkling in grove and glen;
 Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
 The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth;
 Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
 And Youth is abroad in my green domains. . . .
 The summer is hastening, on soft winds borne,
 Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn;
 For me I depart to a brighter shore—
 Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more.
 I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
 And the flowers are not Death's—fare ye well, farewell!

The Homes of England.

The stately Homes of England, How beautiful they stand! Amidst their tall ancestral trees, O'er all the pleasant land. The deer across their greensward bound Through shade and sunny gleam, And the swan glides past them with the sound Of some rejoicing stream. The merry Homes of England! Around their hearths by night, What gladsome looks of household love Meet in the ruddy light! There woman's voice flows forth in song, Or childhood's tale is told, Or lips move tunelessly along Some glorious page of old. The blessed Homes of England! How softly on their bowers Is laid the holy quietness That breathes from Sabbath-hours!	Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell' chime Floats through their woods at morn; All other sounds, in that still time, Of breeze and leaf are born. The cottage Homes of England! By thousands on her plains, They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks, And round the hamlet-fanes, Through glowing orchards forth they peep, Each from its nook of leaves, And fearless there the lowly sleep, As the bird beneath their eaves. The free, fair Homes of England! Long, long, in hut and hall, May hearts of native proof be reared To guard each hallowed wall! And green for ever be the groves, And bright the flowery sod, Where first the child's glad spirit loves Its country and its God!
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The Graves of a Household.

<i>They grew in beauty, side by side, They filled one home with glee; Their graves are severed, far and wide, By mount, and stream, and sea.</i>	The same fond mother bent at night O'er each fair sleeping brow; She had each folded flower in sight— Where are those dreamers now?
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One, 'midst the forest of the West,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are
dressed
Above the noble slain:
He wrapped his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth—
Alas for love, if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, O earth!

BERNARD BARTON.

BERNARD BARTON (1784-1849), one of the Society of Friends, published in 1820 a volume of miscellaneous poems, which attracted notice, both for their elegant simplicity, and purity of style and feeling, and because they were written by a Quaker. 'The staple of the whole poems,' says a critic in the 'Edinburgh Review,' 'is description and meditation—description of quiet home scenery, sweetly and feelingly wrought out—and meditation, overshadowed with tenderness, and exalted by devotion; but all terminating in soothing, and even cheerful views of the condition and prospects of mortality.' Mr. Barton was employed in a banking establishment at Woodbridge, in Suffolk, and he seems to have contemplated abandoning his profession for a literary life. Byron remonstrated against such a step. 'Do not renounce writing,' he said, 'but never trust entirely to authorship. If you have a profession, retain it; it will be, like Prior's fellowship, a last and sure resource.'

Charles Lamb also wrote to him as follows: 'Throw yourself on the world, without any rational plan of support beyond what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you! Throw yourself rather, my dear sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock slap-dash headlong upon iron spikes. If you have but five consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed, make much of them, and live a century in them, rather than turn slave to the booksellers. They are Turks and Tartars when they have poor authors at their beck. Hitherto you have been at arm's-length from them—come not within their grasp. I have known many authors want for bread—some repining, others enjoying the blessed security of a counting-house—all agreeing they had rather have been tailors, weavers—what not?—rather than the things they were. I have known some starved, some go mad, one dear friend literally dying in a workhouse. Oh, you know not—may you never know—the miseries of subsisting by authorship!' There is some exaggeration here. We have known authors by profession who lived cheerfully and comfortably, labouring at the stated sum per sheet as regularly as the weaver?

his loom, or the tailor on his board; but dignified with the consciousness of following a high and ennobling occupation, with all the mighty minds of past ages as their daily friends and companions. The bane of such a life, when fervid genius is involved, is its uncertainty and its temptations, and the almost invariable incompatibility of the poetical temperament with habits of business and steady application. Yet let us remember the examples of Shakspeare, Dryden, and Pope—all regular and constant labourers—and, in our own day, of Scott, Southey, Moore, and many others. The fault is more generally with the author than with the public. In the particular case of Bernard Barton, however, Lamb counselled wisely. He had not the vigour and popular talents requisite for *marketable* literature; and of this he would seem to have been conscious, for he abandoned his dream of exclusive authorship. Mr. Barton published several volumes of poetry, 'The Widow's Tale,' 'Devotional Verses,' &c. A pension of £100 a year was awarded to him in his latter days.

To the Evening Primrose.

Fair flower, that shunn'st the glare of day, Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold, To evening's hues of sober gray, Thy cup of paly gold; Be thine the offering owing long To thee and to this pensive hour, Of one brief tributary song. Though transient as thy flower. I love to watch, at silent eve, Thy scattered blossoms' lonely light, And have my inmost heart receive The influence of that sight. I love at such an hour to mark Their beauty greet the night-breeze chill, And shine, 'mid shadow, gathering dark, The garden's glory still.	For such, 'tis sweet to think the while, When cares and griefs the breast invade, Is friendship's animating smile In sorrow's dark'ning shade. Thus it bursts forth, like thy pale eye Glist'ning amid its dewy tears, And bears the sinking spirit up Amid its chilling fears. But still more animating far, If meek Religion's eye may trace, Even in thy glimmering earth-born state The holier hope of Grace. The hope that as thy beauteous bloom Expands to glad the close of day, So through the shadows of the tomb May break forth Mercy's ray.
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Power and Gentleness, or the Cataract and the Streamlet.

Noble the mountain-stream,
Bursting in grandeur from its vantage-ground;
Glory is in its gleam
Of brightness—thunder in its deafening sound!

Mark, how its foamy spray,
Tinged by the sunbeams with reflected dyes,
Mimics the bow of day
Arch'ing in majesty the vaulted skies;

Thence, in a summer-shower,
Steeping the rocks around—Oh, tell me where
Could majesty and power
Be clothed in forms more beautifully fair?

Yet lovelier, in my view,
 The streamlet flowing silently serene;
 Traced by the brighter hue,
 And livelier growth it gives—itsself unseen!
 It flows through flowery meads,
 Gladdening the herds which on its margin browse;
 Its quiet beauty feeds
 The alders that o'ershade it with their boughs
 Gently it murmurs by
 The village churchyard; its low, plaintive tone,
 A dirge-like melody,
 For worth and beauty modest as its own
 More gaily now it sweeps
 By the small school-house in the sunshine bright;
 And o'er the pebbles leaps,
 Like happy hearts by holiday made light.
 May not its course express,
 In characters which they who run may read,
 The charms of gentleness,
 Were but its still small voice allowed to plead?
 What are the trophies gained
 By power, alone, with all its noise and strife,
 To that meek wreath, unstained,
 Won by the charities that gladden life?
 Niagara's streams might fall,
 And human happiness be undisturbed:
 But Egypt would turn pale,
 Were her still Nile's o'erflowing bounty curbed!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

der the name of 'Barry Cornwall,' a new poet appeared in 1815, author of a small volume of dramatic scenes of a domestic character written 'in order to try the effect of a more natural style than which had for a long time prevailed in our dramatic literature.' experiment was successful, chiefly on account of the pathetic tender scenes in the sketches. To this dramatic volume succeeded volumes of poems—'A Sicilian Story,' 'Marcian Colonna,' and 'Flood of Thessaly,' all published under the *nom de plume* of Cornwall, which became highly popular. His next work was *redy*, 'Mirandola,' 1821, which was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, the two principal parts being acted by Macready and Mrs. Kemble. This also was successful. The subsequent productions of the poet were 'Effigies Poetica' and 'English Songs,' the latter are perhaps the best of Barry Cornwall's works, and the most likely to live: they have the true lyrical spirit. Besides these, the author produced two prose works, a 'Life of Edmund Kean,' the *and* a biographical sketch of his early friend Charles Lamb. WALLER PROCTER (1790–1874) was a native of London, and the schoolfellow of Byron and Peel at Harrow. He was a barrister at law and one of the Commissioners of Lunacy. Living at age, he enjoyed the regard and esteem of a large circle

friends and of the literary society of London. In 1857 a windfall came to Mr. Procter and to certain other poets. Mr. John Kenyon, a wealthy West Indian gentleman, fond of literary society, and author of a 'Rhymed Plea for Tolerance,' left more than £140,000 in legacies to individuals whom he loved or admired. Included in this number were Elizabeth Barrett Browning, £4000; her husband, £6500; and to Mr. Procter also £6500.

Address to the Ocean.

O thou vast Ocean! ever-sounding sea!
 Thou symbol of a drear immensity!
 Thou thing that windest round the solid world
 Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled
 From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
 Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.
 Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
 Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
 Thou speakest in the east and in the west
 At once, and on thy heavily-laden breast
 Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
 Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.
 The earth hath nought of this: no chance or change
 Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
 Give answer to the tempest-wakened air;
 But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
 At will, and wound its bosom as they go
 Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow:
 But in their stated rounds the seasons come,
 And pass like visions to their wonted home;
 And come again, and vanish; the young Spring
 Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming;
 And Winter always winds his sullen horn,
 When the wild Autumn, with a look forlorn,
 Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
 Weep, and flowers sicken, when the summer flies.
 Oh! wonderful thou art, great element:
 And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
 And lovely in repose; thy summer form
 Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
 Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
 I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
 Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
 And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
 Eternity—Eternity—and Power.

Marcella.

It was a dreary place. The shallow brook
 That ran throughout the wood, there took a turn
 And widened: all its music died away
 And in the place a silent eddy told
 That there the stream grew deeper. There dark trees
 Funereal—cypress, yew, and shadowy pine,
 And spicy cedar—clustered, and at night
 Shook from their melancholy branches sounds
 And sighs like death: 'Twas strange, for through the day
 They stood quite motionless, and looked, methought,
 Like monumental things, which the sad earth
 From its green bosom had cast out in pity.

To mark a young girl's grave. The very leaves
 Disowned their natural green, and took black
 And mournful hue; and the rough brier, stretching
 His straggling arms across the rivulet,
 Lay like an armed sentinel there, catching
 With his tenacious leaf, straws, withered boughs,
 Moss that the banks had lost, coarse grasses which
 Swan with the current, and with these it hid
 The poor Marcella's death-bed. Never may net
 Of venturesome fisher be cast in with hope,
 For not a fish abides there. The slim deer
 Snorts as he ruffles with his shortened breath
 The brook, and panting flies the unholy place,
 And the white heifer lows, and passes on;
 The foaming hound laps not, and winter birds
 Go higher up the stream. And yet I love
 To loiter there; and when the rising moon
 Flames down the avenue of pines, and looks
 Red and dilated through the evening mists,
 And checkered as the heavy branches sway
 To and fro with the wind, I stay to listen,
 And fancy to myself that a sad voice,
 Praying, comes moaning through the leaves, as 'twere
 For some misdeed. The story goes that some
 Neglected girl—an orphan whom the world
 Frowned upon—once strayed thither, and 'twas thought
 Cast herself in the stream. You may have heard
 Of one Marcella, poor Nolina's daughter, who
 Fell ill and came to want? No! Oh, she loved
 A wealthy man who marked her not. He wed,
 And then the girl grew sick, and pined away,
 And drowned herself for love.

An Invocation to Birds.

Come, all ye feathery people of mid air,
 Who sleep 'midst rocks, or on the mountain summits
 Lie down with the wild winds; and ye who build
 Your homes amidst green leaves by grottoes cool;
 And ye who on the flat sands hoard your eggs
 For suns to ripen, come! O phoenix rare!
 If death hath spared, or philosophic search
 Permit thee still to own thy haunted nest,
 Perfect Arabian—lonely nightingale!
 Dusk creature, who art silent all day long,
 But when pale eve unseals thy clear throat, loosest:
 Thy twilight music on the dreaming boughs
 Until they waken. And thou, cuckoo bird,
 Who are the ghost of sound, having no shape
 Material, but dost wander far and near,
 Like untouched echo whom the woods deny
 Sight of her love—come all to my slow charm;
 Come thou, sky-climbing bird, waker of morn,
 Who springest like a thought unto the sun,
 And from his golden floods dost gather wealth—
 Epithalamium and Pindarique song—
 And with it enrich our ears; come all to me,
 Beneath the chamber where my lady lies,
 And, in your several musics, whisper—Love!

The following are from Mr. Procter's collection of 'Songs.'

King Death.

King Death was a rare old fellow,
He sat where no sun could shine,
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal-black wine.
Hurrah for the coal-black wine!

The scholar left all his learning,
The poet his fancied woes,
And the beauty her bloom returning,
Like life to the fading rose.
Hurrah for the coal-black wine!

There came to him many a maiden
Whose eyes had forgot to shine,
And widows with grief o'erladen,
For a draught of his coal-black wine.
Hurrah for the coal-black wine!

All came to the rare old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,
And he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them in Death's black wine.
Hurrah for the coal-black wine!

The Nights.

Oh, the Summer night
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne;
Whilst the sweet winds load her
With garlands of odour,
From the bud to the rose o'er-blown!

And the Winter night
Is all cold and white,
And she singeth a song of pain;
Till the wild bee hummeth,
And the warm Spring cometh,
When she dies in a dream of rain!

But the Autumn night
Has a piercing sight
And a step both strong and free;
And a voice for wonder,
Like the wrath of the thunder,
When he shouts to the stormy sea!

Oh, the night brings sleep
To the greenwoods deep.
To the bird of the woods its nest;
To care soft hours,
To life new powers,
To the sick and the weary—rest!

Song for Twilight.

Hide me, O twilight air!
Hide me from thought, from care,
From all things foul or fair,
Until to-morrow!
To-night I strive no more;
No more my soul shall soar:
Come, sleep, and shut the door
'Gainst pain and sorrow!

So may my spirit cast
(Serpent-like) off the past,
And my free soul at last
Have leave to ponder

If I must see through dreams,
Be mine Elysian gleams,
Be mine by morning streams
To watch and wander;

And shouldst thou 'scape control,
Ponder on love, sweet soul;
On joy, the end and goal
Of all endeavour:
But if earth's pains will rise
(As damps will seek the skies),
Then, night, seal thou mine eyes,
In sleep for ever.

Death of Amelia Wentworth.

AMELIA—MARIAN.

MARIAN. Are you awake, dear lady?

AMELIA. Wide awake.

There are the stars abroad, I see. I feel
As though I had been sleeping many a day.
What time o' the night is it?

MAR. About the stroke of midnight.

AMEL. Let it come. The skies are calm
And bright; and so, at last, my spirit is.
Whether the heavens have influence on the mind
Through life, or only in our days of death,
I know not; yet, before, ne'er did my soul
Look upwards with such hope of joy, or pine
For that hope's deep completion. Marion!
Let me see more of heaven. There—enough.

Are you not well, sweet girl?

MAR. O yes; but you
Speak now so strangely: you were wont to talk
Of plain familiar things, and cheer me: now
You set my spirit drooping.

AMEL. I have spoke
Nothing but cheerful words, thou idle girl.
Look, look, above! the canopy of the sky,
Spotted with stars, shines like a bridal-dress:
A queen might envy that so regal blue
Which wraps the world o' nights. Alas, alas!
I do remember in my follying days
What wild and wanton wishes once were mine,
Slaves—radiant gems—and beauty with no peer,
And friends (a ready host)—but I forget.
I shall be dreaming soon, as once I dreamt
When I had hope to light me. Have you no song,
My gentle girl, for a sick woman's ear?
There's one I've heard you sing: 'They said his eye'—
No, that's not it: the words are hard to hit.
'His eye like the mid-day sun was bright'—

MAR. 'Tis so.
You've a good memory. Well, listen to me.
I must not trip. I see.

AMEL. I hearken. Now.

Song.

His eye like the mid-day sun was bright,
Hers had a proud but a milder light,
Clear and sweet like the cloudless moon:
Alas! and must it fade as soon?

His voice was like the breath of war,
But hers was fainter—softer far;
And yet, when he of his long love sighed,
She laughed in scorn—he fled and died.

MAR. There is another verse, of a different air,
But indistinct—like the low moaning
Of summer winds in the evening: thus it runs—

They said he died upon the wave,
And his bed was the wild and bounding billow;
Her bed shall be a dry earth grave:
Prepare it quick, for she wants her pillow.

AMEL. How slowly and how silently doth time
Float on his starry journey. Still he goes,
And goes, and goes, and doth not pass away.
He rises with the golden morning, calmly,
And with the moon at night. Methinks I see
Him stretching wide abroad his mighty wings,
Floating for ever o'er the crowds of men,
Like a huge vulture with its prey beneath.
Lo! I am here, and time seems passing on:
To-morrow I shall be a breathless thing—
Yet he will still be here: and the blue hours
Will laugh as gaily on the busy world
As though I were alive to welcome them.
There's one will shed some tears. Poor Charles!

CHARLES enters.

CH. I am here.
Did you not call?

AMEL. You come in time. My thoughts
 Were full of you, dear Charles. Your mother—
 I take that title—in her dying hour
 Has privilege to speak unto your youth.
 There's one thing pains me, and I would be calm.
 My husband has been harsh unto me—yet
 He *is* my husband; and you'll think of this
 If any sterner feeling move your heart?
 Seek no revenge for me. You will not?—Nay,
 Is it so hard to grant my last request?
 He is my husband: he was father, too,
 Of the blue-eyed boy you were so fond of once.
 Do you remember how his eyelids closed
 When the first summer rose was opening?
 'Tis now two years ago—more, more: and I—
 I now am hastening to him. Pretty boy!
 He was my only child. How fair he looked
 In the white garment that encircled him—
 'Twas like a marble slumber; and when we
 Laid him beneath the green earth in his bed,
 I thought my heart was breaking—yet I lived:
 But I am weary now.

MAR. You must not talk,
 Indeed, dear lady; nay—

CH. Indeed you must not.

AMEL. Well, then, I will be silent; yet not so.
 For ere we journey, ever should we take
 A sweet leave of our friends, and wish them well,
 And tell them to take heed, and bear in mind
 Our blessings. So, in your breast, dear Charles,
 Wear the remembrance of Amelia.
 She ever loved you—ever; so as might.
 Become a mother's tender love—no more.
 Charles, I have lived in this too bitter world
 Now almost thirty seasons: you have been
 A child to me for one-third of that time.
 I took you to my bosom, when a boy,
 Who scarce had seen eight springs come forth and vanish.
 You have a warm heart, Charles, and the base crowd
 Will feed upon it, if—but you must make
 That heart a grave, and in it bury deep
 Its young and beautiful feelings.

CH. I will do
 All that you wish—all; but you cannot die
 And leave me?

AMEL. You shall see how calmly Death
 Will come and press his finger, cold and pale,
 On my now smiling lip: these eyes men swore
 Were brighter than the stars that fill the sky,
 And yet they must grow dim: an hour—

CH. Oh, no!
 No, no! oh, say not so! I cannot bear
 To hear you talk thus. Will you break my heart?

AMEL. No: I would caution it against a change
 That soon must happen. Calmly let us talk
 When I am dead—

CH. Alas, alas!

AMEL. This is
 Not as I wish: you had a brave spirit.
 Bid it come forth. Why, I have heard you talk
 Of war and danger—Ah!—

WENTWORTH enters.

MAR. She's pale—speak, speak.

CH. O my lost mother!—How! You here?

WENT. I am come.

To pray her pardon. Let me touch her hand.

Amelia! she faints: Amelia!

Poor faded girl! I was too harsh—unjust.

CH. Look!

MAR. She has left us.

CH. It is false. Revive!

Mother, revive, revive!

MAR. It is in vain.

CH. Is it then so? My soul is sick and faint.

O mother, mother! I—I cannot weep.

Oh for some blinding tears to dim my eyes,

So I might not gaze on her! And has death

Indeed, indeed struck *her*—so beautiful!

So wronged, and never erring; so beloved

By one—who now has nothing left to love?

O thou bright heaven! if thou art calling now

Thy brighter angels to thy bosom—rest;

For lo! the brightest of thy host is gone—

Departed—and the earth is dark below.

And now—I'll wander far and far away,

Like one that hath no country. I shall find

A sullen pleasure in that life, and when

I say 'I have no friend in all the world,'

My heart will swell with pride, and make a show

Unto itself of happiness; and in truth

There is, in that same solitude, a taste

Of pleasure which the social never know.

From land to land I'll roam, in all a stranger,

And, as the body gains a braver look,

By staring in the face of all the winds,

So from the sad aspects of different things

My soul shall pluck a courage, and bear up

Against the past. And now—for Hindustan.

[*She dies.*]

REV. HENRY HART MILMAN.

The REV. HENRY HART MILMAN, long the accomplished and venerated Dean of St. Paul's, was a native of London, son of an eminent physician, Sir Francis Milman, and was born in the year 1791. He distinguished himself as a classical scholar, and in 1815 was made a fellow of Brazenose College, Oxford. He also held (1821) the office of professor of poetry in the university. In the church Mr. Milman was some time vicar of Reading; then rector of St. Margaret's Westminster; and finally (1849) dean of St. Paul's. He died September 24, 1868. Dean Milman first appeared as an author in 1817, when his tragedy of 'Fazio' was published. It was afterwards acted with success at Drury Lane Theatre. In 1820 he published a dramatic poem, 'The Fall of Jerusalem,' and to this succeeded three other dramas, 'Belshazzar' (1822), 'The Martyr of Antioch' (1822), and 'Anne Boleyn' (1826); but none of these were designed for the stage. He also wrote a narrative poem, 'Samor, Lord of the Bright City' (1818), and several smaller pieces. To our prose literature, Milman

contributed a 'History of the Jews,' a 'History of Early Christianity,' a 'History of Latin Christianity,' a 'History of St. Paul's Cathedral,' a volume of 'Literary Essays,' &c. He edited an edition of Gibbon's Rome, with notes and corrections, and an excellent edition of Horace. These are valuable works. The taste and attainments of Dean Milman are seen in his poetical works; but he wants the dramatic spirit, and also that warmth of passion and imagination which is necessary to vivify his learning and his classical conceptions. His fame will ultimately rest on his histories.

Jerusalem before the Siege.

TITUS. It must be—
 And yet it moves me, Romans! It confounds
 The counsel of my firm philosophy,
 That Ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass o'er,
 And barren salt be sown on yon proud city.
 As on our olive-crowned hill we stand,
 Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
 Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
 As through a valley sacred to sweet peace,
 How boldly doth it front us! how majestically!
 Like a luxurious vineyard, the hillside
 Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
 Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer
 To the blue heavens. There bright and sumptuous palaces,
 With cool and verdant gardens interspersed;
 There towers of war that frown in massy strength;
 While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
 As conscious of its being her last farewell
 Of light and glory to that fated city.
 And, as our clouds of battle, dust and smoke,
 Are melted into air, behold the temple
 In undisturbed and lone serenity,
 Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
 In the profound of heaven! It stands before us
 A mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles!
 The very sun, as though he worshipped there,
 Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs,
 And down the long and branching porticoes,
 On every flowery-sculptured capital,
 Glitters the homag' of his parting beams.
 By Hercules! the sight might almost win
 The offended majesty of Rome to mercy.

Summons of the Destroying Angel to the City of Babylon.

The hour is come! the hour is come! With voice
 Heard in thy inmost soul. I summon thee,
 Cyrus, the Lord's anointed! And thou river,
 That flowest exulting in thy proud approach
 To Babylon, beneath whose shadowy walls,
 And brazen gates, and gilded palaces,
 And groves, that gleam with marble obelisks,
 Thy azure bosom shall repose, with lights
 Fretted and chequered like the starry heavens:
 I do arrest thee in thy stately course,
 By him, that poured thee from thine ancient fountain,
 And sent thee forth, even at the birth of time,
 One of his holy streams, to lave the mounts

Of Paradise. Thou hear'st me : thou dost check
 Abrupt thy waters as the Arab chief
 His headlong squadrons. Where the unobserved,
 Yet toiling Persian, breaks the ruining mound.
 I see thee gather thy tumultuous strength ;
 And through the deep and roaring Naharmalcha,
 Roll on as proudly conscious of fulfilling
 The omnipotent command ! While, far away,
 The lake, that slept but now so calm, nor moved,
 Save by the rippling moonshine, heaves on high
 Its foaming surface like a whirlpool-gulf,
 And boils and whitens with the unwonted tide.
 But silent as thy billows used to flow,
 And terrible, the hosts of Elam move,
 Winding their darksome way profound, where man
 Ne'er trod, nor light e'er shone, nor air from heaven
 Breathed. O ye secret and unfathomed depths,
 How are ye now a smooth and royal way
 For the army of God's vengeance ! Fellow-slaves
 And ministers of the Eternal purpose,
 Not guided by the treacherous, injured sons
 Of Babylon, but by my mightier arm,
 Ye come, and spread your banners, and display
 Your glittering arms as ye advance, all white
 Beneath the admiring moon. Come on ! the gates
 Are open—not for banqueters in blood
 Like you ! I see on either side o'erflow
 The living deluge of armed men, and cry,
 'Begin, begin ! with fire and sword begin
 The work of-wrath.' Upon my shadowy wings
 I pause, and float a little while, to see
 Mine human instruments fulfil my task
 Of final ruin. Then I mount, I fly,
 And sing my proud song, as I ride the clouds,
 That stars may hear, and all the hosts of worlds,
 That live along the interminable space,
 Take up Jehovah's everlasting triumph !

The Fair Recluse.—From 'Samor.'

Sunk was the sun, and up the eastern heaven,
 Like maiden on a lonely pilgrimage,
 Moved the meek star of eve ; the wandering air
 Breathed odours ; wood, and waveless lake, like man,
 Slept weary of the garish, babbling day. . . .
 But she, the while, from human tenderness
 Estranged, and gentler feelings that light up
 The cheek of youth with rosy joyous smile,
 Like a forgotten lute, played on alone
 By chance-caressing airs, amid the wild
 Beauteously pale and sadly playful grew,
 A lonely child, by not one human heart
 Beloved, and loving none : nor strange if learned
 Her native fond affections to embrace
 Things senseless and inanimate ; she loved
 All flow'rets that with rich embroidery fair
 Enamel the green earth—the odorous thyme,
 Wild rose, and roving eglantine ; nor spared
 To mourn their fading forms with childish tears.
 Gray birch and aspen light she loved, that droop
 Fringing the crystal stream ; the sportive breeze

That wantoned with her brown and glossy locks ;
 The sunbeam chequering the fresh bank ; ere dawn
 Wandering, and wandering still at dewy eve,
 By Glenderamakin's flower-empurpled marge,
 Derwent's blue lake, or Greta's wildering glen.

Rare sound to her was human voice, scarce heard,
 Save of her aged nurse or shepherd maid
 Soothing the child with simple tale or song.
 Hence all she knew of earthly hopes and fears,
 Life's sins and sorrows : better known the voice
 Beloved of lark from misty morning cloud
 Blithe carolling, and wild melodious notes
 Heard mingling in the summer wood or plain
 By moonlight, of the lone night-warbling bird.
 Nor they of love unconscious all around
 Fearless, familiar they their descants sweet
 Tuned emulous ; her knew all living shapes
 That tenant wood or rock, dun roe or deer,
 Sunning his dappled side, at noontide crouched,
 Courting her fond caress ; nor fled her gaze
 The brooding dove, but murmured sounds of joy.

The Day of Judgment.

Even thus amid thy pride and luxury,
 O earth ! shall that last coming burst on thee,
 That secret coming of the Son of Man.

When all the cherub-thronging clouds shall shine,
 Irradiate with his bright advancing sign :

When that great husbandman shall wave his fan,
 Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and pomp away ;
 Still to the noontide of that nightless day

Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course maintain.
 Along the busy mart and crowded street
 The buyer and the seller still shall meet,

And marriage-feasts begin their jocund strain :
 Still to the pouring out the cup of woe :
 Till earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,
 And mountains molten by his burning feet,
 And heaven his presence own, all red with furnace heat.

The hundred-gated cities then,
 The towers and temples, named of men
 Eternal, and the thrones of kings ;

The gilded summer palaces,
 The courtly bowers of love and ease,
 Where still the bird of pleasure sings :
 Aak ye the destiny of them ?
 Go, gaze on fallen Jerusalem !

Yes, mightier names are in the fatal roll,
 'Gainst earth and heaven God's standard is unfurled ;
 The skies are shrivelled like a burning scroll,
 And one vast common doom ensepulchres the world.

Oh, who shall then survive ?
 Oh, who shall stand and live ?
 When all that hath been is no more ;
 When for the round earth hung in air,
 With all its constellations fair
 In the sky's azure canopy ;

When for the breathing earth, and sparkling sea,
 Is but a fiery deluge without shore,
 Heaving along the abyss profound and dark—
 A fiery deluge, and without an ark ?

Lord of all power, when thou art there alone
 On thy eternal fiery-wheel'd throne,
 That in its high meridian noon
 Needs not the perished sun nor moon :
 When thou art there in thy presiding state,
 Wide-sceptred monarch o'er the realm of doom :
 When from the sea-depths, from earth's darkest womb,
 The dead of all the ages round thee wait :
 And when the tribes of wickedness are strewn
 Like forest-leaves in the autumn of thine ire :
 Faithful and true ! thou still wilt save thine own !
 The saints shall dwell within the unharmed fire,
 Each white robe spotless, blooming every palm.
 Even safe as we, by this still fountain's side,
 So shall the church, thy bright and mystic bride,
 Sit on the stormy gulf a halcyon bird of calm.
 Yes, 'mid yon angry and destroying signs,
 O'er us the rainbow of thy mercy shines ;
 We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,
 Almighty to avenge, almighty to redeem !

REV. GEORGE CROLY.

THE REV. GEORGE CROLY (1780-1860), rector of St. Stephen's, Brook, London, was a voluminous writer in various departments—*history, prose fiction, polemics, politics, &c.* He was a native of *Ireland*, and educated at Trinity College. His principal poetical works are—'Paris in 1815,' a description of the works of art in the city; 'The angel of the World, 1820;' 'Verse Illustrations to the works of the Antique;' 'Pride shall have a Fall,' a comedy; 'Catharine,' a tragedy; 'Poetical Works,' 2 vols., 1830; 'The Modern Orlando,' a satirical poem, 1846 and 1855, &c. His romances of 'The Angel of the World,' 'Tales of the Great St. Bernard,' and 'Marston,' have many powerful and eloquent passages. The most important of his theological works is 'The Apocalypse of St. John, a new Interpretation,' 1827. Dr. Croly's historical writings consist of a series of sketches—a 'Character of Curran,' 'Political life of Burke,' 'The Personal History of King George the Fourth,' &c. A brief memoir of Dr. Croly was published by his son in 1863.

Pericles and Aspasia.

He was the ruler of the land,
 When Athens was the land of fame;
 He was the light that led the band,
 When each was like a living flame;
 The centre of earth's noblest ring,
 More than men, the more than king.

Not by fetter, nor by spear,
 His sovereignty was held or won :
 Red—but alone as freemen fear ;
 Loved—but as freemen love alone ;
 He waved the sceptre o'er his kind
 Nature's first great title—mind !

His words were on his tongue,
 His eloquence first flashed below ;
 He moved to life the portent sprung,

Minerva from the Thunderer's brow !
 And his the sole, the sacred hand,
 That shook her sceptre o'er the land.

And throned immortal by his side,
 A woman sits with eye sublime,
 Aspasia, all his spirit's bride ;

But, if their solemn love were crime,
 Pity the beauty and the sage,
 Their crime was in their darkened age.

He perished, but his wreath was won ;
 He perished in his height of fame :
 Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun,
 Yet still she conquered in his name.
 Filled with his soul, she could not die ;
 Her conquest was Posterity !

The French Army in Russia.—From 'Paris in 1815.'

Magnificence of ruin ! what has time
 In all it ever gazed upon of war,
 Of the wild rage of storm, or deadly clime,
 Seen, with that battle's vengeance to compare ?
 How glorious shone the invaders' pomp afar !
 Like pampered lions from the spoil they came ;
 The land before them silence and despair,
 The land behind them massacre and flame ;
 Blood will have tenfold blood. What are they now ?
 A name.

Homeward by hundred thousands, column-deep,
 Broad square, loose squadron, rolling like the flood
 When mighty torrents from their channels leap,
 Rushed through the land the haughty multitude,
 Billow on endless billow ; on through wood, &c
 O'er rugged hill, down sunless, marshy vale,
 The death-devoted moved, to languor rude,
 Of drum and horn, and dissonant clash of mail,
 Glancing disastrous light before that sunbeam pale

Again they reached thee, Borodino ! still
 Upon the loaded soil the carnage lay,
 The human harvest, now stark, stiff, and chill,
 Friend, foe, stretched thick together, clay to clay ;
 In vain the startled legions burst away ;
 The land was all one naked sepulchre ;
 The shrinking eye still glanced on dim decay,
 Still did the hoof and wheel their passage tear,
 Through cloven helms and arms, and corpses mouldering drear.

The field was as they left it ; fosse and fort
 Steaming with slaughter still, but desolate ;
 The cannon flung dismantled by its port ;
 Each knew the mound, the black ravine whose strait
 Was won and lost, and thronged with dead, till fate
 Had fixed upon the victor—half undone.
 There was the hill, from which their eyes elate
 Had seen the burst of Moscow's golden zone ;
 But death was at their heels ; they shuddered and rushed on.

The hour of vengeance strikes. Hark to the gale !
 As it bursts hollow through the rolling clouds,
 That from the north in sullen grandeur sail
 Like floating Alps. Advancing darkness broods
 Upon the wild horizon, and the woods,
 Now sinking into brambles, echo shrill,
 As the gusts sweeps them, and those upper floods
 Shoot on their leafless boughs the sleet-drops chill,
 That on the hurrying crowds in freezing showers distil.

They reach the wilderness ! The majesty
 Of solitude is spread before their gaze,
 Stern nakedness—dark earth and wrathful sky.
 If ruins were there, they long had ceased to blaze ;
 If blood was shed, the ground no more betrays,
 Even by a skeleton, the crime of man ;
 Behind them rolls the deep and drenching haze.
 Wrapping their rear in night ; before their van
 The struggling daylight shews the unmeasured desert wan.

Still on they sweep, as if their hurrying march
 Could bear them from the rushing of His wheel
 Whose chariot is the whirlwind. Heaven's clear arch
 At once is covered with a lived veil,
 In mixed and fighting heaps the deep clouds reel;
 Upon the dense horizon hangs the sun,
 In sanguine light, an orb of burning steel;
 The snows wheel down through twilight, thick and dun;
 Now tremble, men of blood, the judgment has begun!

The trumpet of the northern winds has blown,
 And it is answered by the dying roar
 Of armies on that boundless field o'erthrown:
 Now in the awful gusts the desert hoar
 Is tempested, a sea without a shore,
 Lifting its feathery waves. The legions fly;
 Volley on volley down the hailstones pour;
 Blind, famished, frozen, mad, the wanderers die;
 And dying, here the storm but wilder thunder by.

Satan; from a Picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

'Satan dilated stood.'—MILTON.

Prince of the fallen! around thee sweep
 The billows of the burning deep;
 Above thee lowers the sullen fire,
 Beneath thee bursts the flaming spire;
 And on thy sleepless vision rise
 Hell's living clouds of agonies.

On thy curled lip is throned disdain,
 That may revenge, but not complain;
 Thy mighty cheek is firm, though pale,
 There smote the blast of fiery hail.
 Yet wan, wild beauty lingers there,
 The wreck of an archangel's sphere.

But thou dost like a mountain stand,
 The spear unlifted in thy hand;
 Thy gorgeous eye—a comet shorn;
 Calm into utter darkness borne;
 A naked giant, stern, sublime,
 Armed in despair, and scorning Time.

Thy forehead wears no diadem,
 The king is in thy eyeballs' beam;
 Thy form is grandeur unsubdued,
 Sole Chief of Hell's dark multitude.
 Thou prisoned, ruined, unforgiven!
 Yet fit to master all but heaven.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.

This lady was generally known as 'L. E. L.,' in consequence of having first published with her initials only. Her earliest compositions were 'Poetical Sketches,' which appeared in the 'Literary Gazette;' afterwards (1824) she published 'The Improvisatrice,' which was followed by two more volumes, of poetry. She also contributed largely to magazines and annuals, and was the authoress of a novel entitled 'Romance and Reality.' She was born at Hans Place, Chelsea, in 1802, the daughter of Mr. Landon, a partner in the house of Adair, army-agent. Lively, susceptible, and romantic; she early commenced writing poetry. Her father died, and she not only maintained herself, but assisted her relations by her literary labours. In 1838 she was married to Mr. George Maclean, governor of Cape Coast Castle, and shortly afterwards sailed for Cape Coast with her husband. She landed there in August, and was resuming her literary engagements in her solitary African home, when one morning, after writing the previous night some cheerful and affectionate letters to her friends in England, she was (October 16) found dead in her room, lying close to the door, having in her hand a bottle which had contained prussic

acid, a portion of which she had taken. From the investigation which took place into the circumstances of this melancholy event, it was conjectured that she had undesigningly taken an overdose of the fatal medicine, as a relief from spasms.

Change.

I would not care, at least so much, sweet Spring,
For the departing colour of thy flowers—
The green leaves early falling from thy boughs—
Thy birds so soon forgetful of their songs—
Thy skies, whose sunshine ends in heavy showers;
But thou dost leave thy memory, like a ghost,
To haunt the ruined heart, which still recurs
To former beauty; and the desolate
Is doubly sorrowful when it recalls
It was not always desolate.

When those eyes have forgotten the smile they wear now,
When care shall have shadowed that beautiful brow;
When thy hopes and thy roses together lie dead,
And thy heart turns back, pining, to days that are fled—

Then wilt thou remember what now seems to pass
Like the moonlight on water, the breath-stain on glass:
O maiden, the lovely and youthful, to thee,
How rose-touched the page of thy future must be!

By the past, if thou judge it, how little is there
But blossoms that flourish, but hopes that are fair;
And what is thy present? a southern sky's spring,
With thy feelings and fancies like birds on the wing.

As the rose by the fountain flings down on the wave
Its blushes, forgetting its glass is its grave;
So the heart sheds its colour on life's early hour
But the heart has its fading as well as the flower.

The charmed light darkens, the rose-leaves are gone,
And life, like the fountain, floats colourless on.
Said I, when thy beauty's sweet vision was fled,
How wouldst thou turn, pining, to days like the dead!

Oh, long ere one shadow shall darken that brow,
Wilt thou weep like a mourner o'er all thou lov'st now;
When thy hopes, like spent arrows, fall short of their mark
Or, like meteors at midnight, make darkness more dark:

When thy feelings lie fettered like waters in frost,
Or, scattered too freely, are wasted and lost:
For aye cometh sorrow, when youth hath passed by—
Ah! what saith the proverb? Its memory's a sigh.

Last Verses of L. E. L.

Alluding to the Pole Star, which, in her voyage to Africa, she had nightly watched
til it sunk below the horizon.

*A star has left the kindling sky—
A lovely northern light;
How many planets are on high,
But that has left the night.*

*I miss its bright familiar face,
It was a friend to me;
Associate with my native place,
And those beyond the sea.*

It rose upon our English sky,
Shone o'er our English land,
And brought back many a loving eye,
And many a gentle hand.

It seemed to answer to my thought,
It called the past to mind,
And with its welcome presence brought
All I had left behind.

The voyage it lights no longer, ends
Soon on a foreign shore;
How can I but recall the friends
That I may see no more?

Fresh from the pain it was to part--
How could I bear the pain?
Yet strong the omen in my heart
That says--We meet again.

Meet with a deeper, dearer love;
For absence shews the worth
Of all from which we then remove,
Friends, home, and native earth.

Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes
Still turned the first on thee,
Till I have felt a sad surprise,
That none looked up with me.

But thou hast sunk upon the wave,
Thy radiant place unknown;
I seem to stand beside a grave,
And stand by it alone.

Farewell! ah, would to me were given;
A power upon thy light!
What words upon our English heaven
Thy loving rays should write!

Kind messages of love and hope
Upon thy rays should be;
Thy shining orbit should have scope
Scarcely enough for me.

Oh, fancy vain, as it is fond,
And little needed too;
My friends! I need not look beyond
My heart to look for you.

JANE TAYLOR—ANN TAYLOR (MRS. GILBERT).

JANE and ANN TAYLOR were members of an English Nonconformist family of the middle rank of life, distinguished through four generations for their attainments in literature and art, and no less distinguished for persevering industry and genuine piety. The grandfather of the sisters, the first of four Isaac Taylors, was an engraver. He had a brother Charles, who edited Calmet's 'Dictionary of the Bible,' and another brother, Josiah, who became eminent as a publisher of architectural works. Isaac, the second son, father of Ann and Jane, besides his engraving business, took a warm interest in the affairs of the 'meeting-house,' and ultimately became pastor of an Independent congregation at Ongar in Essex. The wife of Mr. Taylor (*nee* Ann Martin) was also of literary tastes, and published 'Maternal Solicitude' (1814), 'The Family Mansion' (1819), and other tales, and instructive educational works. The daughters, Ann (1782-1866) and Jane (1783-1824) were born in London, but brought chiefly at Lavenham in Suffolk, whither their father had, for the sake of economy, taken up his residence. His daughters assisted in the engraving, working steadily at their tasks from their thirteenth or fourteenth year, and paying their share of the family expenses. They began their literary career by contributing to a cheap annual, 'The Minors' Pocket-Book,' the publishers of which, Darton and Harvey, induced them to undertake a volume of verses for children.

In 1803 appeared 'Original Poems for Infant Minds,' which were followed by 'Rhymes for the Nursery' (1806), 'Hymns for Infant Minds,' 'Rural Scenes,' 'City Scenes,' &c. The hymns were highly popular, and are still well known. The two little poems, 'My

Mother,' and 'Twinkle, Twinkle little Star,' can never become obsolete in the nursery. Jane Taylor was authoress of a tale entitled 'Display' (1815), and of 'Essays in Rhyme' (1816), and 'Contributions of Q. Q.' Ann married a Dissenting clergyman, the Rev. Josiah Gilbert, author of a treatise on the Atonement, who died in 1852, and a memoir of whom was written by his widow. When *she* also was removed, her son, Josiah Gilbert, an accomplished artist, and author of 'The Dolomite Mountains;' 'Cadore, or Titian's Country,' &c., published in 1874, 'Autobiography and other Memorials of Mrs. Gilbert (Ann Taylor).' A brother of the accomplished sisters, Isaac Taylor of Stamford Rivers, became still more distinguished as a theological writer, and will be noticed in a subsequent part of this volume.

The Squire's Pew.—By JANE TAYLOR.

A slanting ray of evening light
Shoots through the yellow pane;
It makes the faded crimson bright,
And gilds the fringe again:
The widow's Gothic framework falls
In oblique shadow on the walls.

And since those trappings first were new,
How many a cloudless day,
To rob the velvet of its hue,
Has come and passed away!
How many a setting sun hath made
That curious lattice-work of shade?

Crumbled beneath the hillock green
The cunning hand must be,
That carved this fretted door, I ween—
Acorn and *fleur-de-lis*;
And now the worm hath done her part
In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore—that now we call—
When James the First was king,
The courtly knight from yonder hall
His train did hither bring;
All seated round in order due,
With brodered suit and buckled shoe.

On damask-cushions, set in fringe,
All reverently they knelt:
Prayer-book with brazen hasp and hinge
In ancient English spelt,
Each holding in a lily hand,
Responsive at the priest's command.

Now streaming down the vaulted aisle,
The sunbeam, long and lone,
Illumes the characters awhile
Of their inscription stone;
And there, in marble hard and cold,
The knight and all his train behold.

Outstretched together are expressed
He and my lady fair,
With hands uplifted on the breast,
In attitude of prayer;
Long-visaged, clad in armor, he;
With ruffled arm and bodice, she.

Set forth in order as they died,
The numerous offspring bend;
Devoutly kneeling side by side,
As though they did intend
For past omissions to atone
By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim,
But generations new,
In regular descent from him,
Have filled the stately pew;
And in the same succession go
To occupy the vault below.

And now the polished, modern squire,
And his gay train appear
Who duly to the hall retire,
A season every year—
And fill the seats with belle and beau,
As 'twas so many years ago.

Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread
The hollow-sounding floor
Of that dark house of kindred dead
Which shall, as heretofore,
In turn, receive to silent rest
Another and another guest—

The feathered hearse and sable train,
In all its wonted state
Shall wind along the village lane,
And stand before the gate;
Brought many a distant country through
To join the final rendezvous.

when the race is swept away
to their dusty beds,
shall the mellow evening ray

Shine gaily o'er their heads :
Whilst other faces, fresh and new,
Shall occupy the squire's pew.

From 'The Song of the Tea-Kettle.'—By ANN TAYLOR.

Since first began my ominous song,
Slowly have passed the ages long . . .
Slow was the world my worth to glean,
My visible secret long unseen !
Surly, apart the nations dwelt.
Nor yet the magical impulse felt ;
Nor deemed that charity, science, art,
All that doth honour or wealth impart,
Spell-bound, till mind should set them free,
Slumbered, and sung in their sleep—in me !
At length the day in its glory rose,
And off on its spell—the *Engine* goes !
On whom first fell the amazing dream ?
WATT woke to fetter the giant Steam,
His fury to crush to mortal rule,
And wield Leviathan as his tool !
The monster, breathing disaster wild,
Is tamed and checked by a tutored child ;
Ponderous and blind, of rudest force,
A pin or a whisper guides its course ;
Around its sinews of iron play
The viewless bonds of a mental sway,
And triumphs the soul in the mighty dower,
To knowledge, the plighted boon—is *Power* !
Hark ! 'tis the din of a thousand wheels
At play with the fences of England's fields ;
From its bed upraised, 'tis the flood that pours
To fill little cisterns at cottage doors ;
'Tis the many-fingered, intricate, bright machine,
With its flowery film of lace, I ween !
And see where it rushes, with silvery wreath,
The span of yon arched cove beneath ;
Stupendous, vital, fiery, bright,
Trailing its length in a country's sight,
Riven are the rocks, the hills give way,
The dim valley rises to unfelt day ;
And man, fitly crowned with brow sublime,
Conqueror of distance reigns, and time.
Lone was the shore where the hero mused,
His soul through the unknown leagues transfused ;
His perilous bark on the ocean strayed,
And moon after moon, since its anchor weighed,
On the solitude strange and drear, did shine
The untracked ways of that restless brine ;
Till at length, his shattered sail was furled,
'Mid the golden sands of a western world !
Still centuries passed with their measured tread,
While winged by the winds the nations sped ;
And still did the moon as she watched that deep,
Her triple task o'er the voyagers keep ;
And sore farewells, as they hove from land,
Spoke of absence long, on a distant strand.
She starts—wild winds at her bosom rage,
She laughs in her speed at the war they wage ;
In queenly pomp on the surf she treads,
Scarce waking the sea-things from their beds ;
Fleet as the lightning trucks the cloud,

She glances on, in her glory proud ;
A few bright suns, and at rest she lies,
Glittering to transatlantic skies ! . . .
Simpleton man ! why, who would have thought
To this, the song of a tea-kettle brought !

JOANNA BAILLIE.

MISS BAILLIE (1762-1851) was the daughter of a Scottish minister, and was born in the manse or parsonage of Bothwell, county of Lanark. In this manse, 'repression of all emotions, even the gentlest, and those most honourable to human nature, seems to have been the constant lesson.' Joanna's sister, Agnes, told Lucy Aiken that their father was an excellent parent: 'when she had once been bitten by a dog thought to be mad, he had sucked the wound, at the hazard, as was supposed, of his own life, but that he had never given her a kiss. Joanna spoke of her yearning to be caressed when a child. She would sometimes venture to clasp her little arms about her mother's knees, who would seem to chide her, but the child knew she liked it.'* Her latter years were spent in comparative retirement at Hempstead, where she died February 23, 1851. Besides her dramas (afterwards noticed), Miss Baillie wrote some admirable Scottish songs and other poetical pieces, which were collected and published under the title of 'Fugitive Verses.' In society, as in literature, this lady was regarded with affectionate respect and veneration, enjoying the friendship of most of her distinguished contemporaries. Lockhart, in his 'Life of Scott,' states that Miss Baillie and her brother, Dr. Matthew Baillie, were among the friends to whose intercourse Sir Walter looked forward with the greatest pleasure, when about to visit the metropolis.

From 'The Kitten.'

Wanton droll, whose harmless play
Beguiles the rustic's closing day,
When drawn the evening fire about,
Sit aged Crone and thoughtless Lout,
And child upon his three-foot stool,
Waiting till his supper cool ;
And maid, whose cheek outblooms the
rose,

As bright the blazing fagot glows,
Who, bending to the friendly light,
Plies her task with busy sleight ;
Come, shew thy tricks and sportive graces,
Thus circled round with merry faces.

Backward coiled, and crouching low,
With glaring eyeballs watch thy foe,
The housewife's spindle whirling round,
Or thread, or straw, that on the ground
Its shadow throws, by urchin sly
Held out to lure thy roving eye ;
Then, onward stealing, fiercely spring
Upon the futile, faithless thing.
Now, wheeling round, with bootless skill.
Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,

As off beyond thy curving side
Its jetty tip is seen to glide ;
Till, from thy centre starting fair,
Thou sidelong rear'st, with rump in air,
Erected stiff, and gait awry,
Like madam in her tantrums high :
Though ne'er a madam of them all,
Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall,
More varied trick and whim displays,
To catch the admiring stranger's gaze. . .
The featest tumbler, stage-bedight,
To thee is but a clumsy wight,
Who every limb and sinew strains
To do what cost thee little pains ;
For which, I trow, the gaping crowd
Requites him oft with plaudits loud.
But, stopped the while thy wanton play,
Applauses, too, thy feats repay :
For then beneath some urchin's hand,
With modest pride thou tak'st thy stand,
While many a stroke of fondness glides
Along thy back and tabby sides.
Dilated swells thy glossy fur,

* *Memoirs of Lucy Aiken.* London, 1854.

loudly sings thy busy pur,
 ming well the equal sound,
 clutching feet bepat the ground,
 all their harmless claws disclose,
 prickles of an early rose;
 e softly from thy whiskered cheek
 half-closed eyes peer mild and meek.
 t not alone by cottage fire
 astics rude thy feats admire;
 learned sage, whose thoughts ex-
 plore
 widest range of human lore,
 ith unfettered fancy, fly
 ugh airy heights of poesy,
 ing, smiles with altered air
 e thee climb his elbow chair,
 truggling on the mat below,
 warfare with his slippered toe.
 widowed dame, or lonely maid,

Who in the still, but cheerless shade
 Of home unsocial, spends her age,
 And rarely turns a lettered page;
 Upon her hearth for thee lets fall
 The rounded cork, or paper-ball,
 Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch
 The ends of ravelled skein to catch,
 But lets thee have thy wayward will,
 Perplexing oft her sober skill.
 Even he, whose mind of gloomy bent,
 In lonely tower or prison pent,
 Reviews the coil of former days,
 And loathes the world and all its ways;
 What time the lamp's unsteady gleam
 Doth rouse him from his moody dream,
 Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,
 His heart with pride less fiercely beat,
 And smiles, a link in thee to find
 That joins him still to living kind

*From 'Address to Miss Agnes Baillie on her Birthday.'**

Dear Agnes, gleamed with joy and dashed with tears
 O'er us have glided almost sixty years,
 Since we on Bothwell's bonny braes were seen
 By those whose eyes long closed in death have been—
 Two tiny imps, who scarcely stooped to gather
 The slender harebell on the purple heather;
 No taller than the foxglove's spiky stem,
 That dew of morning studs with silvery gem.
 Then every butterfly that crossed our view
 With joyful shout was greeted as it flew;
 And moth, and lady-bird, and beetle bright,
 In sheeny gold, were each a wondrous sight.
 Then as we paddled barefoot, side by side,
 Among the sunny shallows of the Clyde,
 Minnows or spotted parr with twinkling fin,
 Swimming in mazy rings the pool within.
 A thrill of gladness through our bosoms sent,
 Seen in the power of early wonderment.

A long perspective to my mind appears,
 Looking behind me to that line of years;
 And yet through every stage I still can trace
 Thy visioned form, from childhood's morning grace
 To woman's early bloom—changing, how soon!
 To the expressive glow of woman's noon;
 And now to what thou art, in comely age,
 Active and ardent. Let what will engage
 Thy present moment—whether hopeful seeds
 In garden-plat thou sow, or noxious weeds
 From the fair flower remove, or ancient lore
 In chronicle or legend rare explore,
 Or on the parlour hearth with kitten play,

he author and her sister lived to an advanced age, constantly in each other's so-
 Miss Agnes Baillie died April 27, 1861, aged 100.

he manse of Bothwell was at some considerable distance from the Clyde, but the
 tile girls were sometimes sent there in summer to bathe and wade about. Joanna
 ie "rambled over the heaths and plashed in the brook most of the day." One day
 d to Lucy Aikin. "I could not read well till nine years old." "O Joanna," cried
 er, "not till eleven."—*Memoirs of Lucy Aikin.*

Stroking its tabby sides, or take thy way
 To gain with hasty steps some cottage door,
 On helpful errand to the neighboring poor—
 Active and ardent, to my fancy's eye
 Thou still art young, in spite of time gone by.
 Though oft of patience brief, and temper keen,
 Well may it please me, in life's latter scene,
 To think what now thou art and long to me hast been.

'Twas thou who woo'dst me first to look
 Upon the page of printed book,
 That thing by me abhorred, and with address
 Didst win me from my thoughtless idleness,
 When all too old become with bootless haste
 In fitful sports the precious time to waste.
 Thy love of tale and story was the stroke
 At which my dormant fancy first awoke,
 And ghosts and witches in my busy brain
 Arose in sombre show a motley train.
 This new-found path attempting, proud was I
 Lurking approval on thy face to spy,
 Or hear thee say, as grew thy roused attention,
 'What! is this story all thine own invention?'

Then, as advancing through this mortal span,
 Our intercourse with the mixed world began;
 Thy fairer face and sprightlier courtesies—
 A truth that from my youthful vanity
 Lay not concealed—did for the sisters twain,
 Where'er we went, the greater favour gain;
 While, but for thee, vexed with its toensing tide,
 I from the busy world had shrunk aside.
 And now, in later years, with better grace,
 Thou help'st me still to hold a welcome place
 With those whom nearer neighbourhood have made
 The friendly cheerers of our evening shade.

The change of good and evil to abide,
 As partners linked, long have we, side by side,
 Our earthly journey held; and who can say
 How near the end of our united way?
 By nature's course not distant; sad and 'reft
 Will she remain—the lonely pilgrim left.
 If thou art taken first, who can to me
 Like sister, friend, and home-companion be?
 Or who, of wonted daily kindness shorn,
 Shall feel such loss, or mourn as I shall mourn?
 And if I should be fated first to leave
 This earthly house, though gentle friends may grieve,
 And he above them all, so truly proved
 A friend and brother, long and justly loved,
 There is no living wight, of woman born,
 Who then shall mourn for me as thou wilt mourn.

Thou ardent, liberal spirit! quickly feeling
 The touch of sympathy, and kindly dealing
 With sorrow or distress, for ever sharing
 The unhoarded mite, nor for to-morrow caring—
 Accept, dear Agnes, on thy natal day,
 An unadorned, but not a careless lay.
 Nor think this tribute to thy virtues paid
 From tardy love proceeds, though long delayed
 Words of affection, howsoever expressed,
 The latest spoken still are deemed the best:
 Few are the measured rhymes I now may write;
 These are, perhaps, the last I shall indite.

The Shepherd's Song.

The gowan glitters on the sward,
The lav'rock's in the sky,
And Collie on my plaid keeps ward,
And time is passing by.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
I hear nae welcome sound;
The shadow of our trystin' bush,
It wears sae slowly round!

My sheep-bell tinkles frae the west,
My lambs are bleating near,
But still the sound that I lo'e best,
Alack! I canna hear.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
The shadow lingers still;
And like a lanely ghaist I stand,
And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,
The mill wi' clackin' din;
And Lucky scoldin' frae her door,
To bring the bairnies in.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
These are nae sound for me;
The shadow of our trystin' bush,
It creeps sae drearily.

I coft yestreen frae chapman Tam,
A snood of bonnie blue,
And promised when our trystin' cam',
To tie it round her brow.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
The time it winna pass;
The shadow of that weary thorn
Is tethered on the grass.

Oh now I see her on the way,
She's past the witches' knowe;
She's climbin' up the brownie's brae—
My heart is in a lowe.
Oh, no! 'tis na so!
'Tis glaurie I hae seen:
The shadow of that hawthorn bush
Will move nae mair till e'en.

My book of grace I'll try to read,
Though conned wi' little skill;
When Collie barks I'll raise my head,
And find her on the hill.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
The time will ne'er be gane;
The shadow of the trystin' bush
Is fixed like ony stane.

WILLIAM KNOX—THOMAS PRINGLE.

WILLIAM KNOX, a young poet of considerable talent, who died in Edinburgh in 1821, aged thirty-six, was author of 'The Lonely Hearth,' 'Songs of Israel,' 'The Harp of Zion,' &c. Sir Walter Scott thus mentions Knox in his diary: 'His father was a respectable yeoman, and he himself succeeding to good farms under the Duke of Buccleuch, became too soon his own master, and plunged into dissipation and ruin.' His talent then shewed itself in a fine strain of pensive poetry. Knox thus concludes his 'Songs of Israel.'

My song hath closed, the holy dream
That raised my thoughts o'er all below,
Hath faded like the lunar beam,
And left me 'mid a night of woe—
To look and long, and sigh in vain
For friends I ne'er shall meet again.

And like to Gilead's drops of balm,
They for a moment soothed my breast;
But earth hath not a power to calm
My spirit in forgetful rest,
Until I lay me side by side
With those that loved me, and have died.

And yet the earth is green and gay,
And yet the skies are pure and bright;
But 'mid each gleam of pleasure gay,
Some cloud of sorrow dims my sight:
For weak is now the tenderest tongue
That might my simple songs have sung.

They died—and this a world of woe,
Of anxious doubt and chilling fear;
I wander onward to the tomb,
With scarce a hope to linger here:
But with a prospect to rejoice
The friends beloved, that once were mine.

THOMAS PRINGLE was born in Roxburghshire in 1788. He was concerned in the establishment of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and was author of 'Scenes of Teviotdale,' 'Ephemerides,' and other poems, all of which display fine feeling and a cultivated taste. Although, from lameness, ill fitted for a life of roughness or hardships, Mr. Pringle,

with his father and several brothers, emigrated to the Cape of Good Hope in the year 1820, and there established a little township or settlement named Glen Lynden. The poet afterwards removed to Cape Town, the capital; but wearied with his Kaffirland exile, and disagreeing with the governor, he returned to England, and subsisted by his pen. He was sometime editor of the literary annual entitled 'Friendship's Offering.' His services were also engaged by the African Society, as secretary to that body, a situation which he continued to hold until within a few months of his death. In the discharge of its duties he evinced a spirit of active humanity, and an ardent love of the cause to which he was devoted. His last work was a series of 'African Sketches,' containing an interesting personal narrative, interspersed with verses. Mr. Pringle died on the 5th of December, 1834. The following piece was much admired by Coleridge:

Afar in the Desert.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
 When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
 And, sick of the present, I turn to the past;
 And the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
 From the fond recollections of former years;
 And the shadows of things that have long since fled,
 Flit over the brain like the ghosts of the dead—
 Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon—
 Day-dreams that departed ere manhood's noon—
 Attachments by fate or by falsehood reft—
 Companions of early days lost or left—
 And my Native Land! whose magical name
 Thrills to my heart like electric flame;
 The home of my childhood—the haunts of my prime;
 All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
 When the feelings were young and the world was new,
 Like the fresh bowers of Paradise opening to view!
 All—all now forsaken, forgotten, or lone;
 And I, a lone exile, remembered of none,
 My high aims abandoned, and good acts undone—
 Aweary of all that is under the sun;
 With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
 I fly to the Desert afar from man.
 Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
 When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
 With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife;
 The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear;
 And the scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear;
 And malice and meanness, and falsehood and folly,
 Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
 When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
 And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
 Oh then, there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
 Afar in the Desert alone to ride!
 There is rapture to vault on the champion steed,
 And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
 With the death-frangt firelock in my hand—
 The only law of the Desert land—

But 'tis not the innocent to destroy,
For I hate the huntsman's savage joy.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
Away—away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild-deer's haunt, and the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote, where the oribi plays;
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze;
And the gemsbok and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forests o'ergrown with wild vine;
And the elephant browses at peace in his wood;
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood;
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the *vley*, where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
O'er the brown karroo where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
In fields seldom freshened by moisture or rain;
And the stately koodoo exultingly bounds,
Undisturbed by the bay of the hunter's hounds;
And the timorous quagga's wild whistling neigh
Is heard by the brak fountain far away;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste;
And the vulture in circles wheels high overhead,
Greedy to scent and to gorge on the dead;
And the grisly wolf, and the shrieking jackal,
Howl for their prey at the evening fall;
And the fiend-like laugh of hyenas grim,
Fearfully startles the twilight dim.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
Away—away in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Koranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan:
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear:
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
And the bat flitting forth from his old hollow stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot:
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare, by the Salt Lake's brink:
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides:
Nor reedy pool, nor mossy fountain,
Nor shady tree, nor cloud-capped mountain,
Are found—to refresh the aching eye:
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the black horizon round and round,
Without a living sight or sound,
Tell to the heart, in its pensive mood,
That this is—Nature's solitude.
And here—while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the caverned stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,

And feel as a moth in the Mighty Hand
That spread the heavens and heaved the land—
A 'still small voice' comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear—
Saying, 'Man is distant, but God is near!'

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

The REV. ROBERT MONTGOMERY obtained a numerous circle of readers and admirers, although his poetry was stilted and artificial, and was severely criticised by Macaulay and others. The glitter of his ornate style, and the religious nature of his subjects, kept up his productions (with the aid of incessant puffing) for several years, but they have sunk into neglect. His principal works are, 'The Omnipresence of the Deity,' 'Satan,' 'Luther,' 'Messiah,' and 'Orford.' He wrote also various religious prose works, and was highly popular with many persons as a divine. He was preacher at Percy Chapel, Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, London, and died in 1855, aged forty-seven.

Description of a Maniac.

Down yon romantic dale, where hamlets few
Arrest the summer pilgrim's pensive view—
The village wonder, and the widow's joy—
Dwells the poor mindless, pale-faced maniac boy:
He lives and breathes, and rolls his vacant eye,
To greet the glowing fancies of the sky;
But on his cheek unmeaning shades of woe
Reveal the withered thoughts that sleep below!
A soulless thing, a spirit of the woods,
He loves to commune with the fields and floods:
Sometimes along the woodlands winding glade,
He starts and smiles upon his pallid shade;
Or scolds with idiot threat the roaming wind,
But rebel music to the ruined mind!
Or on the shell-strewn beach delighted strays
Playing his fingers in the noontide rays:
And when the sea-waves swell their hollow roar,
He counts the billows plunging to the shore;
And oft beneath the glimmer of the moon,
He chants some wild and melancholy tune;
Till o'er his softening features seems to play
A shadowy gleam of mind's reluctant away.
Thus, like a living dream, apart from men,
From morn to eve he haunts the wood and glen;
But round him, near him, wheresoe'er he rove,
A guardian-angel tracks him from above!
Nor harm from flood or fen shall e'er destroy
The mazy wanderings of the maniac boy.

The Starry Heavens.

Ye quenchless stars! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night,
While half the world is lapped in downy dreams,
And round the lattice creep your midnight beams,
How sweet to gaze upon your placid eyes,

Il. 'lambent beauty looking from the skies!
 And when, oblivious of the world, we stray
 At dead of night along some noiseless way,
 How the heart mingles with the moonlit hour,
 As if the starry heavens suffused a power!
 Full in her dreamy light, the moon presides,
 Shrouded in a halo, mellowing as she rides;
 And far around, the forest and the stream
 Bathe in the beauty of her emerald beam;
 The lulled winds, too, are sleeping in their caves,
 No stormy murmurs roll upon the waves;
 Nature is hushed, as if her works adored,
 Stilled by the presence of her living Lord!

WILLIAM HERBERT.

The HON. and REV. WILLIAM HERBERT (1778-1847) published in 1806 a series of translations from the Norse, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. Those from the Norse, or Icelandic tongue, were generally admired, and the author was induced to venture on an original poem founded on Scandinavian history and manners. The work was entitled 'Helga,' and was published in 1815. We extract a few lines descriptive of a northern spring, bursting out at once into verdure :

Yestreen the mountain's rugged brow
 Was mantled o'er with dreary snow;
 The sun set red behind the hill,
 And every breath of wind was still;
 But ere he rose, the southern blast
 A veil o'er heaven's blue arch had cast:
 Thick rolled the clouds, and genial rain
 Poured the wild deluge o'er the plain.
 Fair glens and verdant vales appear,
 And warmth awakes the budding year
 Oh, 'tis the touch of fairy hand
 That wakes the spring of northern land!
 It warms not there by slow degrees,

With changeful pulse, the uncertain
 breeze;
 But sudden on the wondering sight
 Bursts forth the beam of living light,
 And instant verdure springs around,
 And magic flowers bedeck the ground.
 Returned from regions far away,
 The red-winged thrush pours his lay;
 The soaring snipe salutes the spring,
 While the breeze whistles through his
 wing;
 And, as he hails the melting snows,
 The heathcock claps his wings and crows.

After a long interval of silence, Mr. Herbert came forward in 1838 with an epic poem, entitled 'Attila,' founded on the establishment of Christianity by the discomfiture of the mighty attempt of the Gothic king to establish a new antichristian dynasty upon the wreck of the temporal power of Rome at the end of the term of 1200 years, to which its duration had been limited by the forebodings of the heathens. He published also an able historical treatise on 'Attila and his Predecessors' (1838). Mr. Herbert wrote some tales, a volume of sermons, and various treatises on botany and other branches of natural history. His select works were published in two volumes in 1842. He originally studied law, and was for some time a member of the House of Commons, where he was likely to rise into distinction, had he not withdrawn from public life, and taken orders in the church. He died dean of Manchester.

Musings on Eternity.—From 'Attila.'

How oft, at midnight, have I fixed my gaze
 Upon the blue unclouded firmament,

With thousand spheres illumined ; each perchance
 The powerful centre of revolving worlds !
 Until by strange excitement stirred, the mind
 Hath longed for dissolution, so it might bring
 Knowledge, for which the spirit is athirst,
 Open the darkling stores of hidden time,
 And shew the marvel of eternal things,
 Which, in the bosom of immensity,
 Wheel round the God of nature. Vain desire ! . .

Enough
 To work in trembling my salvation here,
 Waiting thy summons, stern mysterious Power,
 Who to thy silent realm hast called away
 All those whom nature twined around my heart
 In my fond infancy, and left me here
 Denuded of their love !

Where are ye gone,
 And shall we wake from the long sleep of death,
 To know each other, conscious of the ties
 That linked our souls together, and draw down
 The secret dew-drop on my cheek, when'er
 I turn unto the past ? or will the change
 That comes to all renew the altered spirit
 To other thoughts, making the strife or love
 Of short mortality a shadow past,
 Equal illusion ? Father, whose strong mind
 Was my support, whose kindness as the spring
 Which never tarries ! Mother, of all forms
 That smiled upon my budding thoughts, most dear !
 Brothers ! and thou, mine only sister ! gone
 To the still grave, making the memory
 Of all my earliest time a thing wiped out,
 Save from the glowing spot, which lives as fresh
 In my heart's core as when we last in joy
 Were gathered round the blithe paternal board !
 Where are ye ? Must your kindred spirits sleep
 For many a thousand years, till by the trump
 Roused to new being ? Will old affections then
 Burn inwardly, or all our loves gone by
 Seem but a speck upon the roll of time,
 Unworthy our regard ? This is too hard
 For mortals to unravel, nor has He
 Vouchsafed a clue to man, who bade us trust
 To Him our weakness, and we shall wake up
 After his likeness, and be satisfied.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT, sprung from the manufacturing classes of England, and completely identified with them in feelings and opinions, was born at Masborough, in Yorkshire, March 7, 1781. His father was an iron-founder, and he himself wrought at this business for many years. He followed Crabbe in depicting the condition of the poor as miserable and oppressed, tracing most of the evils he deplores to the social and political institutions of his country. He was *not*, however, a 'destructive,' as the following epigram shews:

What is a Communist ? One who has yearnings
 For equal division of unequal earnings.

The laws relating to the importation of corn were denounced by Elliott as specially oppressive, and he inveighed against them with a fervour of manner and a harshness of phraseology which ordinary minds feel as repulsive, even while acknowledged as flowing from the offended benevolence of the poet. His vigorous and exciting political verses helped, in no small degree, to swell the cry which at length compelled the legislature to abolish all restrictions on the importation of corn.

For thee, my country, thee, do I perform,
Sternly, the duty of a man born free,
Heedless, though ass, and wolf, and venomous worm,
Shake ears and fangs, with brandished bray, at me.

Fortunately, the genius of Elliott redeemed his errors of taste: his delineation of humble virtue and affection, and his descriptions of English scenery, are excellent. He wrote from genuine feelings and impulses, and often rose into pure sentiment and eloquence. The Corn-law Rhymers, as he was popularly termed, appeared as a poet in 1823, but it was at a later period—from 1830 to 1836—that he produced his 'Corn-law Rhymes' and other works, which stamped him as a true genius, and rendered his name famous. He was honoured with critical notices from Southey, Bulwer, and Wilson, and became, as has justly been remarked, as truly and popularly the poet of Yorkshire—its heights, dales, and 'broad towns'—as Scott was the poet of Tweedside, or Wordsworth of the Lakes. His career was manly and honourable, and latterly he enjoyed comparatively easy circumstances, free from manual toil. He died at his house near Barnsley on the 1st of December, 1849. Shortly after his death, two volumes of prose and verse were published from his papers.

To the Bramble Flower.

Thy fruit full well the school-boy knows,	While silent showers are falling slow,
Wild bramble of the brake!	And 'mid the general hush,
So put thou forth thy small white rose;	A sweet air lifts the little bough,
I love it for his sake.	Lone whispering through the bush!
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow	The primrose to the grave is gone;
O'er all the fragrant bowers,	The hawthorn flower is dead;
Thou needst not be ashamed to shew	The violet by the mossed gray stone
Thy satin-threaded flowers;	Hath laid her weary head;
For dull the eye, the heart is dull,	But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,
That cannot feel how fair,	In all their beauteous power.
Amid all beauty beautiful,	The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
Thy tender blossoms are!	And boyhood's blossomy hour.
How delicate thy gauzy frill!	Scorned bramble of the brake! once more
How rich thy branchy stem!	Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
How soft thy voice when woods are still,	To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
And thou sing'st hymns to them:	In freedom and in joy.

The Excursion.

Bone-weary, many-childed, trouble-try'd!
Wife of my bosom, wedded to my soul!
Mother of nine that live, and two that died!
This day, drink health from nature's mountain-bowl!

Nay, why lament the doom which mocks control ?
 The buried are not lost, but gone before.
 Then dry thy tears, and see the river roll
 O'er rocks, that crowned yon time-dark heights of yore,
 Now, tyrant-like, dethroned, to crush the weak no more.

The young are with us yet, and we with them :
 Oh, thank the Lord for all he gives or takes—
 The withered bud, the living flower, or gem !
 And He will bless us when the world forsakes !
 Lo ! where thy fisher-born, abstracted, takes,
 With his fixed eyes, the trout he cannot see !
 Lo ! starting from his earnest dream, he wakes !
 While our glad Fanny, with raised foot and knee,
 Bears down at Noe's side the bloom-bowed hawthorn tree.

Dear children ! when the flowers are full of bees ;
 When sun-touched blossoms shed their fragrant snow ;
 When song speaks like a spirit, from the trees
 Whose kindled greenness hath a golden glow ;
 When, clear as music, rill and river flow,
 With trembling hues, all changeful, tinted o'er
 By that bright pencil which good spirits know
 Alike in earth and heaven—his sweet, once more,
 Above the sky-tinted hills to see the storm-bird soar.

'Tis passing sweet to wander, free as air,
 Blithe truants in the bright and breeze-blessed day,
 Far from the town—where stoop the sons of care
 O'er plans of mischief, till their souls turn gray,
 And dry as dust, and dead-alive are they—
 Of all self-buried things the most unblessed :
 O Morn ! to them no blissful tribute pay !
 O Night's long-courted slumbers ! bring no rest
 To men who laud man's foes, and deem the basest best !

God ! would they handcuff thee ? and, if they could,
 Chain the free air, that, like the daisy, goes
 To every field ; and bid the warbling wood
 Exchange no music with the willing rose
 For love-sweet odours, where the woodbine blows
 And trades with every cloud and every beam
 Of the rich sky ! Their gods are bonds and blows,
 Rocks, and blind shipwreck ; and they hate the stream
 That leaves them still behind, and mocks their changeless dream.

They know ye not, ye flowers that welcome me,
 Thus glad to meet, by trouble parted long !
 They never saw ye—never may they see
 Your dewy beauty, when the throstle's song
 Floweth like starlight, gentle, calm, and strong !
 Still, Avarice, starve their souls ! still, lowest Pride,
 Make them the meanest of the basest throng !
 And may they never, on the green hill's side,
 Embrace a chosen flower, and love it as a bride !

Blue Eyebright !* loveliest flower of all that grow
 In flower-loved England ! Flower, whose hedge-side gaze
 Is like an infant's ! What heart doth not know,
 Thee, clustered smiler of the bank ! where plays
 The sunbeam with the emerald snake, and strays

* The Germander Speedwell.

The dazling rill, companion of the road
Which the lone bard most loveth, in the days
When hope and love are young? Oh, come abroad,
Blue Eyebright! and this rill shall woo thee with an ode.

Awake, blue Eyebright, while the singing wave
Its cold, bright, beauteous, soothing tribute drops
From many a gray rock's foot and dripping cave;
While yonder, lo, the starting stone-chat hops!
While here the cotter's cow its sweet food crops;
While black-faced ewes and lambs are bleating there:
And, bursting through the briers, the wild ass stope—
Kicks at the strangers—then turns round to stare—
Then lowers his large red ears, and shakes his long dark hair.

Pictures of Native Genius.

O faithful love, by poverty embraced!
Thy heart is fire amid a wintry waste;
Thy joys are roses born on Hecla's brow;
Thy home is Eden warm amid the snow;
And she, thy mate, when coldest blows the storm,
Clings then most fondly to thy guardian form;
Even as thy taper gives intensest light,
When o'er thy bowed roof darkest falls the night!
Oh, if thou e'er hast wronged her, if thou e'er
From those mild eyes hast caused one bitter tear
To flow unseen, repent, and sin no more!
For richest gems, compared with her, are poor;
Gold, weighed against her heart, is light—is vile;
And when thou sufferest, who shall see her smile?
Sighing, ye wake, and sighing, sink to sleep,
And seldom smile without fresh cause to weep
(Scarce dry the pebble, by the wave dashed o'er,
Another comes, to wet it as before);
Yet while in gloom your freezing day declines,
How fair the wintry sunbeam when it shines!
Your foliage, where no summer leaf is seen,
Sweetly embroiders earth's white veil with green;
And your broad branches, proud of storm-tried strength,
Stretch to the winds in sport their stalwart length.
And calmly wave, beneath the darkest hour,
The ice-born fruit, the frost-defying flower.
Let luxury, sickening in profusion's chair,
Unwisely pamper his unworthy heir,
And, while he feeds him, blush and tremble too!
But love and labour, blush not, fear not you!
Your children—splinters from the mountain's side—
With rugged hands, shall for themselves provide.
Parent of valour, cast away thy fear!
Mother of men, be proud without a tear!
While round your hearth the woe-nursed virtues move,
And all that manliness can ask of love;
Remember Hogarth, and abjure despair;
Remember Arkwright, and the peasant Clare.
Burns, o'er the plough, sung sweet his wood-notes wild,
And richest Shakspeare was a poor man's child,
Sire, green in age, mild, patient, toil-inured,
Endure thine evils as thou hast endured.
Behold thy wedded daughter, and rejoice!
Hear hope's sweet accents in a grandchild's voice
See freedom's bulwarks in thy sons arise,

And Hampden, Russell, Sidney in your eyes !
 And should some new Napoleon's curse subdue
 All hearths but thine, let him behold them too,
 And timely shun a deadlier Waterloo.
 Northumbrian vales ! ye saw in silent pride,
 The pensive brow of lowly Akenside,
 When, poor, yet learned, he wandered young and free,
 And felt within the strong divinity.
 Scenes of his youth, where first he wooed the Nine,
 His spirit still is with you, vales of Tyne !
 As when he breathed, your blue-belled paths along,
 The soul of Plato into British song.
 Born in a lowly hut an infant slept,
 Dreamful in sleep, and, sleeping, smiled or wept :
 Silent the youth—the man was grave and shy :
 His parents loved to watch his wondering eye :
 And lo ! he waved a prophet's hand, and gave,
 Where the winds soar, a pathway to the wave !
 From hill to hill bade air-hung rivers stride,
 And flow through mountains with a conqueror's pride :
 O'er grazing herds, lo ! ships suspended sail,
 And Brindley's praise hath wings in every gale !
 The worm came up to drink the welcome shower ;
 The redbreast quaffed the raindrop in the bower ;
 The flustering duck through freshened lilies swam ;
 The bright roach took the fly below the dam ;
 Ramped the glad colt, and cropped the pensile spray ;
 No more in dust uprose the sultry way ;
 The lark was in the cloud : the woodbine hung
 More sweetly o'er the chaffinch while he sung ;
 And the wild rose, from every dripping bush,
 Beheld on silvery Sheaf the mirrored blush ;
 When calmly seated on his panniered ass,
 Where travellers hear the steel hiss as they pass,
 A milk-boy, sheltering from the transient storm,
 Chalked, on the grinder's wall, an infant's form ;
 Young Chantry smiled ; no critic praised or blamed ;
 And golden Promise smiled, and thus exclaimed :
 'Go, child of genius ! rich be thine increase ;
 Go—be the Phidias of the second Greece !'

A Poet's Prayer.

Almighty Father ! let thy lowly child,
 Strong in his love of truth, be wisely bold—
 A patriot bard by sycophants reviled,
 Let him live usefully, and not die old !
 Let poor men's children, pleased to read his lays,
 Love, for his sake, the scenes where he hath been.
 And when he ends his pilgrimage of days,
 Let him be buried where the grass is green,
 Where daisies, blooming earliest, linger late
 To hear the bee his busy note prolong ;
 There let him slumber, and in peace await
 The dawning morn, far from the sensual throng,
 Who scorn the wind-flower's blush, the redbreast's lovely song.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

MR. BAYLY (1797–1839) was, next to Moore, the most successful song-writer of our age, and he composed a number of light dramas. He was the son of a solicitor, near Bath. Destined for the church

he studied for some time at Oxford, but ultimately came to depend chiefly on literature for support. His latter years were marked by misfortunes, under the pressure of which he addressed some beautiful verses to his wife :

Address to a Wife.

Oh, hadst thou never shared my fate,
More dark that fate would prove,
My heart were truly desolate
Without thy soothing love.

But thou hast suffered for my sake,
Whilst this relief I found,
Like fearless lips that strive to take
The poison from a wound.

My fond affection thou hast seen,
Then judge of my regret,
To think more happy thou hadst been
If we had never met !

And has that thought been shared by thee?
Ah, no ! that smiling cheek
Proves more unchanging love for me
Than laboured words could speak.

But there are true hearts which the sight
Of sorrow summons forth ;
Though known in days of past delight,
We knew not half their worth.

How unlike some who have professed
So much in friendship's name,
Yet calmly pause to think how best
They may evade her claim.

But ah ! from them to thee I turn,
They'd make me loathe mankind,
Far better lessons I may learn
From thy more holy mind.

The love that gives a charm to home,
I feel they cannot take :
We'll pray for happier years to come,
For one another's sake.

Oh, No ! We never Mention Him.

Oh, no ! we never mention him, his name is never heard ;
My lips are now forbid to speak that once familiar word :
From sport to sport they hurry me, to banish my regret ;
And when they win a smile from me, they think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene the charms that others see ;
But were I in a foreign land, they'd find no change in me.
'Tis true that I behold no more the valley where we met,
I do not see the hawthorn-tree ; but how can I forget ?

For oh ! there are so many things recall the past to me—
The breeze upon the sunny hills, the billows of the sea ;
The rosy tint that decks the sky before the sun is set ;
Ay, every leaf I look upon forbids me to forget.

They tell me he is happy now, the gayest of the gay ;
They hint that he forgets me, too—but I heed not what they say :
Perhaps like me he struggles with each feeling of regret :
But if he loves as I have loved, he never can forget.

This amiable poet died of jaundice in 1839. His songs contain the pathos of a section of our social system ; but they are more calculated to attract attention by their refined and happy diction, than to melt us by their feeling. Several of them, as 'The Soldier's Tear,' 'She Wore a Wreath of Roses,' 'Oh, no ! We never Mention Him,' and 'We met—'twas in a crowd,' attained to an extraordinary popularity. Of his livelier ditties, 'I'd be a Butterfly' was the most *felicitous* : it expresses the Horatian philosophy in terms exceeding even Horace in gaiety.

What though you tell me each gay little rover
 Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day :
 Surely 'tis better, when summer is over,
 To die when all fair things are fading away.
 Some in life's winter may toil to discover
 Means of procuring a weary delay—
 I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,
 Dying when fair things are fading away !

THE REV. JOHN KEBLE.

In 1827 appeared a volume of sacred poetry, entitled 'The Christian Year: Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holidays throughout the Year.' The work has had extraordinary success. The object of the author was to bring the thoughts and feelings of his readers into more entire unison with those recommended and exemplified in the English Prayer-Book, and some of his little poems have great tenderness, beauty, and devotional feeling. Thus, on the text: 'So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth: and they left off to build the city' (Genesis, xi. 8), we have this descriptive passage:

Since all that is not Heaven must fade, Light be the hand of Ruin laid Upon the home I love: With lulling spell let soft Decay Steal on, and spare the Giant sway, The crash of tower and grove.	Far opening down some woodland deep' In their own quiet glades should sleep The relics dear to thought, And wild-flower wreaths from side to side Their wavering tracery hang, to hide What ruthless Time has wrought.
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Another text (Proverbs, xiv. 10) suggests a train of touching sentiment:

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
 Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die,
 Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
 Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh?

 Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe
 Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart,
 Our eyes see all around, in gloom or glow,
 Hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart.

The following is one of the poems entire:

Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.

The vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry.—*Habakkuk*, ii 3.

The morning mist is cleared away,
 Yet still the face of heaven is gray,
 Nor yet th' autumnal breeze has stirred the grove,
 Faded yet full, a paler green
 Skirts soberly the tranquil scene,
 The redbreast warbles round this leafy cove.

 Sweet messenger of 'calm decay,'
 Saluting sorrow as you may,
 As one still bent to find or make the best,
 In thee, and in this quiet mead,
 The lesson of sweet peace I read,
 Rather in all to be resigned than blest.

'Tis a low chant, according well
 With the soft solitary knell,
 As homeward from some grave beloved we turn,
 Or by some holy death-bed dear,
 Most welcome to the chastened ear
 Of her whom Heaven is teaching now to mourn.

O cheerful tender strain! the heart
 That duly bears with you its part,
 Singing so thankful to the dreary blast,
 Though gone and spent its joyous prime,
 And on the world's autumnal time,
 'Mid withered hues and sere, its lot be cast:

That is the heart for thoughtful seer,
 Watching, in trance nor dark nor clear.*
 The appalling Future as it nearer draws:
 His spirit calmed the storm to meet,
 Feeling the rock beneath his feet,
 And tracing through the cloud th' eternal Cause.

That is the heart for watchman true
 Waiting to see what God will do,
 As o'er the Church the gathering twilight falls:
 No more he strains his wistful eye,
 If chance the golden hours be nigh,
 By youthful Hope seen beaming round her walls.

Forced from his showy paradise,
 His thoughts to Heaven the steadier rise;
 There seek his answer when the world reproves:
 Contented in his darkling round,
 If only he be faithful found,
 When from the east th' eternal morning moves.

THE REV. JOHN KEBLE (1792-1866), author of 'The Christian Year,' was the son of a country clergyman, vicar of Coln-St-Aldwinds, Gloucestershire. At the early age of fifteen he was elected a scholar of Corpus Christi, Oxford, and having distinguished himself both in classics and mathematics was in 1811 elected to a Fellowship at Oriel. He was for some years tutor and examiner at Oxford, but afterwards lived with his father, and assisted him as curate. The publication of 'The Christian Year,' and the marvellous success of the work, brought its author prominently before the public, and in 1833 he was appointed professor of poetry at Oxford. About the same time the Tractarian movement began, having originated in a sermon on national apostacy, preached by Keble in 1833; Newman became leader of the party, and after he had gone over to the Church of Rome, Keble was chief adviser and counsellor. He also wrote some of the more important Tracts, inculcating, as has been said, 'deep submission to authority, implicit reverence for Catholic tradition, firm belief in the divine prerogatives of the priesthood, the real nature of the sacraments, and the danger of independent speculation.' Such principles, fettering the understanding, are never likely

* It shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear, nor dark.—Zechariah, xiv. 6.

to be popular, but they were held by Keble with saint-like sincerity and simplicity of character. In 1835, the poetical divine became vicar of Hursley, near Winchester. In 1846, he published a second volume of poems, 'Lyra Innocentium,' and he was author of a 'Life of Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man,' and editor of an edition of 'Hooker's Works.' The poetry of Keble is characterized by great delicacy and purity both of thought and expression. It is occasionally prosaic and feeble, but always wears a sort of apostolic air, and wins its way to the heart.

NOEL THOMAS CARRINGTON,

A Devonshire poet, MR. CARRINGTON (1777-1830), has celebrated some of the scenery and traditions of his native district in pleasing verse. His works have been collected into two volumes, and consist of 'The Banks of Tamar,' 1820; 'Dartmoor' (his best poem), 1826; 'My Native Village;' and miscellaneous pieces.

The Pixies of Devon.

The age of pixies, like that of chivalry, is gone. There is, perhaps, at present, scarcely a house which they are reputed to visit. Even the fields and lanes which they formerly frequented seem to be nearly forsaken. Their music is rarely heard; and they appear to have forgotten to attend their ancient midnight dance.—*Daw's Cornwall.*

They are flown.

Beautiful fictions of our father's, wove
In Superstition's web when Time was young,
And fondly loved and cherished: they are flown
Before the wand of Science! Hills and vales,
Mountains and moors of Devon, ye have lost
The enchantments, the delights, the visions all,
The elfin visions that so blessed the sight
In the old days romantic. Nought is heard,
Now, in the leafy world, but earthly strains—
Voices, yet sweet, of breeze, and bird, and brook,
And water-fall; the day is silent else.
And night is strangely mute! the hymnings high—
The immortal music, men of ancient times
Heard ravished oft, are flown! Oh, ye have lost,
Mountains and moors, and meads, the radiant throngs
That dwelt in your green solitudes, and filled
The air, the fields, with beauty and with joy
Intense; with a rich mystery that awed
The mind, and flung around a thousand hearths
Divinest tales, that through the enchanted year
Found passionate listeners!

The very streams
Brightened with visitings of these so sweet
Ethereal creatures! They were seen to rise
From the charmed waters, which still brighter grew
As the pomp passed to laud, until the eye
Scarce bore the unearthly glory. Where they trod,
Young flowers, but not of this world's growth, arose,
And fragrance, as of amaranthine bowers,
Floated upon the breeze. And mortal eyes
Looked on their revels all the luscious night;

And, unproved, upon their ravishing forms
 Gazed wistfully, as in the dance they moved,
 Voluptuous to the thrilling touch of harp
 Elysian!

And by gifted eyes were seen
 Wonders—in the still air; and beings bright
 And beautiful, more beautiful than throng
 Fancy's ecstatic regions, peopled now
 The sunbeam, and now rode upon the gale
 Of the sweet summer noon. Anon they touched
 The earth's delighted bosom, and the glades
 Seemed greener, fairer—and the enraptured woods
 Gave a glad leafy murmur—and the rills
 Leaped in the ray for joy; and all the birds
 Threw into the intoxicating air their songs,
 All soul. The very archings of the grove,
 Clad in cathedral gloom from age to age,
 Lightened with living splendours; and the flowers,
 Tinged with new hues and lovelier, upsprung
 By millions in the grass, that rustled now
 To gales of Araby!

The seasons came
 In bloom or blight, in glory or in shade;
 The shower or sunbeam fell or glanced as pleased
 These potent elves. They steered the giant cloud
 Through heaven at will, and with the meteor flash
 Came down in death or sport; ay, when the storm
 Shook the old woods, they rode, on rainbow wings,
 The tempest; and, anon, they reined its rage
 In its fierce mid career. But ye have flown,
 Beautiful fictions of our fathers! flown
 Before the wind of Science, and the hearths
 Of Devon, as lags the disenchanted year,
 Are passionless and silent!

Some poet-translators of this period merit honourable mention.

ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

The REV. FRANCIS WRANGHAM (1769–1843), rector of Hunmanby, Yorkshire, and archdeacon of Chester, in 1795 wrote a prize poem on the 'Restoration of the Jews,' and translations in verse. He was the author of four Seaton prize-poems on sacred subjects, several sermons, an edition of Langhorne's Plutarch, and dissertations on the British empire in the East, on the translation of the Scriptures into the oriental languages, &c. His occasional translations from the Greek and Latin, and his macaronic verses, or sportive classical effusions among his friends, were marked by fine taste and felicitous adaptation. He continued his favourite studies to the close of his long life, and was the ornament and delight of the society in which he moved.

HENRY FRANCIS CARY.

The REV. HENRY FRANCIS CARY (1772–1844), by his translation of *Dante*, has earned a high and lasting reputation. He was early distinguished as a classical scholar at Christ's Church, Oxford, and was familiar with almost the whole range of Italian, French, and English

literature. In 1805 he published the 'Inferno' of Dante in blank-verse, and an entire translation of the 'Divina Commedia,' in the same measure, in 1814. He afterwards translated the 'Birds' of Aristophanes, and the 'Odes' of Pindar, and wrote short memoirs in continuation of Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' which, with lives of the early French poets, appeared anonymously in the 'London Magazine.' For some years Mr. Cary held the office of assistant-librarian in the British Museum, and enjoyed a pension of £200 per annum. A Memoir of this amiable scholar was written by his son, the Rev. H. Cary, and published in 1847. First brought into notice by the prompt and strenuous exertions of Coleridge, Mr. Cary's version of the Florentine poet passed through four editions during the life of the translator. We subjoin a specimen.

Francesca of Rimini.

In the second circle of hell, Dante, in his 'vision,' witnesses the punishment of carnal sinners, who are tossed about ceaselessly in the dark air by furious winds. Amongst these he meets with Francesca of Rimini, who, with her lover Paolo, was put to death. The father of the unfortunate lady was the friend and protector of Dante.

I began: 'Bard! willingly
I would address those two together coming.
Which seem so light before the wind.' He thus:
'Note thou, when nearer they to us approach,
Then by that love which carries them along,
Entreat; and they will come.' Soon as the wind
Swayed them toward us, I thus framed my speech:
'O wearied spirits! come and hold discourse
With us, if by none else restrained.' As doves,
By fond desire invited, on wide wings
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;
Thus issued, from that troop where Dido ranks,
They, through the ill air speeding, with such force
My cry prevailed, by strong affection urged.
'O gracious creature, and benign! who goest
Visiting, through this element obscure,
Us, who the world with bloody stain imbrued;
If, for a friend, the King of all we owned,
Our prayer to him should for thy peace arise,
Since thou hast pity on our evil plight.
Of whatsoever to hear or to discourse
It pleases thee, that will we hear, of that
Freely with thee discourse, while e'er the wind,
As now, is mute. The laud that gave me birth,
Is situate on the coast, where Po descends
To rest in ocean with his sequent streams.
'Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learnt,
Entangled him by that fair form, from me
Ta'en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still:
Love, that denial takes from none beloved,
Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,
That, as thou see'st he yet deserts me not.
Love brought us to one death: Caina (!) waits
The soul who split our life.' Such were their words;
At hearing which downward I bent my looks,

1 The place to which murderers are doomed.

And held them there so long, that the bard cried:
 'What art thou pondering?' I, in answer, thus:
 'Alas! by what sweet thoughts, what fond desire,
 Must they at length to that ill pass have reached!'

Then turning, I to them my speech addressed,
 And thus began: 'Francesca! your sad fate,
 Even to tears, my grief and pity moves.

But tell me; in the time of your sweet sighs,
 By what and how Love granted, that ye knew
 Your yet uncertain wishes.' She replied:

'No greater grief than to remember days
 Of joy, when misery is at hand! That kens
 Thy learned instructor. Yet so eagerly
 If thou art bent to know the primal root,
 From whence our love gat being, I will do
 As one who weeps and tells his tale. One day,
 For our delight, we read of Lancelot, (1)
 How him love thrall'd. Alone we were, and no
 Suspicion near us. Ofttimes by that reading
 Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
 Fle'd from our altered cheek. But at one point
 Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,
 The wish'd smile, so rapturously kissed
 By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er
 From me shall separate, at once my lips
 All trembling kissed. The book and writer both
 Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day
 We read no more.' (2) While thus one spirit spake,
 The other wail'd so sorely that, heart-struck,
 I, through compassion fainting, seem'd not far
 From death; and like a corpse fell to the ground.

Ugolini and his Sons in the Tower of Famine.

During the contests between the Guelph and the Ghibellines, in 1289, Count Ugolini with two of his sons and two grandsons, were confined by Archbishop Aggieri in a tower; the tower was locked, and the key thrown into the Arno, and food was withheld from them. In a few days, they died of hunger. Dante describes the future punishment of Ugolini and the cardinal as being 'pent in one hole of the ice.' The awful deaths in the tower are thus related by the ghost of the int.

A small grate
 Within that mew, which for my sake the name
 Of fanine bears, where others yet must pine,
 Already through its opening several moons
 Had shewn me, when I slept the evil sleep
 That from the future tore the curtain off.
 The one, methought, as master of the sport,
 Rode forth to chase the gannt wolf and his whelps,
 Unto the mountain which forbids the sight
 Of Lucca to the Pisans. With lean brachs,
 Inquisitive and keen, before him ranged
 Lanfranchi with Sismondi and Gualandi.
 After short course the father and the sons
 Seem'd tired and lagging, and methought I saw
 The sharp tusks gore their sides. When I awoke,

1 *One of the knights of the Round Table, and the lover of Ginevra, or Guinevere, called in romance.*

A fine representation of this scene in marble formed part of the Manchester Exhibition of 1857. It was from the collection of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and was exhibited by Mr. A. Munro, sculptor, a young artist cut off prematurely by death in 1871.

Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard
 My sons—for they were with me—weep and ask
 For bread . . .
 Now had they wakened; and the hour drew near
 When they were wont to bring us food; the mind
 Of each misgave him through his dream; and I
 Heard, at its outlet underneath, locked up
 The horrible tower: whence, uttering not a word,
 I looked upon the visage of my sons.
 I wept not: so all stone I felt within.
 They wept: and one, my little Anselm, cried:
 ‘Thou lookest so! father, what ails thee?’ Yet
 I shed no tear, nor answered all that day
 Nor the next night, until another sun
 Came out upon the world. When a faint beam
 Had to our doleful prison made its way,
 And in four countenances I descried
 The image of my own, on either hard
 Through agony I bit; and they who thought
 I did it through desire of feeding, rose
 O’ the sudden, and cried: ‘Father, we should grieve
 Far less if thou wouldst eat of us; thou gavest
 These weeds of miserable flesh we wear;
 And do thou strip them off from us again.’
 Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down
 My spirit in stillness. That day and the next
 We were all silent. Oh, obdurate earth!
 Why open’st not upon us? When we came
 To the fourth day, then Gaddo at my feet
 Outstretched did fling him, crying: ‘Hast no help
 For me, my father?’ There he died; and e’en
 Plainly, as thou seest me, saw I the three
 Fall one by one ’twixt the fifth day and sixth:
 Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope
 Over them all, and for three days aloud
 Called on them who were dead. Then, fasting got
 The mastery of grief.

A select descriptive passage of Dante, imitated by Gray (first line in the ‘*Elgy*’), and by Byron (‘*Don Juan*,’ canto iii. 108), is thus rendered by Cary:

Now was the hour that wakens fond desire
 In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart
 Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell;
 And pilgrim newly on his road with love
 Thrills, if he hear the vesper-bell from far,
 That seems to mourn for the expiring day,

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE.

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE (1775–1843), the translator of Ariosto, and a man of fine talent and accomplishments, was the second son of Mr. George Rose, Treasurer of the Navy, &c. After his education at Eton and Cambridge, Mr. Rose was introduced to public life, and he obtained the appointment of reading-clerk to the House of Lords. His tastes, however, were wholly literary. To gratify his father, he began ‘*A Naval History of the Late War*,’ vol. i., 1802, which he never completed. His subsequent works were a translation of the

romance of 'Amadis de Gaul,' 1803; a translation, in verse from the French of Le Grand, of 'Partenopex de Blois,' 1807: 'Letters to Henry Hallam, Esq., from the North of Italy,' 2 vols., 1819; and a translation of the 'Animali Parlanti' of Casti, 1819, to which he prefixed introductory addresses at each canto to his friends Ugo Foscolo, Frere, Walter Scott, &c. In 1823, he published a condensed translation of Boiardo's 'Orlando Innamorato,' and also commenced his version of the 'Orlando Furioso,' which was completed in 1831. The latter is the happiest of Mr. Rose's translations; it has wonderful spirit, as well as remarkable fidelity, both in form and meaning, to the original. The translator dedicated his work in a graceful sonnet to Sir Walter Scott, 'who,' he says, 'persuaded me to resume the work, which had been thrown aside, on the ground that such labour was its own reward:'

Scott, for whom Fame a gorgeous garland weaves,
 Who what was scattered to the wasting wind,
 As grain too coarse to gather or to bind,
 Bids't me collect and gird in goodly sheaves;
 If this poor seed hath formed its stalks and leaves,
 Transplanted from a softer clime, and pined
 For lack of southern suns in soil unkind,
 Where Ceres or Italian Flora grieves;
 And if some fruit, however dwindled, fill
 The doubtful ear, though scant the crop and bare—
 Ah, how unlike the growth of Tuscan hill,
 Where the glad harvest springs behind the share—
 Peace be to thee! who taught me that to till
 Was sweet, however paid the peasant's care.

Besides his translations, Mr. Rose was author of a volume of poems, entitled 'The Crusade of St. Louis,' &c., 1810; and 'Rhymes,' a small volume of epistles to his friends; tales, sonnets, &c. He was also an occasional contributor to the 'Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly Reviews.' Ill-health latterly compelled Mr. Rose to withdraw in a great measure from society; 'but in every event and situation of life,' says his biographer, Mr. Townsend, 'whether of sorrow or sickness, joy or pleasure, the thoughtful politeness of a perfect gentleman never forsook him.*' And thus he became the best translator of Ariosto, one of whose merits was that even in jesting he never forgot that he was a gentleman, while in his most extraordinary narratives and adventures there are simple and natural touches of feeling and expression that command sympathy. The *ottava rima* stanza of Ariosto was followed by Rose.—Hook in his translation adopted the heroic couplet with marvellous success. As a specimen, we give two stanzas:

Let him make haste his feet to disengage,
 Nor lime his wings, whom Love has made a prize;
 For love, in fine, is nought but frenzied rage,
 By universal suffrage of the wise:
 And albeit some may shew themselves more sage

* Memoir prefixed to Bohn's edition of the *Orlando Furioso*, 1858.

Than Roland, they but sin in other guise.
For what proves folly more than on this shelf,
Thus for another to destroy one's self?

Various are love's effects; but from one source
All issue, though they lead a different way.
He is, as 'twere, a forest where, perforce,
Who enters its recesses go astray;
And here and there pursue their devious course:
In sum, to you, I, for conclusion, say,
He who grows old in love, besides all pain
Which waits such passion, well deserves a chain.

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

One of our earliest translators from the German was WILLIAM TAYLOR of Norwich (1765-1836). In 1796 appeared his version of Burger's 'Lenore.' Before the publication of this piece, Mrs. Barbauld—who had been the preceptress of Taylor—read it to a party in Edinburgh at which Walter Scott was present. The impression made upon Scott was such that he was induced to attempt a version himself, and though inferior in some respects to that of Taylor, Scott's translation gave promise of poetical power and imagination. Mr. Taylor afterwards made various translations from the German, which he collected and published in 1830 under the title of 'A Survey of German Poetry.' 'Mr. Taylor,' says a critic in the 'Quarterly Review' (1843), 'must be acknowledged to have been the first who effectually introduced the modern poetry and drama of Germany to the English reader, and his version of the 'Nathan' of Lessing, the 'Iphigenia' of Goethe, and Schiller's 'Bride of Messina,' are not likely to be supplanted, though none of them are productions of the same order with Coleridge's 'Wallenstein.' In 1843 an interesting Memoir of Taylor, containing his correspondence with Southey, was published in two volumes, edited by J. W. Robberds, Norwich.

THE EARL OF ELLESMERE

In 1823 this nobleman (1800-1857) published a translation of Goethe's 'Faust' and Schiller's 'Song of the Bell.' This volume was followed in 1824 by another, 'Translations from the German, and Original Poems.' In 1830 he translated 'Hernani, or the Honour of a Castilian,' a tragedy from the French of Victor Hugo. To the close of his life, this accomplished nobleman continued to adapt popular foreign works—as Pindemonte's 'Donna Charitea,' Michael Beer's 'Paria,' the 'Henri Trois' of Dumas, &c. He translated and re-arranged Schimmer's 'Siege of Vienna,' and edited the 'History of Peter the Cruel, King of Castile and Leon' (two vols., 1851). In 1839 he undertook a voyage to the Mediterranean in his yacht, and on his return home printed for private circulation 'The Pilgrimage,' 'Mediterranean Sketches,' &c., which were afterwards published with illustrations. A dramatic piece, 'Bluebeard,' acted with success

ss at private theatricals, also proceeded from his pen. He occasionally contributed an article to the 'Quarterly Review,' and took a lively interest in all questions affecting literature and art. Of both he was a munificent patron. His lordship, by the death of his father, the first Duke of Sutherland, in 1833, succeeded to the great ridgewater estates in Lancashire, and to his celebrated gallery of pictures, valued at £150,000. He was raised to the peerage as Earl of Ellesmere in 1846. The translations of this nobleman are characterised by elegance and dramatic spirit, but his 'Faust' is neither very vigorous nor very faithful. His original poetry is graceful, resembling, though inferior, that of Rogers. We subjoin one specimen, in which Campbell seems to have been selected as the model.

The Military Execution.

His doom has been decreed,
He has owned the fatal deed,
And its sentence is here to abide.
No mercy now can save;
They have dug the yawning grave,
And the hapless and the brave
Kneels beside.

No bandage wraps his eye;
He is kneeling there to die,
Oblinded, undaunted, alone,
His latest prayer has ceased,
And the comrade and the priest,
From their last sad task released,
Both are gone.

His kindred are not near
The fatal knell to hear,
They can but weep when the deed 'tis
done;
They would shriek, and wail, and pray:
It is well for him to-day
That his friends are far away—
All but one.

Yes, in his mute despair,
The faithful bound is there,
He has reached his master's side with a
spring.
To the hand which reared and fed,
Till its ebbing pulse hath fled,
Till that hand is cold and dead,
He will cling.

What art, or lure, or wile,
That one can now beguile
From the side of his master and friend?
He has gnawed his cord in twain;
To the arm which strives in vain
To repel him, he will strain
To the end.

The tear-drop who can blame?
Though it dim the veteran's aim
And each breast along the line heave the
sigh.
For 'twere cruel now to save;
And together in that grave,
The faithful and the brave,
Let them lie.

In 1820-22, THOMAS MITCHELL (1788-1845) published translations of a verse of Aristophanes, in which the sense and spirit of the 'Old comedian' were admirably rendered. Mr. Mitchell also edited some of the plays of Sophocles, and superintended the publication of some of the Greek works which issued from the Oxford Clarendon press.

VISCOUNT STRANGFORD (1780-1855), long the British Ambassador at Lisbon and other foreign courts, in 1803 published a version of Poems from the Portuguese of Camoens, with remarks on his Life and Writings. The translation was generally condemned for its loose and amatory character, but some of the lyrical pieces have much beauty. A sarcastic notice of Strangford will be found in Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, and Moore dedicated to him one of his finest epistles. To the last, the old nobleman delighted in literary and antiquarian pursuits, and was much esteemed.

SCOTTISH POETS.

ROBERT BURNS.

After the publication of Fergusson's poems, in a collected shape, in 1773, there was an interval of about thirteen years, during which no writer of eminence arose in Scotland who attempted to excel in the native language of the country. The intellectual taste of the capital ran strongly in favour of metaphysical and critical studies; but the Doric muse was still heard in the rural districts linked to some popular air, some local occurrence or favourite spot, and was much cherished by the lower and middle classes of the people. In the summer of 1786, ROBERT BURNS, the Shakspeare of Scotland, issued his first volume from the obscure press of Kilmarnock, and its influence was immediately felt, and is still operating on the whole imaginative literature of the kingdom.* Burns was then in his twenty-seventh year, having been born in the parish of Alloway, near Ayr, on the 25th of January 1759. His father was a poor farmer, a man of sterling worth and intelligence, who gave his son what education he could afford. The whole, however, was but a small foundation on which to erect the miracles of genius! Robert was taught English well, and by the time he was ten or eleven years of age, he was a critic in substantives, verbs, and particles.

He was also taught to write, had a fortnight's French, and was one summer quarter at land-surveying. He had a few books, among

* The edition consisted of 600 copies. A second was published in Edinburgh in April 1787, as many as 2800 copies being subscribed for by 1500 individuals. After his unexampled popularity in Edinburgh, Burns took the farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries, married his 'bonny Jean,' and entered upon his new occupation at Whitsunday 1788. He had obtained—what he anxiously desired as an addition to his means as a farmer—an appointment in the Excise; but the duties of this office, and his own convivial habits, interfered with his management of the farm; and he was glad to abandon it. In 1791 he removed to the town of Dumfries, subsisting entirely on his situation in the Excise, which yielded £70 per annum, with an occasional windfall from smuggling seizures. His great ambition was to become a supervisor, from which preferment it was said his 'political heresies excluded him; but it has lately been proved, that if any rebuke was administered to the poet, it must have been verbal, for no censure against him was recorded in the excise books. He was on the list for promotion, and had he lived six months longer he would, in the ordinary routine of the service, have been promoted. In 1793, Burns published a third edition of his poems, with the addition of 'Tam o' Shanter' and other pieces composed at Ellisland. A fourth edition, with some corrections, was published in 1794, and this seems to have been the last authorized edition in the poet's lifetime. He died at Dumfries on the 21st of July 1796, aged thirty-seven years and about six months. The story of the poet's life is so well known, that even this brief statement of dates seems unnecessary. The valuable edition of Dr. Currie appeared in 1800, and realized a sum of £1400 for Burns's widow and family. It contained the correspondence of the poet, and a number of songs, contributed to Johnson's 'Scotts' Musical Museum,' and Thomson's 'Select Scottish Melodies.' The editions of Burns since 1800 could with difficulty be ascertained; they were reckoned a few years ago at about a hundred. His poems circulate in every shape, and have not yet gathered all their fame.'

which were the 'Spectator,' Pope's works, Allan Ramsay, and a collection of 'English Songs.' Subsequently—about his twenty-third year—his reading was enlarged with the important addition of Thomson, Shenstone, Sterne, and Mackenzie. Other standard works soon followed. As the advantages of a liberal education were not within his reach, it is scarcely to be regretted that his library was at first so small. What books he had, he read and studied thoroughly—his attention was not distracted by a multitude of volumes—and his mind grew up with original and robust vigour. It is impossible to contemplate the life of Burns at this time, without a strong feeling of affectionate admiration and respect. His manly integrity of character—which, as a peasant, he guarded with jealous dignity—and his warm and true heart, elevate him, in our conceptions, almost as much as the native force and beauty of his poetry. We see him in the veriest shades of obscurity, toiling, when a mere youth, 'like a galley-slave,' to support his virtuous parents and their household, yet grasping at every opportunity of acquiring knowledge from men and books—familiar with the history of his country, and loving its very soil—worshipping the memory of Scotland's ancient patriots and defenders, and exploring the scenes and memorials of departed greatness—loving also the simple peasantry around him, 'the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers.' Burning with a desire to do something for old Scotland's sake, with a heart beating with warm and generous emotions, a strong and clear understanding, and a spirit abhorring all meanness, insincerity, and oppression, Burns, in his early days, might have furnished the subject for a great and instructive moral poem. The true elements of poetry were in his life, as in his writings. The wild stirrings of his ambition—which he so nobly compared to the 'blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave'—the precocious maturity of his passions and his intellect, his manly frame, that led him to fear no competitor at the plough, and his exquisite sensibility and tenderness, that made him weep over even the destruction of a daisy's flower or a mouse's nest—these are all moral contrasts or blendings that seem to belong to the spirit of romantic poetry. His writings, as we now know, were but the fragments of a great mind—the hasty outpourings of a full heart and intellect. After he had become the fashionable wonder and idol of his day—soon to be cast into cold neglect and poverty!—some errors and frailties threw a shade on the noble and affecting image, but its higher lineaments were never destroyed. The column was defaced, not broken; and now that the mists of prejudice have cleared away, its just proportions and symmetry are recognized with pride and gratitude by his admiring countrymen.

Burns came as a potent auxiliary or fellow-worker with Cowper, in bringing poetry into the channels of truth and nature. There was only about a year between the 'Task' and the 'Cotter's Saturday

Night.' No poetry was ever more instantaneously or universally popular among a people than that of Burns in Scotland. A contemporary, Robert Heron, who then resided in Galloway, contiguous to Ayrshire, states that 'old and young, high and low, learned and ignorant, were alike transported with the poems, and that even ploughmen and maid-servants would gladly have bestowed the wages they earned, if they but might procure the works of Burns.' The volume, indeed, contained matter for all minds—for the lively and sarcastic, the wild and the thoughtful, the poetical enthusiast and the man of the world. So eagerly was the book sought after, that, where copies of it could not be obtained, many of the poems were transcribed and sent round in manuscript among admiring circles. The subsequent productions of the poet did not materially affect the estimate of his powers formed from his first volume. His life was at once too idle and too busy for continuous study; and, alas! it was too brief for the full maturity and development of his talents. Where the intellect predominates equally with the imagination—and this was the case with Burns—increase of years generally adds to the strength and variety of the poet's powers; and we have no doubt that, in ordinary circumstances, Burns, like Dryden, would have improved with age, and added greatly to his fame, had he not fallen at so early a period, before his imagination could be enriched with the riper fruits of knowledge and experience. He meditated a national drama; but we might have looked with more confidence for a series of tales like 'Tam o' Shanter,' which—with the elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson, one of the most highly finished and most precious of his works—was produced in his happy residence at Ellisland. Above two hundred songs were, however, thrown off by Burns in his latter years, and they embraced poetry of all kinds.

Moore became a writer of lyrics, as he informs his readers, that he might express what music conveyed to himself. Burns had little or no technical knowledge of music. Whatever pleasure he derived from it, was the result of personal associations—the words to which airs were adapted, or the locality with which they were connected. His whole soul, however, was full of the finest harmony. So quick and genial were his sympathies, that he was easily stirred into lyrical melody by whatever was good and beautiful in nature. Not a bird sang in a bush, nor a burn glanced in the sun, but it was eloquence and music to his ear. He fell in love with every fine female face he saw, and thus kindled up, his feelings took the shape of song, and the words fell as naturally into their places as if prompted by the *most perfect knowledge of music. The inward melody needed no artificial accompaniment. An attempt at a longer poem would have chilled his ardour; but a song embodying some one leading idea, some burst of passion, love, patriotism, or humour, was exactly suited to the impulsive nature of Burns's genius, and to his situation*

and circumstances. His command of language and imagery, always the most appropriate, musical, and graceful, was a greater marvel than the creations of a Handel or Mozart. The Scottish poet, however, knew many old airs—still more old ballads; and a few bars of the music, or a line of the words, served as a key-note to his suggestive fancy. He improved nearly all he touched. The arch humour, gaiety, simplicity, and genuine feeling of his original songs, will be felt as long as ‘rivers roll and woods are green.’ They breathe the natural character and spirit of the country, and must be coeval with it in existence. Wherever the words are chanted, a picture is presented to the mind; and whether the tone be plaintive and sad, or joyous and exciting, one overpowering feeling takes possession of the imagination. The susceptibility of the poet inspired him with real emotions and passion, and his genius reproduced them with the glowing warmth and truth of nature.

‘Tam O’Shanter’ is usually considered to be Burns’s master-piece; it was so considered by himself, and the judgment has been confirmed by Campbell, Wilson, Montgomery, and almost every critic. It displays more various powers than any of his other productions, beginning with low comic humour and Bacchanalian revelry—the dramatic scene at the commencement is unique, even in Burns—and ranging through the various styles of the descriptive, the terrible, the supernatural, and the ludicrous. The originality of some of the phrases and sentiments, as

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious—
O’er a’ the ills of life victorious!

the felicity of some of the similes, and the elastic force and springiness of the versification, must also be considered as aiding in the effect. The poem reads as if it were composed in one transport of inspiration, before the bard had time to cool or to slacken in his fervour; and such we know was actually the case. Next to this inimitable ‘tale of truth’ in originality, and in happy grouping of images, both familiar and awful, we should be disposed to rank the ‘Address to the Deil.’ The poet adopted the common superstitions of the peasantry as to the attributes of Satan; but though his ‘Address’ is mainly ludicrous, he intersperses passages of the highest beauty, and blends a feeling of tenderness and compunction with his objurcation of the Evil One. The effect of contrast was never more happily displayed than in the conception of such a being straying in lonely glens and rustling among trees—in the familiarity of sly humour with which the poet lectures so awful and mysterious a personage—who had, as he says, almost overturned the infant world, and ruined all; and in that strange and inimitable outbreak of sympathy in which a hope is expressed for the salvation, and *pity for the fate, even of Satan himself—*

But fare-you-weel, and Nickie-ben!
Oh, wad ye tak a thought and men’l

Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
 Still hae a stake;
 I'm wae to think upo' you den,
 Even for your sake!

The 'Jolly Beggars' is another strikingly original production. It is the most dramatic of his works, and the characters are all finely sustained. Currie has been blamed by Sir Walter Scott and others for over-fastidiousness in not admitting that humorous cantata into his edition, but we do not believe that Currie ever saw the 'Jolly Beggars.' The poem was not published till 1801, and was then printed from the only copy known to exist in the poet's handwriting. Of the 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' the 'Mountain Daisy,' or the 'Mouse's Nest,' it would be idle to attempt any eulogy. In these Burns is seen in his fairest colours—not with all his strength, but in his happiest and most heart-felt inspiration—his brightest sunshine and his tenderest tears. The workmanship of these leading poems is equal to the value of the materials. The peculiar dialect of Burns being a composite of Scotch and English, which he varied at will—the Scotch being generally reserved for the comic and tender, and the English for the serious and lofty—his diction is remarkably rich and copious. No poet is more picturesque in expression. This was the result equally of accurate observation, careful study, and strong feeling. His energy and truth stamp the highest value on his writings. He is as literal as Cowper. The banks of the Doon are described as faithfully as those of the Ouse; and his views of human life and manners are as real and as finely moralised. His range of subjects, however, was infinitely more diversified, including a varied and romantic landscape, the customs and superstitions of his country, the delights of good-fellowship and boon society, the aspirations of youthful ambition, and, above all, the emotions of love, which he depicted with such mingled fervour and delicacy. This ecstasy of passion was unknown to the author of the 'Task.' Nor could the latter have conceived anything so truly poetical as the image of Coila; the tutelary genius and inspirer of the peasant youth in his clay-built hut, where his heart and fancy overflowed with love and poetry. Cowper read and appreciated Burns, and we can picture his astonishment and delight on perusing such strains as Coila's address:—

Extract from the 'Vision.'

'With future hope I oft would gaze,
 Fond, on thy little early ways,
 Thy rudely carolled, chiming phrase,
 In uncouth rhymes,
 Fired at the simple, artless lays
 Of other times.

'I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
 Delighted with the dashing roar;
 Or when the north his fleecy store

Drove through the sky,
 I saw grim nature's visage hoar
 Strike thy young eye.

'Or when the deep green-mantled earth
 Warm cherished every flow'ret's birth,
 And joy and music pouring forth
 In every grove,
 I saw thee eye the general mirth
 With boundless love.

'When ripened fields and azure skies,
Called forth the reapers' rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk.
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

'When youthful love, warm-blushing,
strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
The adored Name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,
Mised by Fancy's meteor-ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray,
Was light from Heaven.

'I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends;
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends.

'Thou canst not learn, nor can I shew,
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting thrœ,

With Shenstone's art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

'Yet, all beneath the unrivalled rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Though large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade.

'Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And, trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor king's regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic bard.

'To give my counsels all in one—
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the dignity of man,
With soul erect;
And trust, the universal plan
Will all protect.

'And wear thou this'—she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head:
The polished leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

Burns never could have improved upon the grace and tenderness of this romantic vision—the finest revelation ever made of the hope and ambition of a youthful poet. Greater strength, however, he undoubtedly acquired with the experience of manhood. His 'Tam o' Shanter,' and 'Bruce's Address,' are the result of matured powers; and his songs evince a conscious mastery of the art and materials of composition. His 'Vision of Liberty' at Lincluden is a great and splendid fragment. The reflective spirit evinced in his early epistles is found, in his 'Lines written in Friars' Carse Hermitage,' to have settled into a vein of moral philosophy, clear and true as the lines of Swift, and informed with a higher wisdom. It cannot be said that Burns absolutely fails in any kind of composition, except in his epigrams; these are coarse without being pointed or entertaining. Nature, which had lavished on him such powers of humour denied him wit.

In reviewing the intellectual career of the poet, his correspondence must not be overlooked. His prose style was more ambitious than that of his poetry. In the latter he followed the dictates of nature, warm from the heart, whereas in his letters he aimed at being *sentimental, peculiar, and striking*; and simplicity was sometimes sacrificed for effect. As Johnson considered conversation to be an intellectual arena, wherein every man was bound to do his best, Burns

seems to have regarded letter-writing in much the same light, and to have considered it necessary at times to display all his acquisitions to amuse, gratify, or astonish his admiring correspondents. Considerable deductions must, therefore, be made from his published correspondence, whether regarded as an index to his feelings and situation, or as models of the epistolary style. In *subject*, he adapted himself too much to the character and tastes of the person he was addressing, and in *style* he was led away by a love of display. A tinge of pedantry and assumption, or of reckless bravado, was thus at times superinduced upon the manly and thoughtful simplicity of his natural character, which sits as awkwardly upon it as the intrusion of Jove or Danaë into the rural songs of Allan Ramsay.* Burns's letters, however, are valuable as memorials of his temperament and genius. He was often distinct, forcible, and happy in expression—rich in sallies of imagination and poetical feeling—at times deeply pathetic and impressive. He lifts the veil from the miseries of his latter days with a hand struggling betwixt pride and a broken spirit. His autobiography, addressed to Dr. Moore, written when his mind was salient and vigorous, is as remarkable for its

* The scraps of French in his letters to Dr. Moore, Mrs. Riddel, &c., have an unpleasant effect. 'If he had an affectation in anything,' says Dugald Stewart, 'it was in introducing occasionally [in conversation] a word or phrase from that language.' Campbell makes a similar statement, and relates the following anecdote: 'One of his friends, who carried him into the company of a French lady, remarked, with surprise, that he attempted to converse with her in her own tongue. Their French, however, was mutually unintelligible. As far as Burns could make himself understood, he unfortunately offended the foreign lady. He meant to tell her that she was a charming person, and delightful in conversation, but expressed himself so as to appear to her to mean that she was fond of speaking: to which the Gallic dame indignantly replied, that it was quite as common for poets to be impertinent as for women to be loquacious.' The friend who introduced Burns on this occasion (and who herself related the anecdote to Mr. Campbell) was Miss Margaret Chalmers, afterwards Mrs. Lewis Hay, who died in 1843. The wonder is, that the dissipated aristocracy of the Caledonian Hunt, and the 'backish tradesmen of Edinburgh,' left any part of the original plainness and simplicity of his manners. Yet his learned friends saw no change in the proud self-sustained and self-measuring poet. He kept his ground, and he asked no more.

'A somewhat clearer knowledge of men's affairs, scarcely of their characters,' says the quaint but true and searching Thomas Carlyle, 'this winter in Edinburgh did afford him; but a sharper feeling of Fortune's unequal arrangements in their social destiny it also left with him. He had seen the gay and gorgeous arena, in which the powerful are born to play their parts; nay, had himself stood in the midst of it; and he felt more bitterly than ever that here he was but a looker-on, and had no part or lot in that splendid game. From this time a jealous indignant fear of social degradation takes possession of him; and perverts, so far as aught could pervert, his private contentment, and his feelings towards his richer fellows. It was clear to Burns that he had talent enough to make a fortune, or a hundred fortunes, could he but have rightly willed this. It was clear also that he willed something far different, and therefore could not make one. Unhappy it was that he had not power to choose the one and reject the other, but must halt forever between two opinions, two objects; making hampered advancement towards either. But so it is with many men; "we long for the merchandise, yet would fain keep the price;" and so stand chaffering with Fate, in vexatious altercation, till the night come, and our fair is over!'

literary talent as for its modest independence and clear judgment; and the letters to Mrs. Dunlop—in whom he had entire confidence, and whose lady-like manners and high principle rebuked his wilder spirit—are all characterised by sincerity and elegance. One beautiful letter to this lady we are tempted to copy; it is poetical in the highest degree, and touches with exquisite taste on the mysterious union between external nature and the sympathies and emotions of the human frame :

ELLISLAND, *New-year-day Morning*, 1789.

This, dear madam, is a morning of wishes, and would to God that I came under the apostle James's description!—*the prayer of a righteous man availeth much*. In that case, madam, you should welcome in a year full of blessings; everything that obstructs or disturbs tranquillity and self-enjoyment should be removed; and every pleasure that frail humanity can taste should be yours. I own myself so little a Presbyterian, that I approve of set times and seasons of more than ordinary acts of devotion, for breaking in on that habituated routine of life and thought which is so apt to reduce our existence to a kind of instinct, or even sometimes, and with some minds, to a state very little better than mere machinery.

This day, the first Sunday of May, a breezy, blue-skied noon some time about the beginning, and a hoary morning and calm sunny day about the end of autumn; these, time out of mind, have been with me a kind of holiday.

I believe I owe this to that glorious paper in the 'Spectator'—the Vision of Mirza—a piece that struck my young fancy before I was capable of fixing an idea to a word of three syllables: 'On the 5th day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hill of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer.'

We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the substance or structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild-brier rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Æolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things, man's immaterial and immortal nature, and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave.

In another of his letters we have this striking autobiographical fragment:

I have been this morning taking a peep through, as Young finely says, 'the dark postern of time long elapsed;' and you will easily guess 'twas a rueful prospect: what a tissue of thoughtlessness, weakness, and folly! My life reminded me of a ruined temple; what strength, what proportion in some parts! what unsightly gaps, what prostrate ruins in others! I kneeled down before the Father of Mercies, and said: 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' I rose eased and strengthened. I despise the superstition of a fanatic, but I love the religion of a man.

And again in a similar strain:

There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know if I should call it pleasure—but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me—thus to walk in the sheltered side of a wood or high plantation in a cloudy winter-day

and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees, and raving over the plain! It is my best season for devotion: my mind is wrapped up in a kind of enthusiasm to Him, who, in the pompons language of the Hebrew bard, 'walks on the wings of the wind.'

To the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, Burns seems to have clung with fond tenacity; it survived the wreck or confusion of his early impressions, and formed the strongest and most soothing of his beliefs. In other respects his creed was chiefly practical. 'Whatever mitigates the woes, or increases the happiness of others,' he says, 'this is my criterion of goodness; and whatever injures society at large, or any individual in it, this is my measure of iniquity.' The same feeling he had expressed in one of his early poems:

But deep this truth impressed my mind,
Through all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

Conjectures have been idly formed as to the probable effect which education would have had on the mind of Burns. We may as well speculate on the change which might be wrought by the engineer, the planter, and agriculturist, in assimilating the wild scenery of Scotland to that of England. Who would wish—if it were possible—by successive graftings, to make the birch or the pine approximate to the oak or the elm? Nature is various in all her works, and has diversified genius as much as she has done her plants and trees. In Burns we have a genuine Scottish poet; why should we wish to mar the beautiful order and variety of nature by making him a Dryden or a Gray? Education could not have improved Burns's songs, his 'Tam o' Shanter,' or any other of his great poems. He would never have written them but for his situation and feelings as a peasant—and could he have written anything better? The whole of that world of passion and beauty which he has laid open to us might have been hid for ever; and the genius which was so well and worthily employed in embellishing rustic life, and adding new interest and glory to his country, would only have placed him in the long procession of English poets, stripped of his originality, and bearing, though proudly, the ensign of conquest and submission

From the Epistle to James Smith.

This while my notion's ta'en a skient
To try my fate in guid black prent;
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries 'Hoolie!
I red you, honest man, tak tent!
Ye'll shaw your folly.

Then farewell hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic sang,

'There's ither poets, much your betters,
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
Hae thought they had insured their deb-
tors

A' future ages;
Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,
Their unknown pages.'

I'll wander on, with tentless heed
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with the glorious dead,
Forgot and gone!

But why o' death begin a tale?
Just now we're living sound and hale,
Then top and main-top crowd the sail,
Heave care o'er side!
And large before enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy land,
Where pleasure is the magic wand,
That, wielded right,
Maks hours like minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic wand then let us wield;
For ance that five-and-forty's speeled,
See, crazy, weary, joyless eild,
Wi' wrinkled face,
Comes hostin' hirplin' ower the field,
Wi' creepin pace.

From the Epistle to W. Simpson.

We'll sing auld Colla's plains and fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks and braes, her dens and dells,
Where glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae southron billies.

At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious died!

Oh, sweet are Colla's haughs and woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin' hares in amorous whids,
Their lovers enjoy,
While through the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry!

To a Mountain Daisy.

On turning one down with a plough in April 1788.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonny gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet
The bonny lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east!

When ance life's day draws near the
gloamin',
Then fareweel vacant careless roamin';
And fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin',
And social noise;
And fareweel dear, deluding woman,
The joy of joys;

O Life! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frick away,
Like school-boys, at the expected warn-
ing,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
Amang the leaves!
And though the puny wound appear
Short while it grieves.

Even winter bleak has charms to me
When winds rave through the naked tree;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray:
Or blinding drifts wild furious flee,
Darkening the day!

O Nature! a' thy shows and forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms,
Wi' life and light,
Or winter howls in gusty storms
The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himself he learned to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
And no think lang;
Oh, sweet to stray, and pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!

Could blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou ginted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flanniting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun
shield:
But thou, beneath the random field,
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histic erible-field,
Unseen, alone.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lift'st thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the shair uptears thy bed.
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless star'd!
Unskilful he to note the card

Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!
Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has
striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

On Captain Matthew Henderson.

A gentleman who held the patent for his honours immediately from Almighty God.

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless, heavenly light!

O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haur! the hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn,
The as best fellow o'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exiled!

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing years, (1)
Where Echo slumbers!
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn ilka glamer the cushat ken!
Ye hazelly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimpling down your glens
Wi' toddlin' din.
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin!

*Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnillie
In scented bowers;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flowers.*

At dawn, when every grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at its head,
At even, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' the rustling gale,
Ye mankins, whiddin' through the glade,
Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;
Ye curlews calling through a clud;
Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, ye whirling patrick brood!
He's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals,
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clamoring craiks at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flowering clover gay;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far worlds wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye houlet, frae your ivy bower,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tower,
What time the moon, wi' silent glower
Sets up her horn,
Wail through the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains !
 Oft have ye heard my canty strains :
 But now, what else for me remains
 But tales of woe ?
 And frae my een the drapping rains
 Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year,
 Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear ;
 Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
 Shoots up its head,
 Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear
 For him that's dead.

Thou, Autmn, with thy yellow hair,
 In grief thy fallow mantle tear !
 Thou, Winter, hurling through the air
 The roaring blast,
 Wide o'er the naked world declare
 The worth we've lost !

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of
 light !
 Mourn, empress of the silent night !
 And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
 My Matthew mourn !
 For through your orb he's ta'en his flight,
 Ne'er to return.

O Henderson ! the man—the brother !
 And art thou gone, and gone for ever ?
 And hast thou crossed that unknown
 river,
 Life's dreary bound ?
 Like thee, where shall we find another
 The world around ?

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
 In a' the tinsel trash o' state !
 But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
 Thou man of worth !
 And weep the ae best fellow's fate
 E'er lay in earth.

Macpherson's Farewell.

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
 The wretch's destiny !
 Macpherson's time will not be long
 On yonder gallows-tree.
 Sae rantingly, sae wantonly
 Sae dauntingly gaed he ;
 He played a spring, and danced it
 round,
 Below the gallows-tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath ?
 On many a bloody plain
 I've dared his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again !

Untie these bands from off my hands,
 And bring to me my sword ;
 And there's no man in all Scotland,
 But I'll brave him at a word.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife ;
 I die by treacherie ;
 It burns my heart I must depart
 And not avenged be.

Now farewell light—thou sunshine bright,
 And all beneath the sky !
 May coward shame distain his name,
 The wretch that dares not die !

Menie.

Again rejoicing Nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
 All freshly steeped in morning dew.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me the violets spring ;
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry plough-boy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentic seedsman stalks ;
 But life to me's a weary dream,
 A dream of aye that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims,
 Among the reeds the ducklings cry,

The stately swan majestic swims,
 And everything is blessed but I.

The shepherd steeks his fauldin slap,
 And ower the moorland whistles shill ;
 Wi' wild, unequal, wandering step,
 I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
 Blithe waukens by the daisy's side,
 And mounts and sings on flitting wings,
 A woe-worn ghast I hameward glide.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree :
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
 When nature all is sad like me !

Æ Fond Kiss.

'These exquisitely affecting stanzas contain the essence of a thousand love-tales.'
—SCOTT.

Æ fond kiss, and then we sever;
Æ fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge
thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her and love for ever.

Had we never loved sæ kindly,
Had we never loved sæ blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Æ fond kiss, and then we sever;
Æ fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge
thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

My Bonny Mary.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonny lassie;
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the Ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonny Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore;
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonny Mary.

Mary Morison.

'One of my juvenile works.'—BURNS. 'Of all the productions of Burns, the pathetic and serious love-songs which he has left behind him in the manner of old ballads, are perhaps those which take the deepest and most lasting hold of the mind. Such are the lines of "Mary Morison," &c.'—HAZLITT.

O Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wished, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw.

Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sighed, and said among them a',
'Ye are na Mary Morison.'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only fault is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shewn!
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

Bruce's Address.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low! \\
Tyrants fall in every blow!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

*A Vision.**

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa' flower scents the dewy
air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy
bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care;

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruined wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turned mine eyes,
And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attired as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin' look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet graved was plain,
The sacred posy—'Libertie'!

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might roused the slumbering dead to
hear;

But, oh! it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear.

He sang wi' joy the former day,
He weeping wailed his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play—
I winna ventur 't in my rhymes.

To Mary in Heaven.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Thy those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

* A favourite walk of Burns, during his residence in Dumfries, was one along the right bank of the river above the town, terminating at the ruins of Lincluden Abbey and Church, which occupy a romantic situation on a piece of rising ground in the angle at the junction of the Cluden Water with the Nith. These ruins include many fine fragments of ancient decorative architecture, and are enshrined in a natural scene of the utmost beauty. Burns, according to his eldest son, often mused amidst the Lincluden ruins. There is one position on a little mount, to the south of the church, where a couple of landscapes of witching loveliness are obtained, set, as it were, in two of the windows of the ancient building. It was probably the 'Calvary' of the ancient church precinct. This the younger Burns remembered to have been a favourite resting-place of the poet. Such is the locality of the grand and thrilling ode, entitled *A Vision*, in which he hints—for more than a hint could not be ventured upon—his sense of the degradation of the ancient manly spirit of his country under the conservative terrors of the passing era.—*CHAMBERS'S Burns*.

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green !
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twined am'rous round the raptur'd scene ;
 The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray—
 Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaimed the speed of winged day.
 Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care !
 Time but th' impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary ! dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?*

RICHARD GALL.

RICHARD GALL (1776–1800), whilst employed as a printer in Edinburgh, threw off some Scottish songs that became favourites. 'My Only Jo and Dearie O,' for pleasing fancy and musical expression, is not unworthy of Tannahill. 'I remember,' says Allan Cunningham, 'when this song was exceedingly popular; its sweetness and ease, rather than its originality and vigour, might be the cause of its success. The third verse contains a very beautiful picture of early attachment—a sunny bank, and some sweet soft school-girl, will appear to many a fancy when these lines are sung.'

* Burns, in his 'Remarks on Scottish Songs,' written for the Laird of Glenriddel, has described the above parting scene. 'My Highland lassie,' he says, 'was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell before she should embark for the West Highlands to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days before I could even hear of her illness.' Cronek heightens the interesting picture: 'The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook; they lav'd their hands in its limpid stream, and holding a Bible between them pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted, never to meet again.' Subsequent investigation has lessened the romance of this pure love-passage in the poet's life. The 'pretty long tract of attachment,' if we take the expression literally, must have been before Burns's acquaintance with Jean Armour, who soon eclipsed all the other rustic heroines. When Jean and her parents so ruthlessly broke off the connection, Burns turned to Highland Mary; but when Mary embarked for the West Highlands, Jean Armour again obtained the ascendant, and four weeks after the parting with Mary (June 12), we find the poet writing: 'Never man loved, or rather adored, a woman more than I did her (Jean Armour); and to confess a truth, I do still love her to distraction.' Mary is no more heard of, and is not mentioned by Burns till three years after her decease. Her premature death had recalled her love and her virtues, and embalmed them for ever. The parting scene was exalted and hallowed in his imagination, and kept sacred—not, perhaps, without some feeling of remorse. To Dr. Moore, to his 'tyrships friends, and to Clarinda he spoke freely of all his early loves except that of Mary; his vows to her seem never to have been whispered to any ear but her own. The rapid changes illustrate the poet's 'mobility,' or excessive susceptibility of immediate impressions, which also characterised Byron, and which Byron, less reticent, has defended:

'Tis merely what is called mobility—
 A thing of temperament and not of art.
 Though seeming so from its supposed facility:
 And false, though true: for surely they're sincerest
 Who are strongly acted on by what is nearest. Don Juan, c. xii.

My Only Jo and Dearie O.

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,
 My only jo and dearie O;
 Thy neck is like the siller-dew
 Upon the banks sae briery O,
 Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
 Oh, sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee!
 Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,
 My only jo and dearie O.

The bird sings upon the thorn
 Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie O,
 Rejoicing in the summer morn,
 Nae care to mak' it eerie O;
 But little kens the sangster sweet
 Aught o' the cares I hae to meet,
 That gar my restless bosom beat,
 My only jo and dearie O.

Whan we were bairnies on yon brae,
 And youth was blinking bonny O,
 Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day
 Ours joys fu' sweet and mony O;
 Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lea,
 And round about the thorny tree,
 Or pu' the wild-flowers a' for thee,
 My only jo and dearie O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
 'Mang a' the cares that grieve me O;
 I wish thou wert for ever mine,
 And never mair to leave me O:
 Then I wad daut thee night and day,
 Nor ither wardly care wad hae.
 Till life's warm stream forgot to play,
 My only jo and dearie O.

Farewell to Ayrshire.

This song of Gall's has often been printed as the composition of Burns, a copy in Burns's handwriting having been found among his papers.

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Scenes that former thoughts renew;
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Now a sad and last adieu!
 Bonny Doon, sae sweet at gloaming,
 Fare-thee-weel before I gang—
 Bonny Doon, where, early roaming,
 First I waded the rustic sang!

Bowers, adieu! where love decoying,
 First enthralled this heart o' mine;
 There the safest sweets enjoying,
 Sweets that memory ne'er shall tine!

Friends so dear my bosom ever,
 Ye hae rendered moments dear;
 But, alas! when forced to sever,
 Then the stroke, oh, how severe!

Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
 Though 'tis doubly dear to me;
 Could I think I did deserve it,
 How much happier would I be!
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Scenes that former thoughts renew;
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure;
 Now a sad and last adieu!

ALEXANDER WILSON.

ALEXANDER WILSON, a distinguished naturalist, was also a good Scottish poet. He was a native of Paisley, and born July 6, 1766. He was brought up to the trade of a weaver, but afterwards preferred that of a pedlar, selling muslin and other wares. In 1789 he added to his other commodities a prospectus of a volume of poems, trusting, as he said,

If the pedlar should fail to be favoured with sale,
 Then I hope you'll encourage the poet.

He did not succeed in either character; and after publishing his poems, he returned to the loom. In 1792 he issued anonymously his best poem, 'Watty and Meg,' which was at first attributed to Burns.* A foolish personal satire, and not a very wise admiration of the principles of equality disseminated at the time of the French Revolution,

* As Burns was one day sitting at his desk by the side of the window, a well-known hawker, Andrew Bishop, went past crying: 'Watty and Meg, a new ballad, by Robert Burns.' The poet looked out and said: 'That 's a lee, Andrew, but I would make your plack a baubee if it were mine.' This we heard Mrs. Burns, the poet's widow, relate.

drove Wilson to America in the year 1794. There he was once more a weaver and a pedlar, and afterwards a schoolmaster. A love of ornithology gained upon him, and he wandered over America collecting specimens of birds. In 1808 appeared his first volume of 'American Ornithology,' and he continued collecting and publishing, traversing swamps and forests in quest of rare birds, and undergoing the greatest privations and fatigues, till he had committed an eighth volume to the press. He sank under his severe labours on the 23d of August, 1813, and was interred with public honours at Philadelphia. In the 'Ornithology' of Wilson we see the fancy and descriptive powers of the poet. The following extract is part of his account of the bald eagle, and is extremely vivid and striking:

The Bald Eagle.

The celebrated cataract of Niagara is a noted place of resort for the bald eagle, as well on account of the fish procured there, as for the numerous carcasses of squirrels, deer, bears, and various other animals that, in their attempts to cross the river above the falls, have been dragged into the current, and precipitated down that tremendous gulf, where, among the rocks that bound the rapids below, they furnish a rich repast for the vulture, the raven, and the bald eagle, the subject of the present account. He has been long known to naturalists, being common to both continents, and occasionally met with from a very high northern latitude to the borders of the torrid zone, but chiefly in the vicinity of the sea, and along the shores and cliffs of our lakes and large rivers. Formed by nature for braving the severest cold, feeding equally on the produce of the sea and of the land, possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves, unawed by anything but man, and, from the ethereal heights to which he soars, looking abroad at one glance on an immeasurable expanse of forests, fields, lakes, and ocean deep below him, he appears indifferent to the little localities of change of seasons, as in a few minutes he can pass from summer to winter, from the lower to the higher regions of the atmosphere, the abode of eternal cold, and from thence descend at will to the torrid or the arctic regions of the earth.

In procuring fish, he displays, in a very singular manner, the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, contemplative, daring, and tyrannical; attributes not exerted but on particular occasions, but when put forth, overpowering all opposition. Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree that commands a wide view of the neighbouring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below; the snow-white gulls slowly winnowing the air; the busy thringe cour-ing along the sands; trains of ducks streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes intent and wading; clamorous crows; and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these, hovers one whose action instantly arrests his whole attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in air, he knows him to be the fish-hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and balancing himself with half-opened wings on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around. At this moment the eager looks of the eagle are all ardour; and, levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are the signal for our hero, who, *launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish-hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these recontra the most elegant and sublime aerial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish: the eagle, poisoning himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind,*

snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.

By way of preface, 'to invoke the clemency of the reader,' Wilson relates the following exquisite trait of simplicity and nature:

In one of my late visits to a friend in the country, I found their youngest son, a fine boy of eight or nine years of age, who usually resides in town for his education, just returning from a ramble through the neighbouring woods and fields, where he had collected a large and very handsome bunch of wild-flowers, of a great many different colours; and, presenting them to his mother, said: 'Look, my dear mamma, what beautiful flowers I have found growing on our place! Why, all the woods are full of them! red, orange, and blue, and 'most every colour. Oh! I can gather you a whole parcel of them, much handsomer than these, all growing in our own woods! Shall I, mamma? Shall I go and bring you more?' The good woman received the bunch of flowers with a smile of affectionate complacency; and, after admiring for some time the beautiful simplicity of nature, gave her willing consent, and the little fellow went off on the wings of ecstasy to execute his delightful commission.

The similarity of this little boy's enthusiasm to my own struck me, and the reader will need no explanations of mine to make the application. Should my country receive with the same gracious indulgence the specimens which I here humbly present her; should she express a desire for me to go and bring her more, the highest wishes of my ambition will be gratified; for, in the language of my little friend, our whole woods are full of them, and I can collect hundreds more, much handsomer than these.

The ambition of the poet-naturalist was amply gratified.

A Village Scold.—From 'Watty and Meg.'

I' the thrang o' stories tellin',
Shakin' hands and jokin' queer.
Swith! a chap comes on the hallan—
'Mungo! is our Watty here?'

Maggy's weel-kent tongue and hurry
Darted through him like a knife:
Up the door flew—like a fury
In came Watty's scoldin' wife.

'Nasty, gude-for-naething being!
O ye snuffy drucken sow!
Bringin' wife and weans to ruin,
Drinkin' here wi' sic a crew!

'Rise! ye drucken beast o' Bethel!
Drink's your night and day's desire;
Rise, this precious hour! or faith I'll
Fling your whiskey i' the fire!'

Watty heard her tongue unhallowed,
Paid his groat wi' little din,
Left the house, while Maggie followed,
Flyin' a' the road behin'.

Folk frae every door came lammip',
Maggy curst them ane and a',

Clapped wi' her hands, and stampin',
Lost her bauchel(1) i' the snaw.

Hame, at length, she turned the gavel,
Wi' a face as white's a clout,
Ragin' like a very devil,
Kickin' stools and chairs about.

'Ye'll sit wi' your limmers round ye—
Hang you, sir, I'll be your death!
Little hauds my hands, confound you,
But I cleave you to the teeth!'

Watty, wha, 'midst this oration,
Eyed her whiles, but durst na speak,
Sat, like patient Resignation,
Trembling by the ingle-cheek.

Sad his wee drap brose he sippet—
Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell—
Quietly to his bed he slippet,
Sighin' aften to himsel:

'Nane are free frae some vexation,
Ilk ane has his ills to dree;
But through a' the hale creation
Is nae mortal vexed like me.'

1 Old shoes



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